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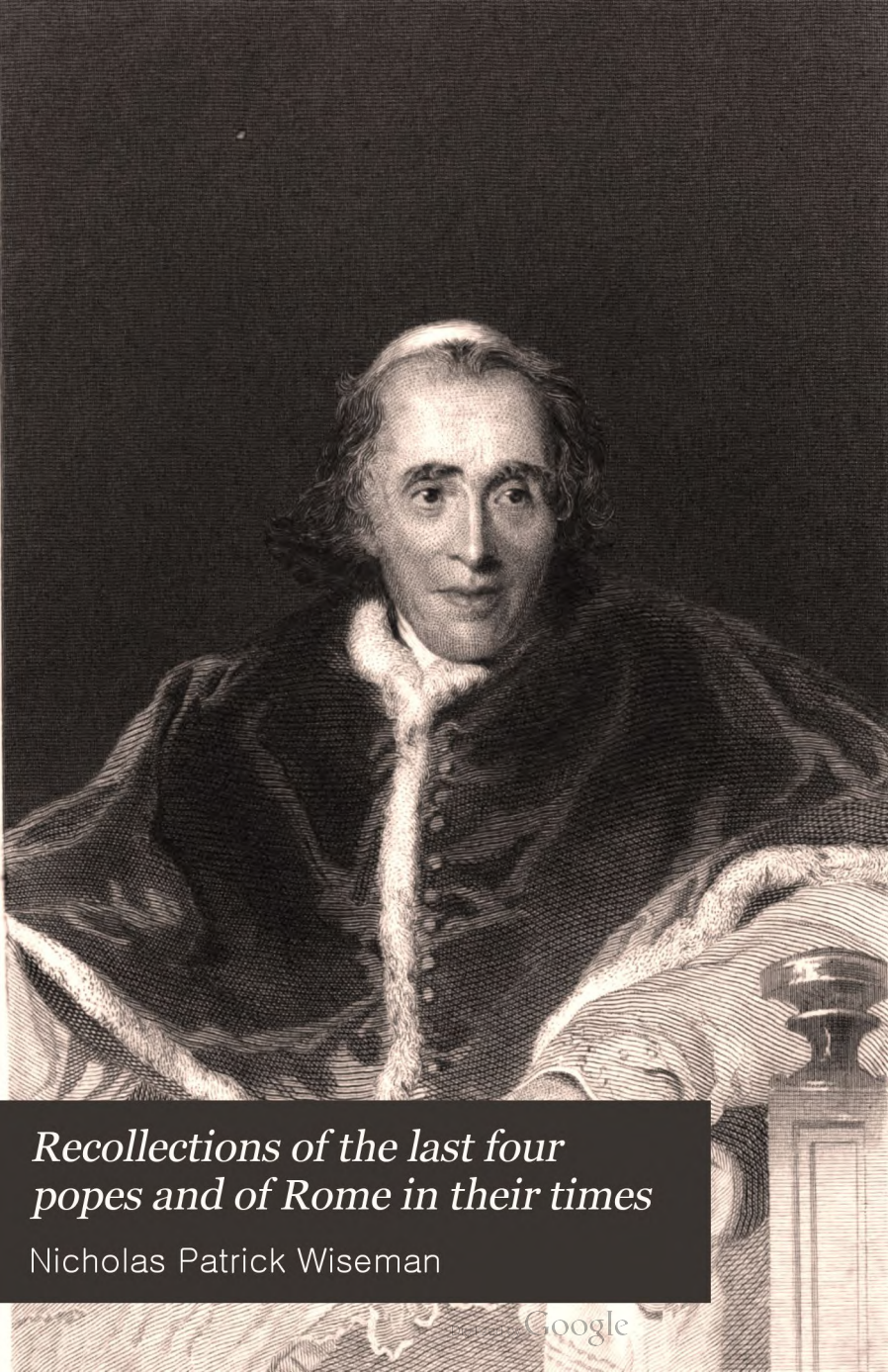

# *Recollections of the last four popes and of Rome in their times*

Nicholas Patrick Wiseman

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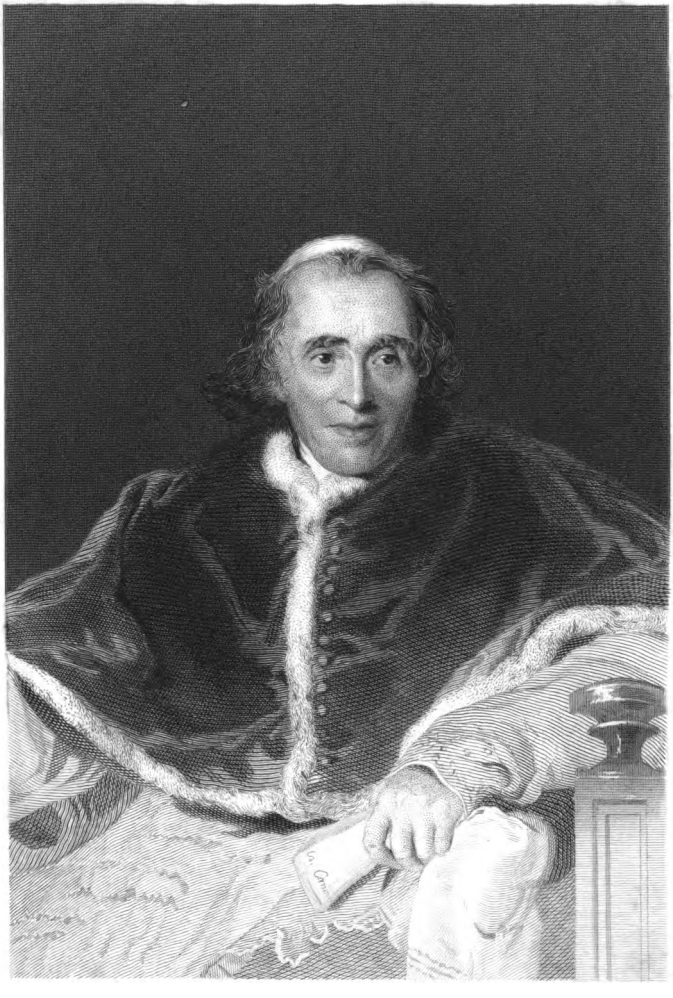

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# RECOLLECTIONS

OF

# THE LAST FOUR POPES

AND OF

# ROME IN THEIR TIMES.

BY

H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri."—Horatius.

New and Revised Edition.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
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1860.

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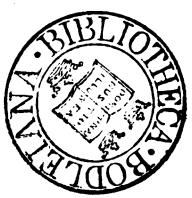


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# PREFACE.

THIS work hardly requires any preface beyond the introductory matter contained in the first chapters; a few words, therefore, will be here sufficient.

Every reader will expect this Volume to present a view of the subject treated, different from what is presented by other writers. Tourists, politicians, lecturers, and newspaper writers, have given estimates of persons and events here mentioned, often contradictory to what they may appear in these pages. All that one can do in such a case is to require an impartial balance of evidence. Can those writers or speakers say, that they have been present, or have witnessed what they describe, or that they have taken pains to test and verify the hearsay evidence which they have accepted? At any rate, here is a writer's character pledged to the sincerity of his views, and to the correctness of his statements. If inaccuracy in any detail have crept in, where the narrative extends over so long a period, this cannot affect views which result from the continued observation of far more occurrences than could be specifically described.

This is not a history, nor a series of biographies, nor a journal, nor what are called memoirs. It is so much

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of a great moving picture as caught one person's eye, and remained fixed upon his memory; that portion of it which came nearest to him, touched him most closely, interested most deeply his feelings. The description of all this he has endeavoured to give with fidelity, by recalling, as vividly as possible, the impressions which it produced at the time it passed before him, piece by piece. And let this sincere account of one witness have its place among the materials of a future historian, who may perhaps be searching for those, by preference, which proceed not from anonymous sources, or secondary evidences, but from such as write what they have seen with their eyes, heard with their ears, and touched with their hands, and who, at the risk of unpopularity, fear not to subscribe their depositions.

It may be said, that a darker and shadier side must exist in every picture: there must have been many crimes within and without the walls of Rome, as well as of Troy, which are not even mentioned here; there must have been men of wicked life as well as men adorned by Christian virtues, who are not alluded to; much vice, corruption, misery, moral and physical, which form no part of our description. True; there no doubt was, and no doubt is yet plenty of all this, but there is no want of persons to seize upon it, and give it to the public in the most glowing, or most loathsome colouring. Provided they really describe what they have seen, it matters not; let the historian blend and combine the various and contrasting elements of truth-telling witnesses. But to the author, such narratives would have been impossible. He does not retain in his memory histories of startling wickedness, nor pictures of peculiar degradation. He has seen much of the people, of the poorest

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from city and country, in the hospitals, where for years he has been happy in attending to their spiritual wants; and he could tell about them just as many edifying anecdotes as tales of crime or woe. And as to wicked persons, it certainly was the providence of his early life not to be thrown into the society of the bad. He can add with sincerity, that later he has not sought it. His familiars and friends have been naturally those who had been trained in the same school as himself; and among the acquaintances of his foreign life, he hardly remembers one whose conduct or principles he knew or believed to be immoral. Had he found them so, he hopes the acquaintance would soon have been terminated.

His looks were, therefore, towards the virtuous; their images stamped themselves habitually upon his mind's eye; and the succession of these, forms the pleasing recollections of many years. Of others he cannot speak; and to do so would be, even if he could, uncongenial to him. Let the work then be taken for what it is, the recollections of four truly good and virtuous men, and of such scenes as they naturally moved in, and of such persons as they instinctively loved and honoured.

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# Part the First.

# PIUS THE SEVENTH.



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# RECOLLECTIONS

OF

# THE LAST FOUR POPES.

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## PIUS THE SEVENTH.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE AUTHOR'S FIRST ARRIVAL IN ROME.

It was on the 18th of December, 1818, that the writer of this volume arrived in Rome in company with five other youths, sent to colonise the English College in that city, after it had been desolate and uninhabited during almost the period of a generation.

This was long before a single steamer had appeared in the Mediterranean, or even plied between the French and English coasts. The land-journey across France, over the Alps, and down Italy, was then a formidable undertaking, and required appliances, personal and material, scarcely compatible with the purposes of their journey. A voyage by sea from Liverpool to Leghorn was therefore considered the simplest method of conveying a party of ten persons from England to Italy.

It is not the purpose of this work to describe the adventures and perils, at which many might smile, of "the middle passage" and subsequent travel. It will be sufficient to say

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that the embarkation took place on the 2nd of October, and the arrival late in December; that, of this period, a fortnight was spent in beating up from Savona to Genoa, and another week in running from Genoa to Livorno; that a man fell overboard and was drowned off Cape St. Vincent; that a dog went raving mad on board, from want of fresh water, and luckily, after clearing the decks, jumped or slipped into the sea; that the vessel was, once at least, on fire; and that all the passengers were nearly lost in a sudden squall in Ramsay Bay, into which they had been driven by stress of weather, and where they of course landed.

The reader, who may now make the whole journey in four days, will indulgently understand how pleasing must have been to those early travellers' ears the usual indication, by voice and outstretched whip, embodied in the well-known exclamation of every *vetturino*, "Ecco Roma."

To one "lasso maris et viarum," like Horace, these words brought the first promise of approaching rest; the only assurance, after months of homelessness, that the bourn was reached, the harbour attained, where, at least for years to come, he would calmly devote himself to duties once more welcomed. A few miles only of weary hills—every one of which, when surmounted, gave a more swelling and majestic outline to the great cupola which alone, in the distance, represented "Roma," and cut, like a huge peak, into the clear winter sky,—and the long journey is ended, and ended by the full realisation of well-cherished hopes.

To some, at least, of the six who that day entered it, while the remainder followed more leisurely, Rome had been no new thought. Before any idea had been entertained of restoring the English College there, its history, its topography, its antiquities, had formed the bond of a little college society devoted to this queen of cities; while the dream of its longings had been the hope of one day seeing what could then only be known through tourists' reports and fabulous plans. How faint must the hope have been of the fulfilment of schemes which involved a voyage thrice the length of one to

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America at present, and, with its additional land journey, about as long as a circular sail, in a clipper, to New Zealand!

It has been written above, "maris et viarum;" for the land-ways were about as tedious and as perilous as the broad ocean path. For "there be land-sharks," or at least there were then, as dangerous as sea-sharks. At the little wretched hotel at Pontedero, the vetturino warned us, unfoundedly we really believe, to lock our doors; and as we communicated by pantomime more than by words as yet, he drew his hand across his thyroid gland with a most amiable expression of countenance. However, at Florence we were of course assured that the roads were most unsafe; and two evidences of this met our eyes, though they carried with them some antidote of comfort. At that moment the dense woods which skirted the road near Bolsena were, by order of the government, being cut down to a considerable distance on either side to destroy the cover of human wolves, and give the traveller a chance of preparing for his defence should they come so far beyond their favourite retreat; for the bandit is naturally a prowler. But, further, from time to time we passed tall posts on the wayside;—not bearing either the festooned garlands of the vine, or the strained harp-wires of the electric telegraph, both symbols of peace and harmony, but supporting ghastly trophies of justice avenged on the spot where crime had been committed—the limbs, still fresh, of executed outlaws.

Long-standing desires, then, were about to be satisfied at last, some degree of recent apprehension to be allayed, and welcome rest after long travel was promised; when, at the end of the road which looks straight onwards from the Milvian Bridge, we could see the open gate of Rome.

That noble entrance was then by no means what it now is. On the outside, the gates of the Borghese villa did not stand near; but the visitor had to walk a long way under the wall of the city which overhung his path, till a narrow gate led him into a long close alley, the first in the grounds.

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Within the Flaminian Gate, the obelisk indeed was there, as were the two twin churches beyond, closing, by their porticoes and domes, the wedges of houses between the three great divergent streets; but that was all. The sculptured terraces of Monte Pincio had as yet no existence; this was still a green hill, scored by unshaded roads and chance-tracked paths to its more shapely summit. On the opposite side a long low barrack-building for cavalry formed a slovenly boundary to the ample square, in which as yet had not risen the lofty and massive edifices, hotels though they be, which now close its further end. Still it was one of the grandest approaches to any modern city, and one that did not altogether deceive you. The slow pace of a *vettura* along the Corso gives an opportunity of admiring the magnificent palaces that flank it on both sides, till a turn to the right brings you into the square, of which the column of Antoninus forms the centre; and then a twist to the left places you before a row of pillars which also bear his imperial name; but in addition, a more modern one, unpleasant to travellers' ears—that of Custom House. Even this most distasteful department of civilised government contrives in Rome to get lodged in a classical monument of ancient taste.

From this point, after its disagreeable ceremonial had been completed, all reckoning was lost. A long narrow street, and the Pantheon burst full into view; then a labyrinth of tortuous ways, through which a glimpse of a church or palace-front might occasionally be caught askew; then the small square opened on the eye, which, were it ten times larger, would be oppressed by the majestic, overwhelming mass of the Farnese palace, as completely Michelangelesque in brick as the Moses is in marble; and another turn and a few yards of distance placed us at the door of the "venerable English College." Had a dream, after all, bewildered one's mind, or at least closed the eager journey, and more especially its last hours, during which the tension of anxious expectation had wrought up the mind to a thousand fancies? No description had preceded actual sight. No traveller, since

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the beginning of the century, or even from an earlier period, had visited or mentioned it. It had been sealed up as a tomb for a generation; and not one of those who were descending from the unwieldy vehicle at its door had collected, from the few lingering patriarchs, once its inmates, who yet survived at home, any recollections by which a picture of the place might have been prepared in the imagination. Having come so far, somewhat in the spirit of sacrifice, in some expectation of having to "rough it," as pioneers for less venturesome followers, it seemed incredible that we should have fallen upon such pleasant places as the seat of future life and occupation. Wide and lofty vaulted corridors; a noble staircase leading to vast and airy halls succeeding one another; a spacious garden, glowing with the lemon and orange, and presenting to one's first approach a perspective in fresco by Pozzi,—engraved by him in his celebrated work on perspective; a library, airy, large, and cheerful, whose shelves, however, exhibited a specimen of what antiquarians call "opus tumultuarium," in the piled up disorganized volumes from folio to duodecimo, that crammed them; a refectory, wainscoted in polished walnut, and above that, St. George and the Dragon by the same artist, ready to drop on to the floor from the groined ceiling; still better, a chapel, unfurnished indeed, but illuminated from floor to roof with the saints of England, and with celestial glories, leading to the altar, that had to become the very hearthstone of new domestic attachments and the centre of many yet untasted joys;—such were the first features of our future abode, as, alone and undirected, we wandered through the solemn building, and made it, after years of silence, re-echo to the sound of English voices, and give back the bounding tread of those who had returned to claim their own. And such, indeed, it might well look to them when, after months of being "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a small vessel, and jammed in a still more tightly packed vettura, they found in the upper corridors, wide and airy as those below, just the right number of rooms for their party, clean and speckless, with every article of furniture,

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simple and collegiate indeed, yet spic-and-span new, and manifestly prepared for their expected arrival.

One felt at once at home; the house belonged to no one else; it was English ground, a part of fatherland, a restored inheritance. And though all was neat and trim, dazzling in its whiteness relieved here and there by tinted architectural members, one could not but feel that we had been transported to the scene of better men and greater things than were likely to arise in the new era that day opened. Just within the great entrance-door, a small one to the right led into the old church of the Holy Trinity, which wanted but its roof to restore it to use. There it stood, nave and aisles, separated by pillars connected by arches, all in their places, with the lofty walls above them. The altars had been, indeed, removed; but we could trace their forms; and the painted walls marked the frames of the altar-pieces, especially of the noble painting by Durante Alberti, still preserved in the house representing the Patron-Mystery, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Edward the Martyr. This vision of the past lasted but a few years; for the walls were pronounced unsafe, the old church was demolished, and the unsightly shell of a thoroughly modern church was substituted for the old basilica under the direction of Valadier, a good architect, but one who knew nothing of the feelings which should have guided his mind and pencil in such a work.

It was something however to see, that first day, the spot revisited by English youth where many an English pilgrim, gentle or simple, had knelt, leaning on his trusty staff cut in Needwood or the New Forest; where many a noble student from Bologna or Padua had prayed, as he had been lodged and fed, *in formâ pauperis*, when, before returning home, he came to visit the tomb of the Apostles; and, still more, where many and many a student, like those now gathered there, had sobbed his farewell to the happy spring days and the quiet home of youth, before starting on his weary journey to the perils of evil days in his native land. Around lay scattered memorials of the past. One splendid monument, erected

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to Sir Thomas Dereham at the bottom of the church, was entirely walled up and roofed over, and so invisible. Shattered and defaced lay the richly effigied tombs of an Archbishop of York, and a Prior of Worcester, and of many other English worthies: while sadder wreckage of the recent storm was piled on one side,—the skulls and bones of, perhaps, Cardinal Allen, F. Persons, and others, whose coffins had been dragged up from the vaults below, and converted into munitions of war.

And if there needed a living link between the present and the past, between the young generation at the door, and the old one that had passed into the crypt of the venerable church, there it was, in the person of the more than octogenarian porter Vincenzo, who stood, all salutation, from the wagging appendage to his grey head to the large silver buckles on his shoes, mumbling toothless welcomes in a yet almost unknown tongue, but full of humble joy and almost patriarchal affection, on seeing the haunts of his own youth repeopled.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST AUDIENCE.

This second chapter, it may be imagined, ought to open with an apology for the first. For, what interest can the reader be supposed to take in its personal details? or what bearing can it have on the subject of this work? The first portion of this question it might be presumptuous to answer; the second is entitled to a reply. A writer who is not going to compile from others, but to give his own impressions, recollections, or opinions, who is not composing a history from other people's materials, but seeking to contribute his own share, however slight, to the stock of future collectors, is bound to establish some claim to credit with his readers. If he cannot advance any on the grounds of past diligence or present skill, of careful observation or graphic power, he must at least endeavour to gain that right, which casual circumstances and fortuitous position may confer upon him, to belief and attention.

Now, for any one born within the precincts of the present century to venture on giving his personal observations or recollections of nearly forty years ago, in a distant country, to assert that he had opportunities, from so remote a period down to the present time, not merely of hearing, but of seeing, what can illustrate the character of successive sovereigns on one throne,—still more, to begin his notes by stating that, within a few days of his arrival at its seat, he was familiarly in the presence of its occupant,—gives reason enough for a cautious reader to ask, How came this to pass, and what can justify belief in such an improbability?

It is the answer to this inquiry that has been attempted in the first chapter. Not in the garb of a courtier, bred in the palace-halls, not by the privilege of dignity or station,

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but in the simple habit of a collegian, and through the claim of filial rights upon a common father, was secured an early approach to the feet of the good and holy Pius VII. It certainly makes one feel old when one's life is counted by five pontificates; but this, to a catholic mind, is surely compensated by the reflection, that each venerated possessor of that exalted dignity has shed his blessing upon one portion or other of its existence, from the buoyant and hopeful time of early youth, to heavier and sadder hours. This unbroken continuance of a kindness, which amounts to a grace, required a peculiarity of position that has no claim to merit, and therefore may be freely mentioned. The pages which follow will require this freedom, already commenced in the foregoing chapter; let this one apology suffice for the volume. Nor will it appear unnatural, that a relation so established, between condescending goodness on one side and reverent affection on the other, —a relation which the reader may call chance, and the writer Providence,—should be found by the favoured party to have exercised an influence on his pursuits, his thoughts, and the whole direction of his life.

The event to which the first chapter relates—the re-establishment of the suppressed English College in Rome—was the work, almost spontaneous, of Pius, and his great minister Cardinal Consalvi. It may be not uninteresting to return to this subject hereafter. For the present thus much may suffice. Although a rector, and one fully qualified for his office, had been in possession of the house for a year, the arrival of a colony of students was the real opening of the establishment. On the day alluded to, the excellent superior, the Rev. Robert Gradwell, on returning home, found the first instalment of this important body really domiciled in his house, to the extent of having converted to present use the preparations for his own frugal and solitary meal.

The event was of sufficient magnitude to be communicated to the secretary of state; and the answer was, that as many of the party as could be provided with the old and hallowed costume of the English College, should be presented to the

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Holy Father within a few days. Among the more fortunate ones was, owing to a favourable accident, the present writer.

The feelings of any one permitted to approach that most venerable man had necessarily a colour and vividness beyond those inspired by his dignity and office. His history had been mixed up with that of the world, and its very anecdotes were fresh in memory. To the young especially, who remembered him only in a position so different from his natural one—as a captive and a persecuted Pontiff; who had almost learnt to disjoin the idea of the supreme rule of the Church from all the pomp and even power of worldly state, and to associate it with prisons and bonds, as in the early ages—there was around the tiara of Pius the halo of the confessor, that eclipsed all gold and jewels. His portrait had been familiar to us, but it was that, not of a High Priest clad in "the vesture of holiness," but of an aged man bending over the crucifix in search of its consolations, and speaking those words which had been made sacred by his constant utterance —"May the holy and adorable will of God be ever done!" Then had come the news of his wonderful triumphs, his humble victory, scarcely less astonishing than that of arms. He had been rescued from his durance, not by the power of man, not by the armies that had almost hemmed in his prison, but by that higher Will, that keeps in its own hands the hearts of kings, and turns them at its pleasure. The same stern command which had torn him from his palace and borne him away, had set him free, or rather ordered his restoration. To this, indeed, had succeeded another danger and a temporary retreat; so that the final settlement of the Holy Pontiff in his dominions, and their restoration in their integrity,[1] had occurred only three years before, and bore the character of recent events. As yet indeed one might have said, that the triumphal arches and garlands of his joyful entry into Rome had scarcely faded, and that the echoes of the cries of welcome that greeted him, still lingered among the seven hills. For the people all spoke of them as things of yesterday.

[1] By the Treaty of Vienna, June 9th, 1815.

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It was not therefore being "presented to the Pope," as the current phrase runs, that awaited us, at least in an ordinary sense. To every catholic, and to a young ecclesiastic in particular, this must be an event in his life: and the ceremony combined a double feeling, elsewhere impossible, composed of the reverence paid to a sovereign and the homage due to the supreme Head of our religion. From the monarch we accept with gratification a condescending word; from the Pope that word we receive as a blessing. When to the natural emotions thus inspired by the union in one person of the double rank of sovereignty and supremacy, we add the more individual sentiment which the personal character of Pope Pius VII. excited in our minds, it will be easily conceived, that our hearts beat with more than usual speed, and not without some little flurry, as we ascended the great staircase of the Quirinal palace on Christmas-eve, the day appointed for audience. This is a different entrance from the one now generally used. After passing through the magnificent *Sala Regia*, you proceed through a series of galleries adorned with fine old tapestry, and other works of art, though furnished with the greatest simplicity. The last of these was the antechamber to the room occupied by the Pope. After a short delay, we were summoned to enter this; a room so small that it scarcely allowed space for the usual genuflexions at the door, and in the middle of the apartment. But instead of receiving us, as was customary—seated—the mild and amiable Pontiff had risen to welcome us, and meet us, as we approached. He did not allow it to be a mere presentation, or a visit of ceremony. It was a fatherly reception, and in the truest sense our inauguration into the duties that awaited us. It will be best, however, to give the particulars of this first interview with the occupant of St. Peter's Chair in the words of a memorandum entered, probably that day, in the Rector's journal.

"Dec. 24. Took six of the students to the Pope. The other four could not be clothed. The Holy Father received them standing, shook hands with each, and welcomed them

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to Rome. He praised the English clergy for their good and peaceful conduct, and their fidelity to the Holy See. He exhorted the youths to learning and piety, and said; 'I hope you will do honour both to Rome and to your own country.'"

Such is the writer's first personal recollection of a Pope, and that Pope the illustrious Pius VII. Whatever we had read of the gentleness, condescension, and sweetness of his speech, his manner, and his expression, was fully justified, realised, and made personal. It was not from what we had heard, but from what we had seen and experienced, that we must needs now revere and love him. The friendly and almost national grasp of the hand—(after due homage had been willingly paid)—between the Head of the Catholic Church, venerable by his very age, and a youth who had nothing even to promise; the first exhortation on entering a course of ecclesiastical study—its very inaugural discourse, from him who was believed to be the fountain of spiritual wisdom on earth;—these surely formed a double tie, not to be broken, but rather strengthened by every subsequent experience.

I know not how a dignitary of any other religion, though holding no royal power and majesty, would receive a body of youths about to devote themselves to the service of his creed; nor whether he would think it worth while to admit them at all to an interview. But to Rome there flock, from every region of the earth, aspirants to the ecclesiastical state, in boyhood, and well-nigh in childhood, speaking as many languages as were used by the Apostles on the day of Pentecost; and yet perhaps hardly one of them fails to come into personal contact with him, to whom from infancy he has looked up, as the most exalted personage in the world. Soon after his first arrival he receives an early blessing on his future career, accompanied often with a few kind words, unfailingly with a benign look. That brief moment is an epoch in life, perhaps a starting-point for success. In addition to the general attachment that united him with millions to the Head of his Church, there is established a personal bond, an individual

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connection. It is no longer awe and distant reverence, but an affection as distinct in character as that to one intimately related. And this relation is strengthened in the youthful mind at every succeeding year of his course. He knows that every professor whose lectures he hears has been directly and immediately appointed, after careful selection, by the Pope himself, and that every class-book which he reads has received the same supreme sanction; he feels himself almost under the direct tuition of the Holy See: however pure and sparkling the rills at which others may drink, he puts his lips to the very rock which a divine wand has struck, and he sucks in its waters as they gush forth living.

But does he, in his turn, preach in the papal chapel, in accordance with the privilege which may be exercised by each college, on some important feast?—he is separately presented to the Holy Father, and receives a paternal and gracious compliment. Does he give a public demonstration of his ability or application, by holding, as it is called, a thesis, that is, a joust against all comers to test his prowess, at the close of his philosophical or theological studies?—still more is he entitled, as the very guerdon of his success, to lay at the feet of him whose doctrines he has openly maintained and defended the printed articles on which he has stood trial, and to hear kind encouraging words, which compensate for his months of toilsome preparation, and his day of anxious struggle. Finally, when his career is finished, and he is about to pass from the period of probation and peaceful preparation to the labour of the field, its burthen and its heat, he never fails to obtain a parting audience, at which he solicits, and obtains, a benediction on his future work. And seldom does it happen that he leaves the Eternal City without having obtained, at one or other of those more special interviews, some token, direct from the hand which he kisses,—a medal, or rosary, or cross, which is treasured through life, and renews almost daily into freshness the associations of youth.

Nor does it seldom happen that one find one's self remembered from a previous interview, and a question is asked

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which shows the kind tenacity of a memory through which things of higher interest must have passed in the interval. Is it wonderful that what is unmeaningly called "ultramontanism" should increase on every side? For what in reality is it? Not, certainly, a variation of doctrine, but a more vivid and individual perception,—an experience, of its operation. The "supremacy" is believed by the untravelled as much as by the travelled catholic. Facilities of access, and many other causes, have increased the number of those who have come into contact with successive Pontiffs: and this contact has seldom failed to ripen an abstract belief into an affectionate sentiment: but with those who have continued for years under the same influence, unvarying in its winning and impressive forms, it becomes a fixed element constant and persevering where all else may differ, and gives a warmth and strength to their religious and ecclesiastical convictions. The German student will carry away his Roman impressions, theorised perhaps in a more abstruse and transcendental form; the Frenchman will bear them in a more imaginative and poetical shape; to the English mind they will present themselves more practically, and as guides to action; while perhaps the American will relish them the more keenly because they contrast so strongly with whatever he most admires in secular and temporal policy, and bear the seal of a distinct order of existence. But all, whithersoever they go, will belong to the school in which they have been educated, and naturally communicate their own feelings to many.

This chapter, as much as the first, may seem to require an apology for irrelevancies. If so, let this be the apology. It shows how much more close, than may at first appear, is the bond which may unite a very insignificant person with the most exalted one in the world of faith—how many may be the opportunities of observation, and how vivid the impressions, which may give the one a right to portray the other.

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## CHAPTER III.

### CHARACTER OF PIUS THE SEVENTH.

It would be difficult to imagine a countenance that more faithfully brings to the surface the inward character, or a character that more fully and undisguisedly displays itself in the features, than those of this venerable Pontiff. And it is not too much to say, that rarely has a more successful portrait come from the pencil of an artist than that of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This eminent painter arrived in Rome in May, 1819, with a commission to take the likenesses of the Pope and of Cardinal Consalvi;—the one as represented, the other as his representative, at the Congress of Vienna. It was not, therefore, altogether a personal compliment; for the two portraits formed portions of a series containing all the sovereigns, and their ambassadors, who took part in that momentous assembly. Most readers will have admired it yet existing in Windsor Castle.

But the writer had the advantage of seeing these two admirable pictures when exhibited, by the artist himself, under the roof which covered their originals—the Quirinal Palace, and of thus judging of their accuracy. Among the multitudes who flocked to view them, there was but one opinion, that they were perfect likenesses, not merely such as copy the features, but such as transmit to posterity the expression, character, and feeling of the person represented. Of the Pope, of course, many portraits had been taken during the previous nineteen years of his chequered pontificate, but none that approached to this, or gave him living to the world. Of the Cardinal this was the first representation from life. A friend of the author's called on the Cardinal to present his credentials at the very moment that Sir Thomas was with him, on the 13th of May, and the Cardinal introduced them



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to one another. His Eminence said that he had always been averse to having his portrait taken, but added, showing him Lord Castlereagh's letter, "However, what can I do in this case? It is impossible to refuse."

Although the eyes of Italian critics were open to the characteristic defects of Sir Thomas's manner, and naturally blamed his apparent negligence in secondary parts, and his neglect even of accuracy in accessories, the heads were acknowledged to be faultless, and brilliantly successful.[1] The pose of the body, sunk unelastic into the chair, and seeking support from its arms, the wearied stoop and absence of energy in the limbs and head, tell us of seventy-seven years, among which had been some of calamity and grief. And yet the hair, scarcely bearing a trace of time, or of that more violent hand which often has been known to do in one night the work of years, but black and flowing, the forehead still smooth and unfurrowed by wrinkles, the mouth not dragged down, but clearly impressed with an habitual smile, show the serene and enduring mind with which the vicissitudes of a long life had been passed—a life of rare passages and changes, —from a noble home to a cloister; from the cowl to the mitre; from the bishopric to the See of Peter; then from the palace to the dungeon; and now, at last, again from Savona to Rome. That there should be lassitude, and even feebleness, marked in that frame and on that countenance, can excite no wonder; but that there should be not one symptom of soured temper, or bitter recollection, or unkind thought, nay, not even of remembered humiliation and anguish, is proof not only of a sweet disposition, but of a well-tutored and well-governed mind, and of strong principles capable of such guiding power.

The life of a sovereign generally dates from his accession to the throne. It is by reigns that the world's history is written. The man is nothing to mankind, the king everything to the nation. What he was before the commencement

[1] It is from Lawrence's portrait that the head is copied in this volume.

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of his royal career is scarcely recorded or faintly remembered; for it is not taught to children. To have a place for anterior honours in his country's annals he must die before reaching that throne which will eclipse them all. A Black Prince, or a Princess Charlotte, had the best friend to their early fame in death. A royal crown will cover over and hide an immense quantity of laurels.

"Scire piget, post tale decus, quid fecerit ante"

is as true of a coronation as of Scævola's exploit.

Hence, in general, there is very little curiosity about the antecedents of the successor to the pontifical throne, although they may be very important for estimating subsequent character. This is certainly the case with Pius VII. That he was a man so meek and gentle, so incapable of rancour or resentment, that Cardinal Pacca scruples not to apply to him the inspired words descriptive of Moses, "that he was the mildest of men," no one has ever questioned. This particular quality may be called the very grace of his nature, so distinctly was it stamped on his outward appearance, so penetratingly diffused through the actions of his life.

No one, moreover, will refuse to him that strength which is the companion often of the gentlest disposition, a power of unrepining endurance, the patient fortitude which suffers without complaint and without sullenness.

But qualities of a much higher order belong to him, and yet have been often overlooked. Nor has the course of his earlier life been sufficiently brought forward, to explain or illustrate the peculiar character which he afterwards displayed.

The basis of this must be considered as deeply laid in the very first inspirations of childhood. If nature gave to Barnabas Chiaramonti a mild and sweet disposition, a higher influence bestowed upon him a better gift. Religion invested him with the beauty of an unsullied life, with a character of irreproachable virtue throughout his length of days. Few families in Europe are more illustrious than his; but, while

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from his father he derived high nobility, from his mother, daughter of Marchese Ghini, he received a more valuable portion, that of a rare piety and virtue. She was, indeed, a lady of singular excellence, renowned in the world for every religious quality. After having completed the education of her children, when the future Pontiff had reached the age of twenty-one, in 1763, she entered a convent of Carmelites at Fano, where her memory is still cherished, and where she died in 1771, at the age of sixty. It was in this retreat that, as Pius himself used to relate, she distinctly foretold him his elevation one day to the papacy, and the protracted course of sufferings which it would entail.[1]

These earliest impressions of domestic examples and maternal teaching formed, as has been said, the very groundwork of Pius's character. At the age of sixteen, after a preliminary education in the college for nobles at Ravenna, he retired, upon mature deliberation, to the Benedictine Abbey of Santa Maria del Monte, near Cesena, his native city. There could be no worldly motive for this step. He had nothing to fly from in his home. His birth and patrimony secured him earthly comfort. If he inclined merely to the ecclesiastical life, all its advantages were open to him as a secular priest, without separation from his family, in which he was well beloved. And certainly, if honourable promotion in the world had been, even slightly, an object of his ambition, he was cutting off every chance of it which his con-

[1] The archdeacon Hyacinth Ignatius Chiaramonti, brother of Pius, published in 1786, and dedicated to him, then cardinal, a Latin poem, "De majorum suorum laudibus," in which he thus addresses their mother:—

"O semper memoranda parens! O carmine nostro
Non unquam laudata satis! me despice clemens,
Exutumque tibi mortali corpore junge:
Sit, precor, hæc merces, nostrorum hæc meta laborum."

I remember it used to be said at Rome, and I have read the same assurance since, that only the resolute opposition of the son, when elevated to the supreme pontificate, prevented the more solemn recognition, by beatification, of the extraordinary sanctity of the mother.

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nections, or his efforts, might have secured him in the secular state.

A twofold discipline, preparatory to his future life, such as Providence had designed it, awaited him in the cloister.

The first was the discipline of the monastic noviciate, the sinking of all rank and title; the renouncing of all fortune, luxury, money; the voluntary descent to a level of rude equality with the peasant's or artisan's son; the surrender of comforts in every change,—passing from the paintings and tapestries of the ancestral palace to the bare corridors of the monastery; from the chatty society of the table to the silent feeding of the body in the refectory; from the neat chamber, with its elastic bed and damask curtains, to the whitewashed cell, with its straw pallet and plank shutters; the menial occupations of a household—being one's own servant, and doing everything for one's-self; and finally the utter subjection with ready cheerfulness of time, actions, will, to the guidance of rule and of obedience. For any one who sees the youthful aspirants to the religious institutes here or abroad, in recreation or at study, may easily decide who will persevere, by a very simple rule. The joyous faces, and the sparkling eyes, denote the future monks far more surely than the demure looks and stolen glances.

In the days of Pius's distress, all his previous discipline came admirably to his aid. He had commenced it at sixteen; had dropped his high-sounding names of Barnabas Chiaramonti for simple Don Gregory (first, indeed, only Brother); made but one of a party, clothed alike, and without distinction, beyond that of the assumed monastic name. He walked the streets, and was jostled in crowds, and probably could not have paid for a cool refreshment. It was in this way that he hastened to the square of St. Peter's to witness the coronation of Clement XIV. This imposing ceremony is performed in the *loggia*, whence the Pope gives his benediction, looking into the superb esplanade densely thronged. Eager to get sight of the spectacle, and clear himself of the throng that elbowed him, he leapt up behind

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an empty carriage. The coachman turned round, but instead of resenting this intrusion on his dominions, said good-naturedly to him, "My dear little monk, why are you so anxious to see a function which one day will fall to your lot?" [1]

The sincerity of this vocation was fully tried. Pope Pius VI., his immediate predecessor, was a great friend of the family. Wishing to promote to high dignity some one belonging to it, he selected another brother, Gregory, whom he called to Rome, and placed in the "Ecclesiastical Academy," an establishment for the education of youths preparing for public life. This preference, due to the choice made by Barnabas of the monastic state, cut off all hopes of his preferment, had they ever existed in his mind. The title of abbot was all that the Pope himself could procure for him, with some difficulty, in the way of honour and distinction.

It will be easy to trace the influence of this severe and early schooling upon the conduct of Pius in his days of hardship and sorrow. He was as a man already acquainted with these things. A condition which might have embarrassed him, or worn him down, or added to the weight of public griefs those petty annoyances which still more oppressively tease and fret, presented to him only analogies with the life to which he had accustomed himself, and was treated with comparative lightness of heart.

When he was suddenly and rudely forced from his palace in the night of June 6, 1809, thrust into a carriage, and whirled away through the dust and heat of an Italian summer-day, without an attendant, "without linen—without his spectacles;" fevered and wearied, he never for a moment lost his serenity. "Nos deux voyageurs" (Pius VII. and Cardinal Pacca) "répondent à mes procédés pour eux, et rient quelquefois avec nous;" writes General Radet, in a letter brutal and vulgar in its tone, addressed to General Miollis, the morning after the first day's distressing travel.[2] Nay,

[1] The authority for this anecdote is the Pope's learned secretary, Monsignor Testa, who told the author he had heard it from the Pope.

[2] Published in Chevalier Artaud's Life of Pius VIII., p. 295. It had

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Cardinal Pacca amusingly tells us, that, when they had just started on this most dismal of journeys, the Pope asked him if he had any money. The secretary of state replied, that he had had no opportunity of providing himself. "We then drew forth our purses," continues the cardinal, "and notwithstanding the state of affliction we were in at being thus torn away from Rome, and all that was dear to us, we could hardly compose our countenances, on finding the contents of each purse to consist—of the Pope's, of a papetto (10*d.*), and of mine, of three grossi (7½*d.*). We had precisely thirty-five bajocchi between us. The Pope, extending his hand, showed his papetto to General Radet, saying, at the same time, 'Look here—this is all I possess.'"[1] Truly, "ils rient quelquefois avec nous." A good joke i' faith; a monarch smiling at finding himself penniless; and the man to whom he smiles sees no beauty or sublimity in the smile, nor in the simple words which explain it—no! it is only a proper item for an official report, as showing how completely he has done his work.

So much for money and any care about it. The august traveller was without even a change of clothes or of linen. And later still, when no longer in the hands of men like Radet, he was in possession of one only dress, a stuff cassock, given to him by the King of Spain, totally unsuited to the season in which he was obliged to wear it. This he mentioned to a friend, an Englishman at Rome, in 1820, from

come to light only about 1844. This letter is alluded to in the same General's apologetic epistle to Pius VII., dated September 12th, 1814, published at the end of Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs.

[1] Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs, Sir G. Head's translation. Many inaccuracies occur in the translation, both of Italian and of Latin. For example, vol. ii. p. 302: "Illustrious is that name in the *festivals* of the Church." No doubt (I have not the original at hand) the word in Italian is *fasti* (annals), not *feste* (festivals). Page 333: "the words of the Dr. Massimo S. Girolamo" should be "of the greatest of doctors St. Jerom." Page 157, Tertullian's words: "Novi pastores in pace leones, in prælio cervos," are rendered by "*New* pastors," for "I have known," to govern *cervos*. Thus *knew* and *new* are both represented in Latin by *novi*.

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whom I derive the statement. Indeed those who have desired to lower him before the world, have dwelt particularly on the want of dignity which they discovered in his performing for himself common menial services, and even mending his own garments. They have set him down, for this, as a craven and poor-spirited creature, endowed with no sense of honour, pride, or self-respect.

There can be no doubt that in all this there is nothing dramatic nor, in the vulgar sense, heroic. Such a prisoner, such a captive, creates no scenes, gives no impassioned pictures for the pencil or the pen. You cannot invest him with the pathos of St. James's or the Temple,[1] nor get soft or tender speeches, or dialogues, out of him; nor—with the dignity of two hundred and fifty-three Pontiff predecessors on his head, with the privileges of the first fisherman, whose ring he wore, inseparable from his very title; and with the firm conviction, or rather consciousness, that he held the very thunder of spiritual might undivided in his hands, from Him whose vicar his captors owned him to be—can one outburst of noble scorn, as the world will call it, one blighting defiance, one solemn appeal to the faith, however drugged to sleep, of those around him, be detailed, or really be discovered, among the records of his captivity. Romance or poetry could not presume to seize on it, as they have done on that of Dugueselin, or Surrey, or King Richard. For there is nothing that the imagination can feed on, or enlarge, or elevate. It is the entire simplicity, naturalness, and unaffected submission to the will of God, without an effort to excite sympathy, diminish severity, or strike out an effect, that constitute the singular beauty of this touching episode.

In the history of the first Charles it is recorded that, when brought to Windsor, on his way to trial and execution, he was for the first time deprived of the kingly state with which he had been served, even during his previous captivity. "This absence of ceremony," says Lingard, "made on the unfortunate monarch a deeper impression than could have

[1] Charles I. and Louis XVI.

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been expected. It was, he said, the denial of that to him, which by ancient custom was due to many of his subjects; and rather than submit to the humiliation, he chose to diminish the number of the dishes, and to take his meals in private."[1]

I remember reading, many years ago, the narrative written by an Infanta of Spain,[2] of her expulsion or flight from Madrid; and being struck by the pathetic terms in which she records the day whereon, for the first time in her life, she took her meal off earthenware, feeling it an immense hardship for one who had never, since her birth, eaten from anything less costly than gold plate.

In strong contrast with such examples of pitiful murmuring stands the uncomplaining and cheerful traveller from Rome to Savona. For, indeed, he had been trained for privation and suffering. "Behold, they who are clothed in soft raiment are in the houses of kings." Such was the royal Stuart, such was the gentle Bourbon. But Pius had been educated in the rough habit and with the plain diet of the monk, in fastings often, and in watchings, and in many trials of subjection and obedience. It is not difficult to live over again our earlier life: the officer easily plays the soldier in battle; a painter never forgets how to sketch. And so the monk, in his simplicity and habits of endurance, had lived in Pius through episcopacy, cardinalate, and papacy. During the first two he had not even changed the colour of his robes, symbolical of a mourning and penitential life. Nor had the tiara obliterated the religious crown, shaven on the day of his clothing as a child of St. Benedict, in symbol of that thorny crown which sovereign and monk are equally called to wear. Old as he now was, the days easily came back, when he was girded by another, and led whither this one willed; when his wardrobe was scanty and scarcely his own, and when he had no servant at his beck; but knew well how to serve himself and, if needful, others. "Redire in naturam puerorum," to

[1] Lingard's E. H., Charles I., ch. iii. 5th ed.

[2] Afterwards Queen of Etruria.

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become as little children, is more difficult for a grown man, than it was for a sovereign like Pius to return to his noviciate, whether he was cooped up in a tight well-closed carriage on the road to Radicofani, or in a prison on the Mediterranean. It is surely a proof of great stolidity in the general to write, speaking of this journey: "Je les tiens comme en cage," forgetting that a carriage, though locked up, does not make, any more than "iron bars, a cage;" and not to put another reading on the occasional smile of his prisoners than he did, and write instead; "ils se rient parfois *de* nous."

In fact, this previous life of absolute abandonment to the care of Providence; of total ignorance whence the very necessities of life were provided, but of certainty that something would be found; of day-by-day attention to spiritual or intellectual things, without domestic solicitudes or secular cares, that had filled up the monastic period of the Pope's life; was only the practical illustration of a principle which his early piety taught him at his mother's knee—of reliance on God, and simple surrender to His will. Thus ripened and strengthened, the principle must have become one of boundless trustfulness and unwavering faith. It was a confidence, without anxiety, in Him who feeds the fowls of the air and clothes the grass of the field. But under what circumstances? It was indeed a trust in Him who bountifully caters for the sparrow, but felt and expressed when the poor bird was actually in the claws of the kite. It was a hope in Him who arrays His lilies more splendidly than Solomon in all his glory; but sure and full, when the scythe was already levelled by the mower, bending to the stroke.

Hence the captivity of Pius VII. is no drama, nor is he a hero. For each is more. The one is a holy history, a sacred episode in the annals of the Church, ay, and in those of human virtue. It is changing the light of a picture, taking it out of the glaring and garish brightness of mid-day into a darker and cooler evening atmosphere. All around is subdued and still, and the colouring becomes mellower, and

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small details almost disappear, and even the expression looks more placid and more grave. But every feature is there, and the character is unchanged: the same the smile, the same the tender eye, and the speaking lip. No grand peculiarities are developed: the beauty is the absence of change. And he who is said to be no hero is much more. There is something almost awful in the unruffled calm which pervades the narrative of nearly continuous imprisonments in the latter portion of the Acts. St. Paul is confined at Philippi and Jerusalem, Cæsarea and Rome, warily guarded, as an important person, now by sea and now by land. But it is all given as a matter of course. No particulars of the gaol, no description of the dungeon, scarcely an incident of years spent by him, girt with a chain, or in free custody. Above all, no account of how he bore it; none of his looks, his words, his sufferings; none of his patience, his cheerfulness, his prayer, his union with Christ. We are supposed to understand all this, and not to require telling that St. Paul in the stocks of the inner dungeon of Philippi, singing God's praises, was the same as St. Paul speaking with noble courage before Festus; that it was the privilege of the apostolic character to be as serene in a dungeon as gracious on the episcopal chair. And so, in course of time, when the lesser details and spare anecdotes of Pius's captivity shall have been first diluted, then melted away in the growing mass of historic material, the writer of his abridged life will find it sufficient to say that he bore his captivity, its perhaps unintentional rigour, its accidental aggravations, and its occasional insults, as became his high dignity and noblest inheritance, and in the character and spirit of an apostle.

As the monastic training prepared the Pontiff for one most important portion of his pontifical duties particularly destined for him by Divine Providence, so it did not fail in another, and no less momentous, point.

It has been a generally received opinion, at least one has heard it again and again expressed, that the qualities of the heart prevailed in Pius VII. to the almost exclusion of intel-

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lectual gifts. Kindness and benevolence, forgiveness and meekness, have been the characteristics by which he has been generally known, and for which he has been universally esteemed. But, however remarkable this gentleness of nature, it was by no means an usurper of his entire character. Though not possessed of genius, nor perhaps of over-average abilities, what he had were fully cultivated and vigorously employed. It is far from being the object of this work to reproduce matter already published, or load its pages by long quotations. It will be, therefore, sufficient to refer to Cardinal Pacca's excellent memoirs for a fuller explanation on this subject. He traces, indeed, to this mistaken apprehension of the Pope's character, the afflicting collision which ensued between the two greatest spheres of spiritual and of temporal power—the see of Rome and the empire of France. But one sentence says so much to our present purpose, and will spare so much less authoritative treatment of the subject, that it will be well to quote it. After remarking that, having been associated with the Pontiff under such varieties of situation, it would have been impossible for his character to have remained disguised from him, the cardinal thus proceeds:—"Having, therefore, attentively studied his character, and well knowing his disposition, I can affirm that Pius VII. was by no means deficient in talent, nor of weak, pusillanimous nature. On the contrary, he was a man of ready wit, lively, more than commonly versed in the sacred sciences, and especially possessed of that peculiar description of good sound sense that in matters of business intuitively perceives the difficulties to be overcome, and sees everything in its proper light."[1]

With these words before me, it would scarcely have been too much to attribute to Pope Pius a higher class of abilities than has been just assigned him. But it is more to the purpose to state how they were cultivated. D. Gregory Chiaramonti began young, and therefore was able to pass with deliberate leisure through the long and full monastic course

[1] Vol. ii. p. 43.

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of philosophical and theological studies. That he did this with at least fair success, is evident from the fact of his having publicly sustained a thesis in theology—an experiment not usually accorded to persons of inferior skill. The propositions or programme of his public contest were engraved, as the custom used to be, at the foot of a large allegorical print; and the thesis was dedicated to Cardinal Ganganelli. Thus two future popes met together, the one as patron and the other as client, on the noble field of science. A copy of this challenge was, I know, in the English College library; it was curious, and made itself remembered by the circumstance that one of the subjects proposed in it was the confutation of an absurd fanatic, who had maintained that no place is found in heaven for the daughters of Eve. And this was only one of many occasions in which he made public display of his learning and ready prowess.

After this he was public professor in the colleges of his order, first at Parma, then at Rome. At the age of thirty he was promoted, in general chapter, lector or doctor of theology; and for six years more held the chair of canon law. It would have been impossible, in such a body as the Benedictines of that period in Italy, for any one to have been thus advanced, and intrusted with the highest teaching, unless he had proved himself fully competent. Not only must he have given evidence of his proficiency in the sciences which he was appointed to teach, but he must by this exercise, continued for so many years, have acquired greater maturity of judgment, stronger power of reasoning, and acuter penetration into character, and shrewder knowledge of men. For the scholastic system, as it is called, of instruction brings out the character of the individual pupil, as it keeps constantly well whetted, by discussion, the genius of the professor. Hence, a person who lived for years in constant intercourse with many who often saw the Pope, and knew him familiarly, used to say, that while he was reverenced and loved by all that approached him, he was no less respected for his assiduity and ability in public affairs. Indeed, dur-

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ing the latter years of his pontificate, to which these recollections belong, many questions relating to Great Britain and her colonies had to be discussed. Step by step the Holy Father himself was referred to, and took a personal interest in them, and indeed entered fully into them; so that the respectable English ecclesiastic alluded to, who frequently himself saw the Pope on such subjects, has left many records behind him of the judicious and definite views which he took of them, necessarily new, and even strange as they were, to Rome.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### CONTINUATION.

THE simplicity of habits, which proved so valuable in sustaining the amiable Pontiff through the more painful vicissitudes of his reign, never left him after he had ascended the throne. Early hours, a frugal table, a solitary life; monotony, almost, of pursuits, consisting of a regular round of official audiences, fixed for each day, and almost each hour, and unrelieved by court festivities or public recreation—such is the life, more or less, of every successive Pope. He is not exempt from any of the obligations of his priesthood. He celebrates mass each morning, and assists at a second celebration. He recites the breviary, like any of his poorest curates; his beads too, most certainly, like any simple catholic at home or abroad; besides, probably, other special devotions. He listens to sermons; not merely formal ones in his chapel, but real honest preachings, strong and bold, by a Capuchin friar, during Advent and Lent. All this is every-day work; to which must be added the more public functions in which he takes a prominent, and often a laborious, part. To say that Pius VII. lived this life, would be simply to say that he was Pope. Nor would it be an addition, after all that has been stated, to mention that he was kind, considerate, and affable to all around him. But there is one trait in his character which must not be omitted, because it shows the strength of principles acting in opposition to what might have been considered his nature. He set the noble example of "not condescending to flesh and blood." However affectionate his heart might be, it did not lead him to bestow dignity or favour upon his own family.

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His predecessor, and relation, had unfortunately left a contrary example,—a weakness in a life of strong-minded virtue; a blemish in a pontificate of sorrowful glory. But the seventh Pius, who had renounced family ties, with family comforts, when he entered his noviceship, returned no more to the bonds which he had cast aside. He was, in this, irreproachable; and his conduct has been an example and a law to his successors.

This, of course, helped to make the isolation of the Pope more complete. Pius VII., however, was in the habit of admitting occasionally into his society, in the evening, a few persons whose conversation he relished. Among these was Canova, the renovator of sculpture, its greatest modern master, and at the same time a noble and virtuous man. Another, who has been mentioned, was his secretary of Latin letters, Monsignor Testa. This excellent man united in himself many rare qualities. He was an elegant classical scholar, and composed his Latin letters as few else could do; he was acquainted with modern languages, which he made use of chiefly for the study of geology and other natural sciences, in which he took great delight. This led to a particular friendship between him and the English College. He was to be found every afternoon taking his walk on Monte Pincio, generally in company with two or three friends, of whom the illustrious Mai was one. There one could join him, and learn the political and ecclesiastical chit-chat of the day. Sometimes a long-bearded Armenian or Syrian, or an American or Chinese missionary, would be in the group, and contribute interesting intelligence from the extremities of the earth. The venerable prelate, who formed the unfailing centre of the society, ever bore a winning smile on his aged countenance, with just the smallest twinkling of drollery,[1] and that sense of the ludicrous

[1] He was one of those priests who refused to take the clergy oath exacted by the French government, and who were transported to Corsica, and there severely imprisoned. The good people of the neighbourhood used to approach the wall of the fortress where least guarded, and at a favourable moment a basket used to be let down from a barred window, and filled with

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which is inseparable from genius, and served to make him suggest questions calculated to bring out any little eccentricity or outlandishness in a narrator. Yet, simple as a child and as warm in his affections, never did an unkind word escape him; nor would he ever take advantage of the canonical exemption which his situation gave him from choral attendance twice a day at Santa Maria Maggiore, of which he was a prebendary.

An anecdote of his early life, related by himself, is interesting, because it refers also to a much more celebrated character. In his youth Testa was attached to the nunciature at Paris, and gained the esteem of many scientific men. Among them was Buffon, who one day asked him to dinner. On entering the drawing-room he found himself unexpectedly in a company composed of the most eminent naturalists and mathematicians of Paris. He was somewhat overawed, though flattered by this attention, when a thought struck him which paralysed his joy and his appetite. It was Friday, a day of abstinence, not much observed by gentlemen of that class, though his attention or neglect would be narrowly observed. What should he do? How should he manage to play and dabble with forbidden meats, so as to arrive at the end of the meal, hungry but unobserved, and, what was more, unsullied? The doors of the dining-room were at length thrown open, but so unhappy was he at his own perplexing situation, that he did not notice the table, till startled by his host's address to his guests: "Messieurs, aujourd'hui est Vendredi, et il faut l'observer." He then saw that, evidently in compliment

such comforts as had been provided. Then Monsignor Testa would give the signal from his loop-hole, by the ambiguous phrase, well known to all the captives, of "Sursum corda," and the cord was quickly drawn up. When such learned theologians and canonists as Bolgeni and Devoti went astray on the subject of this oath, it required some firmness to refuse it, with the alternative, most trying to a Roman of all persons, of being deported far from home. One poor old priest, when told, on refusing the oath, that he should be sent to the island of Corsica, said he had only one request to make—that he might go by land, as the sea would disagree with him.



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to him, the gentlemen naturalists had to confine their observations that day exclusively to aquatic animals, from whatever other animal reign the cook might have taken his condiments.[1]

In addition to the recreation of occasional evenings in the society of his friends, the Pope invariably took his walk out of the Porta Pia, which was frequented by many who desired thus to obtain his blessing. This was given with the same bland smile to poor as to rich, to the peasant who happened to be driving his donkey loaded with sticks, as to the nobleman who descended from his carriage to kneel on the kerb-stone. Many a time have the writer and his companions chosen that direction for a walk, and been accosted by a passing salutation full of kindness.

Those, however, who wished really to see this Pontiff in his happiest aspect, would follow him to the churches which he might chance to visit; or attend his ecclesiastical functions. His great age, and an accident which he had met with a short time before, prevented him, at the period to which these reminiscences refer, from performing in person any of the greater offices of the Church. His attendance was all that he could give, and that mostly in the palace chapel. Besides at that time he lived exclusively at the Quirinal palace, or Monte Cavallo; so that the solemn and almost sublime Sixtine chapel, with its royal hall and subsidiary Pauline chapel, were little seen, except by lovers of art. The Vatican palace was, indeed, rather a collection of museums than a papal residence, till the next pontificate. In the over-light and freshly decorated chapel of Monte Cavallo, therefore, most of

[1] A more unpleasant experience of the same embarrassment befell the senator Rezzonico, nephew of Pope Clement XIII. He was on a visit of compliment to Frederick of Prussia, and was invited to dinner on a fast-day, and nothing was provided that he could eat. The king watched, and pressed him with dish after dish, till the senator, seeing his royal host apparently distressed, informed him of the cause of his refusal. The king ordered anything at hand to be got ready, when presently a royal repast of meagre fare was brought in. His fidelity to conscience had been purposely put to the test.

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the great offices of the Church, excepting those of Easter-tide and SS. Peter and Paul's feast, were performed; shorn indeed of their great splendour, as now witnessed by every tourist. Even on these greater occasions, and when in the Vatican basilica, the Pope simply attended; but that presence gave to all its colour and solemnity. That spirit of piety which his saintly mother had engrafted on a sweet and gentle nature, was impressed upon his countenance and on his figure. Bent down by age and suffering, his attitude seemed that of continued prayer; sitting or standing, as much as kneeling, he struck your eye as the very picture of earnest and unaffected devotion, abstracted from the ceremonial, the state, or the multitude that surrounded him. It was in one great function, particularly, that this effect was most striking.

On the feast of Corpus Christi the great procession of the day is made round the whole Square of St. Peter's; the colonnade of which is continued round along the furthest houses, by means of a temporary portico. The beginning of the procession is entering the church of St. Peter, as its last portion is leaving the Sixtine chapel. It is a spectacle growing at every step in interest. Between the seven-deep lines of spectators, no longer northerns, but country people mostly, many of whom appear in the almost oriental costumes of their villages, rich in velvet, embroidery, and bullion, pass in succession the religious corporations, as they are called, of the city; next, the chapters of the many collegiate churches, and those of the basilicas, preceded by their peculiar canopy-shaped banners, and their most ancient and precious crosses, dating even from Constantine. Then comes that noblest hierarchy that surrounds the first See in the world, partaking, necessarily, of the double function and character of its possessor,—prelates of various degrees, holding the great offices of state and of the household, judges, administrators, and councillors. These are followed by bishops of every portion of the Church, arrayed in the episcopal robes of their various countries, Latins, Greeks, Melchites, Maronites, Armenians,

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and Copts. To them again succeeds the Sacred College, divided, like a chapter, into deacons and priests, but with the addition of the still higher order of bishops. And at the time of which we write, there were men distinguished by the important posts which they had occupied in public affairs, and their share in suffering, and their example of virtuous constancy. Few of those whose names occur in Cardinal Pacca's memoirs, and in other records of the time, were, as yet, wanting to surround the good Pope with the associations of his previous history. Many of them, including the eminent historian himself, were, in appearance, most venerable; bearing a heavy weight of years on their spare erect forms; their heads mingling their thin white locks with their unblemished ermine, in rivalry of its whiteness; walking with the gait of princes, and speaking with the grace of virtuous wisdom; and when seated in order, during a sacred function, looking so calmly dignified, so placid and noble, that many must on beholding them have entertained the same thought which crossed the writer's fancy. It was, that if an artist wished to represent the Roman senators silently seated in the Forum, when the soldiers of Brennus entered, paused, knelt, and worshipped, he would with difficulty have found anywhere else the fittest models for his picture. But here he would have possessed all: heads, attitude, expression, feeling, in the very national type of the same people; and, moreover, the same order, position, and unimpassioned repose, with such flowing robes and richness of colour, as could guide the imagination to the older scene.

Such were the venerable princes, whose names the stranger asked in a whisper as they passed in that procession before him and immediately preceded the final group of its moving picture. Its base was formed by almost a multitude of attendants, such as, had they been the object at which one could look, would have carried one back three centuries at least. The bright steel armour of the Swiss guards upon party-coloured doublet and hose—the officers' suits being richly damascened in gold—gleamed amid the

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red damask tunics of bearers, walking symmetrically and unflinchingly under a heavy burden; while the many two-handed swords of the Swiss flamed upwards, parallel with the lofty poles of a rich silver-tissue and embroidered canopy that towered above all, and was carried by persons who deemed it a high honour, and who also wore the quaint costume of days gone by.

But high in air, beneath the canopy, and upon the estrade or small platform borne aloft, is the crowning object of the entire procession. Upon a faldstool richly covered stands the golden Monstrance,[1] as it was anciently called in England, that contains the holiest object of Catholic belief and worship; and behind it the Pontiff kneels, with his ample embroidered mantle embracing the faldstool before him. Thus he is borne along, so that all may see and join him in his devotion, wherein he is undisturbed even by the motion required to walk in a procession. No one who ever saw Pope Pius VII. in this position will easily forget the picture. The hands firmly and immovably clasped at the base of the sacred vessel; the head bent down, not in feebleness but in homage; the closed eyes that saw none of the state and magnificence around, but shut out the world from the calm and silent meditation within; the noble features so composed that no expression of human feeling or of earthly thought could be traced upon, or gathered from, them; the bare head, scarcely ever uncovered except then,[2] with locks still dark floating unheeded in the breeze;—these characteristic forms and appearances of a human frame, unmoving and unwavering as a sculptured figure, might have been taken as the purest and sublimest symbol of entranced adoration. The swelling chorus of the hymns and psalms before him evidently did not reach his ear; the smoke of fragrant incense just beneath him did not soothe his nostrils; the waves of a

[1] Used in the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

[2] The white skull-cap worn by the Pope is called the Solideo, because taken off in homage only to God.

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multitude, swayed to and fro with the murmur of a sea, traced not its image on his eyeballs: he was himself abstracted from all that sense could perceive, and was centred in one thought, in one act of mind, soul, and heart, in one duty of his sublime office, one privilege of his supreme commission. He felt, and was, and you knew him to be, what Moses was on the mountain,—face to face, for all the people, with God; the vicar, with *his* Supreme Pontiff; the chief shepherd, with the Prince of pastors; the highest and first of living men, with the One living God.[1]

I record impressions,—impressions never to be effaced. It may be that youth, by its warmth, softens more the mould in which they are made, so that they sink deeper, and are produced at the same time more sharply and definitely: but certainly those earlier pictures remain in the memory as the standard types of what has been many times again seen. When we have gazed upon many repetitions of a painting by a great master, we can hardly divest ourselves of the idea that the first we saw must have been the original, the others copies.

If thus far the reader has followed what he may consider unalloyed praise, he may have a right to ask, Where are the shadows that must give relief to the lights in our portrait? Cardinal Pacca, his minister, and companion in his most trying situation, has openly declared what was the flaw, or imperfection, that struck him, through all his connection with the Holy Pontiff, and it is the one most usually allied with gentleness and meekness. Irresolution, when left to himself, strongly contrasted with courage when, under advice, he clearly saw his duty. Some attributed this failing to the

[1] On Good Friday, 1818, an English traveller was watching, with great feeling, the Pope, as, bare-headed and unsandaled, he advanced up the chapel to kiss the cross. Some one whispered to him that this was a piece of superstition. "Oh, say not so," he exclaimed; "it is affecting and sublime." This was Mr. Mathias, one of the three whom, as Forsyth remarks, in virtue of alliteration, the Italians allow to have written Italian verse like natives: Milton and Menage being the other two.

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low estimate which the Holy Father had formed of his own abilities—to an habitual humility of thought. No doubt, in his unselfish and simple heart, a failing like this, that easily leans towards virtue's side, naturally took this form; and a poor estimation of his own gifts would both clothe and strengthen a true feebleness that existed. But the fault, if natural, was not one to be cured by the training which matured his other good qualities. There is not, indeed, a happier life for the weak in spirit than that in a community. It most truly relieves the mind of daily and worrying cares, and leaves it serene for occupations that soften and soothe it; but it blunts the edge of that self-reliance, which would cut a knot or thrust aside an obstacle, and it renders counsel easy and accessible, or even indispensable; for where many live together in peaceful community of interests, there is little that requires solitary action. Solitary action would be simply obstructive or disturbing.

The government of the Pope was vigorous and decided, because he knew better than most princes how to choose his minister, and, once chosen, how to give him his confidence. If this work were a history, it would be easy to give proof of this truly sovereign instinct. It may be sufficient to say, that no one could have served him more wisely, at the critical moment when his misfortunes commenced, than their historian, Cardinal Pacca; none could have guided the helm of his shattered vessel more skilfully or more firmly than the great statesman, Consalvi. It was in that middle space between these two ministers,—when no longer, indeed, a monarch, but a captive; when bereft of all advice and sympathy, but closely pressed on by those who, probably themselves deceived, thoroughly deceived him,—that he committed the one error of his life and pontificate, in 1813. For there came to him men "of the seed of Aaron," who could not be expected to mislead him: themselves free and moving amidst the busiest of the world, they showed him, through the loopholes of his prison, that world from which he was shut out, as agitated on its surface, and to its lowest

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depths, through *his* unbendingness; the Church as torn to schism, and religion as weakened to destruction, by what they termed *his* obstinacy. He who had but prayed and bent his neck to suffering, was made to appear in his own eyes a harsh and cruel master, who would rather see all perish, than loose his grasp on unrelenting, but impotent, jurisdiction.[1]

He yielded in a moment of conscientious alarm; under false, but virtuous, impressions, he consented, though conditionally, to the terms proposed to him for a new Concordat. But no sooner had his upright and humble mind discovered the error, than it nobly and successfully repaired it. He would have no help from others in this work, he suffered no man to risk peace or comfort by assisting him. He would be his own secretary; wrote, corrected, and transcribed the necessary documents; by his humble candour recovered his bright serenity, his sweet smile, and unruffled peace; and rose higher in the esteem and love of all who knew him, from the depth of the self-abasement into which he nobly descended.

The history of this transaction has long been before the public under two very different aspects; as related with passionless simplicity by Cardinal Pacca, or as dramatically and caustically narrated by the Abbé de Pradt. The one bears all the marks of a sincere recorder of facts; the other the stamp of a bitter, though witty and clever, partisan. But it is difficult to look back upon the momentous crisis to which we have alluded in the fortunes of the Pope, and, according to merely human calculation, in those of the Church, without a moment's reflection on what forms its highest view.

When, through our own progress, historical events have so far receded from our sight that we no longer discern their lesser details, or the feelings which they excited, they pass into the domain of providential records. The actors in them stand in a more solemn light; their relative proportions,

[1] The deputation of bishops and others, who visited him at Savona.

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perhaps their places, change; their influence on the world can be measured by results. This is the case even in daily life. The man who first pressed the lever of the printing-press wielded a more powerful and noble sceptre than the sovereign who may have dropped a few coins in his hand as a brave mechanic. Lunardi, who swelled and puffed himself out as much as his balloon, and was admired and honoured by great ones, has passed out of sight, borne away on the very wings of unsubstantial uselessness; while a man who was silently watching, at home, the vapour from the cauldron was distilling from it, in the alembic of his brain, a subtler spirit still; for it was to become the very spirit of a coming world.

But when we look back at public men and things placed in the very midst of eventful currents, which flow on, but which they modify, direct, and control irresistibly, they are manifestly not accidents, but causes—now seen and felt to be such—of what moves around them; themselves subservient to a higher cause. They may allow the stream to flow quietly on one side, and force it to writhe and twist itself on the other; they may be dashed over by a gathering torrent in what before was but a freshet; nay, they may be toppled over, borne down, carried away, and clean dissolved; but to the last they will have been the necessary quantities by which every ordinary law of motion, of pressure, of relative existence has to be modified or estimated. In history the world runs smooth enough for a time; but the appearance, suddenly, in the midst of the stream, of an Alexander, or a Charlemagne, or a Christopher Columbus, destroys the equilibrium of existing forces, by arms, by wisdom, or by a sublimer gift, and prepares a new phase of society, the full value, or importance at least, of which may not be estimable for many generations to come. With all their vices, blunders, crimes, follies, grandeur, and littlenesses, we see in them instruments of an unusual, stark and strong, providential interposition, beneficent in the end, though sometimes awfully judicial in the beginning.

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Into the list of such historical names, short as it is, and severely exclusive, it is impossible not to insert that of Napoleon I. Never was symbol better chosen by a monarch than the eagle was by him. Eagle in his eye, eagle in his soar, eagle in his strength of wing when balanced above his aim, and in swiftness when darting on it; eagle in his gripe; yet eagle in all that distinguishes the king of birds from vulture, hawk, or gentle falcon. A warrior by nature, and a conqueror by instinct, with all the roughness of the one, and all the haughtiness of the other; yet fitting a throne as if he had been nursed upon it; surrounding it with the splendour of feudal monarchies, and filling it with the grace of ancient kings; he seemed to have learnt intuitively, in the stern occupations of war, the tastes, the tact, the amenities, and, what was still more, the duties and exigencies, of an imperial royalty. Art and science, almost shamed and even scared, by cruel examples, from society, raised their heads, and threw their grateful homage at the feet of their reviver; an Augustan age of literature broke forth from the chaos of revolutionary barbarism; its brilliant authors hung their thanks, in verse and prose, upon his armour or his ermine; and manufactures sprang up with a taste and profusion which not only shed a new lustre round his halls from Sèvres and the Gobelins, but made France more than ever the arbiter of elegancies and the dictatress of fashion. To this must be added, the wonderful and inborn mastership in the craft of government, which he at once displayed;—his power of domestic organization and internal rule, whereby he held in his own hands the threads of command, from every department, prefectship, and mayoralty, almost as completely if not as instantaneously acting as the telegraph wires in the cabinet of his present illustrious successor. And, further, add the mental clearness and practical thinking-power required to enable a man to be a lawgiver, and to draw up a code of universal justice, civil and criminal, theoretical and applied;—classification of offences, procedure, adjustment of punishment, prevention, pursuit, and correction. Such a code, too, as could,

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and did suit a people whose cumbersome legislation, "ordonnances," octrois, decrees of extinct parliaments, had been swept away by a ruthless revolution: a people which had acquired new thoughts, new feelings, new claims; though not new traditions and usages, to lend either a base or buttress to a legal system. To have given a body of useful laws had obtained for Solon and Alonzo the epithet of the Wise, for Charlemagne that of the Great, for our Edward that of the Good. And much counsel from practical and from studious men, no doubt, had each one of these singular rulers; there was much to be compiled, much to be compared, much to be adjusted to its resting-point by the balance of dissenting or diverging views. But we have seen how little commissions for codifying can do, where any amount and extent of professional ability and experience are collected, without the direction and supervision of a master-mind which brings higher controlling elements into the combination, superior to technicalities, "wise saws, and modern instances." And therefore the simple title of "Code Napoléon," while it denies no praise to the learned and industrious men who arranged and composed it, tells the future as the present age, who it was that watched over the great work to maturity, presided personally over the deliberations of its compilers, ruled their differences, threw in the valuable ingredient of a strong unbiassed sense; and, if he sometimes embroiled, oftener conciliated, jarring sentiments. Nor is it slender praise of this undertaking accomplished amidst innumerable other cares, that it should have remained established in countries from which every other vestige of French dominion has vanished;—preserved as of great value by dynasties of rival houses, in spite of the first impulse of sudden restorations to abolish every novelty, and the tendency of time and experience to produce something more national.

"Quot libras in duce summo!" we may well exclaim; and ask, Was such a man sent on the public stage without a part allotted to him of surpreme importance and inevitable influence? But now another evidence of a providential destiny has come,

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after many years, before us;—one which baffles many a previous calculation. He dashed over the world like a meteor; blazed, dazzled, and dropped completely extinct. He was a phenomenon, a comet if you please, that struck its course athwart the quiet planes of regular orbs, whose mutual attractions and counter-attractions had been part of their periodical laws of motion; and swung them, more rudely than usual, from their steady course. But the disturbing brush was over; the eccentric body had flown by, never to return. "Write this man childless," had become truth, plainly recorded in the world's history. And that history had scarcely begun to acknowledge and extol what was really great in him, or recognise his indispensable place in the world: for whose interest was it to do so?

That yet, after all this, almost a generation later, the ostracised, branded, and proscribed name should be found in the same place, bearing after it the same imperial title, annulled, abolished by a congress of Europe,—with every human probability, and many earnest desires, that both may be continued in a lasting dynasty,—is surely strange and unexpected enough to establish a providential dispensation in the history of the first Emperor. It suggests the idea, that whatever he did or intended, that partook of his nobler and higher nature, his genius, his grandeur of mind, and his faith, are to be preserved and even developed, as a legacy of family love alone can be; while the errors and the excesses that have clouded it will ever serve as traditionary lessons, where they can be most accurately appreciated for avoidance.

All this may, no doubt, appear superfluous; for no one, who recognises what we may call providential crises in history, will refuse to acknowledge one in the appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte; rising suddenly and straight, like a solid sea-wall, from the revolutionary abyss, and protecting, against that from which it springs, the shaken and shattered earth. And yet the reader must indulge this vein still further, before the writer's view can be made clear.

Europe has experienced many political revolutions, but

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it has witnessed only one social one. It has been only by invasion and conquest that an entire and ancient royal dynasty has been swept away; every order of rank and nobility abolished; the whole class of the priesthood, and the national religion, with all its institutions, monuments, rites, and usages, annulled by death, confiscation, destruction, or abrogation; the map of the country pulled to pieces, its provinces remodelled under other names; its weights and measures, from the ton to the grain, and from the league to the inch, changed in name and proportion; its divisions of time, from the era of its date to the distribution of the year, of its months, and of their subdivisions; and finally the total system of government, finance, justice, and municipal administration, effaced and produced anew. When the Turks seized on the Byzantine empire they effected exactly such a revolution; and such the Saracens made in Andalusia and Granada. For even they did not change that stubborn element of nationality—language. The Albanian and the Moldavian, the Arab and the Greek, the scattered tribes of the mountains or the sands, retained their mother-tongues.

What is called the French revolution did therefore, for perhaps the only time in the world's history, what only the complete subjugation of a country by a foreign enemy has ever done. It was a volcano, not so much in the violent and burning outburst of hidden fires, frightfully energetic and appalling, as by its covering with its scoriæ and ashes the rich soil and teeming produce of civilisation. These will indeed reappear; the surface, new and unnatural, will be abraded by time and storms; and gradually the germs of old life, crushed, but not killed, will struggle through, and be green again above the black field.

The terrible upheaving of the subsoils over the surface, consist they of mobs or clubs, mountains or conventions; the triumph of proletarianism over the noble and the sacred, the aristocracy of genius as of birth; the execrable impartiality of wickedness, which could send a Bailly or a Lavoisier to the scaffold as willingly as a Danton or a Robespierre; the per-

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severing struggle to destroy whatever was enlightened by education, study, and familiarity with polished literature and elegant society, seemed to lead almost to the very extinction, not of civilisation only, but of whatever could again revive it. For there arose, too, from that very slime of corruption and brutality,[1] a crop of ferocious genius and prowess, which threatened not only to render the new order of things permanent, but to endow it with power of propagation and extension. It is hard to say whether this giant power was the nation's will or the nation's arm: whether it gave, or followed, an impulse; whether successive leaders,—as they rose to the surface of that turbid pool, controlled its billows for a while, and then were tossed to be impaled upon its rocks,—forced their way up by innate might, or were pushed and whirled by the turbulence below into upper air. But, one after the other, they showed no higher or nobler thoughts and aims than the basest and most sanguinary of those who had upheaved them; no more instinct for morality, order, or civilisation, no more reverence for genius or virtue, no more desire to turn the flow of social energies into their usual channels, and regain the calm breath and steady pulse that alone are evidence of national vitality. For this they mistook the tremendous outbreaks of rude strength, and the choking throbs of a maniacal access.

[1] A few years ago, after the barricades, a number of *prolétaires*, left destitute in Paris, whither they had come to find work or plunder, were kindly provided with food and lodging in a college; where also pains were taken to give them some moral instruction. All seemed becomingly accepted, when the superior, hoping to soften still more their minds and hearts, showed to some of them the stains of blood which still marked the floor, from the massacres of the great revolution. One of the men, after listening to his account, exclaimed: "Ah, Monsieur! vous ne nous connaissez pas. Nous ferions autant. *Nous sommes de la boue nous autres.* Nous accepterions votre pain avec une main, et nous vous poignarderions avec l'autre." Has the reader ever met a crowd coming away from an execution? Has he ever seen another like it? Where did it come from? Similar questions used to be asked at Paris in the days of terror, and used to be answered with almost a superstitious shudder.

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Count De Maistre, with truthful humour, describes the human animal as composed of three elements, soul, body, and—*bête*.[1] When the bestial element gets the uppermost, it must be for a wild start and headlong career of some sort; and here it was for a mad political debauch. The people, as it was called, had plunged, and reared, struggled, and wrenched itself loose from whatever it considered a load to which it had been unjustly yoked; whether the wain of laborious industry, or the golden car of royal state. In doing this, it had torn every tie which connected it with social order. It had broken "the triple cord" of the domestic charities; for often the greatest enemies of a man were those of his own house. It had snapped the golden chain of mutual interest which unites different classes, till, after reckless plunder and systematic confiscation, *assignats* had become the wretched substitute for coin. In fine, it had even rent the tougher thongs, by which justice both binds and scourges delinquent members of society; for revolutionary tribunals had taken the place of the calm judgment-seat; or rather it was a more terrible procedure, by mob accusation, trial, sentence, and execution.

One band only remained unbroken, flung loose upon the neck, in this wild career; and he who should have courage enough to seize it, and cool prudence to handle it, so as to wheel round almost unconsciously, and bring back to the beaten track of nations, this yet uncontrollable energy, would, indeed, be the man of his age, and the retriever of his country. This rein which no Phaethon could have seized without being dashed, as so many had been, to pieces, was the intense love of country; a love like all else near it, passionate, fierce, and scorching; that burnt for vengeance on every foe, scorned the opposition of the entire world, was darkly jealous of every glory gained for it by every king, though it turned itself into hatred at the very name. There can only be one man at a time equal to such an emergency; and looking back after

[1] *Voyage autour de ma Chambre.*

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fifty or sixty years, no one can doubt that a higher will than man's, a better cause than fate, gave him his destiny.

He snatched, in the right moment, this only rein which could guide back his country to the beaten way; seconding its last noble impulse, he gained his mastery over it, soothed it, caressed it; then called into action once more the dormant instincts of classified society, subordination, moral responsibility, and at last religion. The opportune appearance of such a man, gifted with such a combination of necessary qualifications, as indispensable then as at all times rare, becomes, so contemplated, a providential fact.

This consideration does not oblige or lead us to the approbation of a single act against justice, religion, or truth. Not one aggressive war, not one deed of oppression, however brilliant in its execution or plausible in its motives; not one act of spoliation, or violence, or irreverence to person, place, or thing; nothing, in fine, unjustifiable by the eternal laws of justice, can we, or will we, ever approve. Every extenuating consideration must have its weight with us; every pleading motive for excuse we leave to a higher tribunal, where judgment is more merciful than man's. It is not a little to say, that a young soldier, formed in such times as his, flattered and spoiled by men and by fortune, should have so earnestly sought and obtained the legitimate restoration of religion, its hierarchy, its influence, and its complete organisation, free from modern theories of doctrine, or foreign systems of government.

And especially nobody will, for a moment, suspect us of wishing to mitigate the guilt of what he himself deplored and repented of,—the treatment of the venerated Pontiff whom we may seem to have forgotten. Although, no doubt, his violent removal from Rome was not commanded by the Emperor; and still less could he have intended the rudeness, irreverence, and sacrilegiousness of the mode in which it was done; yet the injury was not repaired, nor were its sufferings compensated. The responsibility unhappily was assumed, and so incurred. To deplore the fault, is to testify

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feelings very different from aversion or even anger. It is what one does with the warning offences of a David or a Solomon.

Yes, Providence brought the two together for a great and wise purpose. The one, borne away beyond the purposes of his first glorious mission, after he had mastered his noble steed, had allowed it to trample under-foot the nations, and dash its hoof over the necks of princes. Like Cyrus, he had forgotten from whom came his power and strength; and he believed that nothing could resist his might. Not impressed by early education with any clear idea of the marked limits of two powers essentially distinct on earth; ill-advised by those who should have been his counsellors, who, with a single exception,[1] left uncorrected, or rather seconded, the feeling which experience had made a second nature—the very secret of unbroken success—that being irresistible he must not be resisted;—he brought himself into collision where, humanly speaking, he could not doubt of victory. The well-wrought iron vase met in the stream the simple vessel of softest clay. The steel armour of the warrior brushed against the soft texture of the sacerdotal vestment. In either case, which was sure to give way?

We come then to the great moral of this historical, or rather providential, moment. To the catholic mind the reading is simple. It required a man of marvellous genius, of irresistible power, of unfailing success; of singular quickness in measuring opposition, in reading character, in seizing the key to the present position, the passes to the future; a daring master of destiny, a soldier, a chieftain, a lawgiver, an emperor in mind and presentiment;—it needed all this and more, to form the man who should subdue the most tremendous of social convulsions, and give a designation to his era in history.

Well, and no wonder he deemed himself invincible! And

[1] Abbé Emery; and Napoleon respected and honoured him for it.



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while he stood on his own ground, sat on his war-steed, or on his throne, he was so.

But there needed only a plain and simple monk, brought up in a cloister, ignorant of the world, single-minded in his aims, guileless and artless in his word and speech, not eloquent, nor brilliant in qualities or attainments, meek, gentle, sweet, humble-minded, and devout; it required only a Pope of average character in the qualifications of his state, to prove that there was a power superior to that of a mighty conqueror, and give to the age a rival, though unbelted, hero.

And no wonder if the captor was made captive,[1] and the conqueror was subdued. For he had left his own ground, he had dismounted from his charger, he had descended from his throne:—he had stepped into the sanctuary. And there the old man of mild aspect and gentle voice was in his own. And the whole could only be a repetition of a scene often repeated there; and its result was only the execution of an eternal law.

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And has there been virtually no repetition of this same noble and generous scene? Upon how many a French soldier and officer has the splendid statue of Pius in the Vatican seemed to look down, smiling and forgivingly, and with hand outstretched to shed a blessing, at once sacerdotal and paternal?

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## CHAPTER V.

### CONDITION AND FEELINGS OF ROME.

At the period to which the foregoing chapters relate, it was not difficult to learn the feelings with which every class in Rome looked back at the times through which the country had lately passed, and those with which the people contemplated their actual condition.

The Romans, whatever changes may have occurred in their character, have always retained, as an inalienable part of their inheritance, a sensitive consciousness that their city can hold no secondary rank. In every vicissitude of fortune this has been the law of her existence. The translation of the empire to Constantinople, or of the kingdom of Italy to Ravenna, or of the papal court to Avignon, might have appeared sufficient to strip her of her rank; while the successive spoliations, sackings, burnings, and demolitions, inflicted by barbarians or factions, would have accounted for her sinking to the position of Veii or Collatium. But the destiny of Rome had risen above every catastrophe, superior to all accidents, and to all designs hostile to her supremacy. Now, for the first time, Rome had been but a provincial city, subject to a foreign dominion, governed by a military chief, with a new municipal and judicial system, and a total change in social relations. Even the computation of time was altered. The peace-nurtured children of the soil were subjected to military conscription, which rent them from their families, and sent them far away to the frozen regions of Russia, or the torrid shores of Andalusia, to bleed and die for strangers.

From many causes, the population of Rome had dwindled year by year of the occupation, till from 153,000 it had been reduced to 117.000;[1] many of the best families had left it,

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some indeed to occupy posts of trust in other portions of the Empire, others to escape the responsibilities and honours of a government towards which they felt no attraction. Money had become scarce; the abundant sources of public and private charity had been dried up; assignats had first been freely circulated, and then suddenly made valueless; and many honest families had been driven to want.[1]

The sweeping away of the Court, with its many dependencies, the breaking up of the households of perhaps fifty cardinals, and of many prelates and ambassadors, had thrown thousands out of direct employment, and tens of thousands of workmen, artists, and artisans, to whom such establishments gave occupation. At the same time were necessarily closed the various offices for the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, local and general, which give bread to more laymen than clerks.

Another and a sensitive sore in the minds of the Romans had been the loss of so many objects, which elsewhere might be things of luxury, but in Rome were almost necessaries of life. The most precious manuscripts of the Vatican, with which they were by their very names associated (*Codex Vaticanus* was a title of honour), the invaluable collection of medals, every statue and group of fame, the master-pieces of painting in all the churches, the archives of the Vatican and of other departments of ecclesiastical government, and many other treasures, to Rome invaluable, had been removed. The noble halls of the Vatican and Capitol had been empty and deserted: for plaster casts, and a few artists obliged to be

the minimum. There was a steady increase till 1837, when the cholera augmented the deaths from 3000 to 12,000. Between 1848 and 1849 the population diminished by 13,000. On the present Pope's return it again increased, and last year it had reached 178,798.

[1] A gentleman of great credit informed me that, going out one morning early, he saw standing, among many others, a nobleman awaiting the opening of a baker's shop, that he might buy the bread which had to be the sustenance of his family for the day. He had no servant to send; and he entreated my informant not to tell any one of his having seen him in so painful a situation.

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content with them, could ill replace the original marbles, and the crowds that used to flock to admire them. Private galleries had shared a similar fate. The Borghese collection of statues had been sold to the Emperor; and the Albani museum had been in part removed, but fortunately was in part only packed up for the journey, and thus to a great extent saved.[1]

If Rome had deplored, and most justly, the loss of her arts, her greatest secular ornaments, what must have been her grief at the religious desolation into which she had been plunged? For to the letter almost it might have been said, that "her streets had mourned, because no one came any longer to her solemn festivals." The crowds of strangers who yearly visit Rome will acknowledge, that it is not merely for the sake of her unrivalled monuments that they travel so far, but that the religious ceremonies, which they expect to

[1] The collection of antiquities in the Borghese villa, 255 in number, including the monuments of Gabii, were bought in 1808 by the Emperor, and paid for according to contract. The sale may be considered a forced one; though, in truth, fear of an English invasion was the only real constraint. For the Emperor had negotiated in vain with his brother-in-law, the Prince, up to that period. The sale was made under protest from the Government, as it was contrary to law. In 1814, the family claimed back its antiquities; but Louis XVIII. refused to part with them, as lawfully purchased.

The case of the Albani collection was more severe. In 1798 the French Directory confiscated the whole Albani property, as well as that of the Braschi family. The magnificent Albani villa, near Rome, was stripped of its sculptures and marbles, and these, with the books and paintings of the house, were sent to Paris. Only a few cases, that were lying sealed in the Roman custom-house in 1802, were then restored. In 1814, the Cardinal Joseph Albani, backed by the Austrian and Roman governments, demanded restitution of the family property. Although allied to the House of Austria by blood, the family had been suffering distress from the confiscation. On the 9th of October, 1815, the celebrated relief of Antinous was restored to Sig. Santi, the Cardinal's commissioner; and in December following, the remaining pieces of sculpture from his museum, thirty-nine in number, were purchased for the Louvre by Louis XVIII. Among these are the beautiful statue of Euripides, another Antinous as Hercules equally valuable, with several precious busts. Of the pictures and books, and of many other pieces of glyptic art, no account was ever had, so far as we have heard.

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witness, form no small portion of their attraction. Why else do all flock to Naples during the weeks that intervene between those celebrations, and abandon its early spring, its transparent sea and golden orange-groves, just at the moment when Rome is stripped of everything cheerful, its very bells are hushed, and its music consists of lamentations and *miserere?*

Rome is a city of churches, neither more nor less than a city of galleries and museums: for its churches enter into this class of wonders too. Architecture, painting, sculpture, rich marbles, metal-work, decoration, artistic effects of every sort, are to be found, separate or combined, in the churches. Many are grand in their outlines, though poor in detail, while others present no great features, yet are teeming with artistic treasure. Here is a fresco by Raffaele, there a chapel or a group by Michelangelo; in this is a dome by Lanfranco, in that spandrils by Domenichino; in one a mass of unique marble, a huge flight of steps of materials sold elsewhere by the ounce; in another a gorgeous altar of precious stones enshrining a silver statue. But I well remember old men who wept when you spoke of these things; as the sires of Israel did, who could contrast the new temple of Jerusalem with the vanished glories of the old. Everything was now poor, compared with what they had seen before the treaty of Tolentino, and the subsequent levies of church treasure during foreign occupation.

However, even all this was but secondary to the greater loss of persons compared with things. Many of the churches of Rome are built for large bodies of clergy to serve them; and these had disappeared. Then came the still more irreparable loss of a sovereign-priest (like Melchisedec) officiating before and for his people; with his ministers of state, his high princes and nobles surrounding and assisting him, bringing to the service of God what elsewhere is royal state. Such a ceremonial had its own proportioned seats, in the greater basilicas, never seen as they deserve to be, at other times. St. Peter's, else, is a grand aggregation of splendid

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churches, chapels, tombs, and works of art. Thus it becomes a whole, a single, peerless temple, such as the world never saw before. That central pile, with its canopy of bronze as lofty as the Farnese palace, with its deep-diving stairs leading to a court walled and paved with precious stones, that yet seems only a vestibule to some cavern of a catacomb, with its simple altar that disdains ornament in the presence of what is beyond the reach of human price—that which in truth forms the heart of the great body, placed just where the heart should be,—is only on such occasions animated, and surrounded on every side, by living and moving sumptuousness. The immense cupola above it ceases to be a dome over a sepulchre, and becomes a canopy above an altar; the quiet tomb beneath is changed into the shrine of relics below the place of sacrifice—the saints under the altar;—the quiet spot at which a few devout worshippers at most times may be found, bowing under the 100 lamps, is crowded by rising groups, beginning from the lowest step, increasing in dignity and in richness of sacred robes; till, at the summit and in the centre, stands supreme the Pontiff himself, on the very spot which becomes him, the one living link in a chain, of which the very first ring is riveted to the shrine of the apostles below.

This position no one else can occupy, with any associations that give it its singular character. It is only his presence that puts everything there in its proper place, and combines all the parts into a significant unity. St. Peter's is only itself when the Pope is at its high altar; and hence only by, or for, him is it ever used.

All this of course had ceased to be: it was a plain impossibility to attempt any substitution for it. It might be said, that the highest form of religious celebration known in the Catholic Church, as indeed in the Christian world, had been abolished, or suspended without intention of its being ever resumed. It was impossible for a people, so proud of the spiritual preëminence of its ecclesiastical government, and of the grandeur with which this was exhibited on solemn oc-

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casions, not to feel all the mortification and abasement involved in this privation.

There can be no difficulty, therefore, in imagining that the restoration of the Pontifical Government had been hailed, and, at the time of which we write, was still regarded as a return to happiness and prosperity, as a passage from gloom and sullenness to brightest cheerfulness. And so, at that time, everybody spoke. No doubt the seeds of other thoughts had been left in the ground, by those who so long had held it. It will always happen that some profit more under an unlawful tenure than under a legitimate master; and it had always been noticed, that in every measure of spoliation and violence, not only was the necessary information furnished, but the most disloyal part was taken, by natives and subjects. But these, and others like them, must be considered as, then at least, exceptions. The many who had experienced

> . . . "Come sa di sale
> Il pane altrui, e come è duro calle
> Lo scendere e il salir per le altrui scale," [1]

the nobles, that is, who, of blood scarcely less than royal and even imperial, had been obliged to pay court to strangers of much lower rank, and indeed to solicit their patronage; the merchant class who had suffered from general stagnation; and the peasantry, whose traditional loyalty had always been seasoned with religious reverence, were here of one mind. With more general truth than when the words were first written, we may say that, on Pius the Seventh's return, "Italy changed her mourning attire." [2] Not only the artist, but the homeliest citizen of Rome, rejoiced, as he saw the huge cases pass along the streets, which he was told contained the Laocoon or the Apollo, the transfiguration or the Communion of St. Jerome. And even objects of minor interest to the many, the manuscripts of the Vatican, the archives of the

[1] Paradiso, xvii.

[2] "Ad ejus reditum lugubres vestes Italia mutavit."—*St. Jerome.*

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Palace, of the public ministries, even of the Holy Office, were welcomed back with joy, as evidence of a return to what every one considered the normal state.

And so when, upon his return to Rome, Pius VII. proceeded for the first time, after many years, to the balcony in the porch of the Vatican basilica, to pronounce once more his solemn benediction over the assembled crowds, not only of Rome, but of its neighbouring towns and surrounding territory, the commotion of all was, beyond description, tender. To many still young this was the first occasion of witnessing a scene never to be forgotten. As within the church, all may be said to have been arranged and almost predestined for the function at the great pontifical altar, so, outside, one would almost suppose that everything was accessory to the papal benediction. On any other day, the great square basks in the mid-day sun with unalluring magnificence. Its tall obelisk sends but a slim shadow to travel round the oval plane, like the gnomon of a huge dial; its fountains murmur with a delicious dreaminess, sending up massive jets like blocks of crystal into the hot sunshine, and receiving back a broken spray on which sits serene an unbroken iris, but present no "cool grot" where one may enjoy their freshness; and, neglecting the shorter path, the pilgrim looks with dismay at the dazzling pavement and long flight of unsheltered steps between himself and the church, and prudently plunges into the forest of columns at either side of the piazza, and threads his way through their uniting shadows, intended, as an inscription tells him, for this express purpose;[1] and thus sacrifices, to the comfort of a cooler approach, the view of the great church towards which he has perhaps been wending his way for days.

But on the days that the sovereign Pontiff bestows his blessing from the *loggia* as it is called, that is, from above the principal entrance to the portico of the church, no one

[1] The inscription is from Isa. iv. 6. "A tabernacle for a shade in the daytime from the heat, and for a security and covert from the whirlwind, and from the rain."

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thinks of the heat, or sultriness even, of the day, aggravated though it be by the crowd of many thousand panting bodies. Everything seems arranged for one purpose: and no other place on earth could answer half so well. The gigantic flights of steps leading to the church, with immense terraces between, are covered with such a carpet as no loom ever wove. Groups of peasantry from the neighbouring towns and villages cover it; some standing in eager expectation, many, chiefly women and children, stretched at full length, waiting more calmly. The men are in their gayest attire, with blue or green velvet jackets, their hair gathered in a green silk net, with white stockings; and such silver buckles at the knee, and still more on the foot, that if such articles had been discovered in an ancient tomb, and supposed to give a rule of proportion for the primeval wearer, they would have given the lie to the old proverb: "*ex pede Herculem.*" But the female attire on those occasions, far more than now, since the invasion of Manchester has reached even Apennine villages, was characteristically distinct. The peasants of Frascati and Albano, with immense gold earrings and necklaces, the silver skewer through the hair under the snow-white flat kerchief, with richly brocaded stomachers and showy silks, looked almost poor beside the Oriental splendour of the costume, supposed to be in truth Saracenic, of the dames from Nettuno. A veil of domestic texture of gold, relieved by stripes of the richest colours, formed the crown of a dress truly elegant and magnificent. Gay colours also form the predominant feature of more inland districts, as of Sonnino and Sezze.

Such a multitude covers the steps and terraces, and converts them into a living parterre, masses of bright colour waving to and fro, as in the breeze. Below on the level ground are ranges of equipages filled with more aristocratic visitors; and further still there is an open military square, in the middle of which a brilliant staff glitters in the sun. The embracing arms of the elliptical colonnade, expanding and reëntering, seem with ease to hold within their margin

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the vast assembly; and the dark shadowy spaces between the pillars are relieved by the glimpses of golden state carriages, and the nodding heads of plumed horses enjoying the cool retreat.

So rich and varied, and yet harmonious, a scene could be produced by one person only, and for a single and almost momentary act. For hours the more patient and devout, who want nothing else, have been basking and melting in the sun; and for some time the more eager have been rushing from every direction to reach the preäppointed place of sight. The bell has been tolling a heavy monotonous boom; its sudden hush is a signal for that indescribable, tide-like murmur, and inarticulate heave, which in a crowd implies silence. Every eye is turned to one point: in that instant every person and every thing is in its own proper place: no lens has a focus more accurate, or more powerfully concentrates its rays, than the space over the central balcony, just large enough to contain one human countenance, which was lately blank but is now filled up. By whatever feeling the eye may be directed; by the simple faith of the Italian, the love of picturesqueness of the German, the curiosity of the unbeliever, or the cynicism of the Exeter Hall declaimer;—each is inevitably turned, however reluctantly, to that one point; fifty thousand eyes are concentrated upon one aged man's face; and in the look of the good old man there is a holy fascination that keeps them spell-bound for the few moments that he is before them; they can look at nothing else. And what is the purpose of all this?

It is a vision of a moment. After long expectation, a few heads are just seen, hardly recognisable, above the balustrade of the balcony; then the flabellæ or fans of state; and last, lifted high, the mitred pontiff. A few words are spoken, which are undistinguishable to the crowd beneath. The Pope rises, raises to heaven his eyes, opens wide and closes his arms, and pours out from a full heart, and often with a clear sonorous voice, a blessing on all below. Amidst the clang of bells, the clatter of drums, and the crash of

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military bands, while the trumpet is yet speaking to the cannoneer, and he to heaven, the vision has departed: the observed of all observers seems to have melted from before the eye, which finds itself gazing once more on vacancy. The father is gone, but has left his blessing to his loving children. Can a position so preëminent be allotted to any other human being? Could another sovereign periodically become the centre of anything so magnificent, morally as well as materially? Could he bring together thousands of strangers and of subjects, ambassadors, kings, and even emperors, with multitudes of poor, who would make pilgrimage on foot from distant regions, and collect them on a single spot, that they might look up to him for a few moments, or even fall on their knees, as he showed himself at a window of his palace?

Yet who has ever witnessed the papal benediction of St. Peter's, and pronounced or felt it to contain a single particle of the ridiculous in it? Or, rather, who has ever thought it less than sublime? And on what rests the difference? On an irresistible belief that no earthly elevation gives a power to bless; that such a power is inherent in the highest degree in one only man; and that the possession of that single power makes it worth while for the greatest and the least to come any distance to partake, if they believe; if not, at least to be spectators of its marvellous exercise. Certainly all will agree, that, if it do exist, it could not possibly be used more gloriously, or in a manner more worthy of it. An improvement on this is hardly imaginable; never did a great occasion so completely create its own circumstances.

If the recollection of a scene so well remembered, because so often witnessed, and generally from the midst of the peasants' position, have carried the writer away from his real subject, he returns by remarking, how enhanced must the exciting and moving ceremonial of the Pope's blessing have been, in its association with his restoration. It wanted, no doubt, the more dignified and colder attendance of foreign visitors; there were not so many handsome equipages glancing in the sun; but their places were filled up by the tens

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fifty or sixty years, no one can doubt that a higher will than man's, a better cause than fate, gave him his destiny.

He snatched, in the right moment, this only rein which could guide back his country to the beaten way; seconding its last noble impulse, he gained his mastery over it, soothed it, caressed it; then called into action once more the dormant instincts of classified society, subordination, moral responsibility, and at last religion. The opportune appearance of such a man, gifted with such a combination of necessary qualifications, as indispensable then as at all times rare, becomes, so contemplated, a providential fact.

This consideration does not oblige or lead us to the approbation of a single act against justice, religion, or truth. Not one aggressive war, not one deed of oppression, however brilliant in its execution or plausible in its motives; not one act of spoliation, or violence, or irreverence to person, place, or thing; nothing, in fine, unjustifiable by the eternal laws of justice, can we, or will we, ever approve. Every extenuating consideration must have its weight with us; every pleading motive for excuse we leave to a higher tribunal, where judgment is more merciful than man's. It is not a little to say, that a young soldier, formed in such times as his, flattered and spoiled by men and by fortune, should have so earnestly sought and obtained the legitimate restoration of religion, its hierarchy, its influence, and its complete organisation, free from modern theories of doctrine, or foreign systems of government.

And especially nobody will, for a moment, suspect us of wishing to mitigate the guilt of what he himself deplored and repented of,—the treatment of the venerated Pontiff whom we may seem to have forgotten. Although, no doubt, his violent removal from Rome was not commanded by the Emperor; and still less coul
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The sweeping away of the Court, with its many dependencies, the breaking up of the households of perhaps fifty cardinals, and of many prelates and ambassadors, had thrown thousands out of direct employment, and tens of thousands of workmen, artists, and artisans, to whom such establishments gave occupation. At the same time were necessarily closed the various offices for the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, local and general, which give bread to more laymen than clerks.

Another and a sensitive sore in the minds of the Romans had been the loss of so many objects, which elsewhere might be things of luxury, but in Rome were almost necessaries of life. The most precious manuscripts of the Vatican, with which they were by their very names associated (*Codex Vaticanus* was a title of honour), the invaluable collection of medals, every statue and group of fame, the master-pieces of painting in all the churches, the archives of the Vatican and of other departments of ecclesiastical government, and many other treasures, to Rome invaluable, had been removed. The noble halls of the Vatican and Capitol had been empty and deserted: for plaster casts, and a few artists obliged to be

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If Rome had deplored, and most justly, the loss of her arts, her greatest secular ornaments, what must have been her grief at the religious desolation into which she had been plunged? For to the letter almost it might have been said, that "her streets had mourned, because no one came any longer to her solemn festivals." The crowds of strangers who yearly visit Rome will acknowledge, that it is not merely for the sake of her unrivalled monuments that they travel so far, but that the religious ceremonies, which they expect to

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Rome is a city of churches, neither more nor less than a city of galleries and museums: for its churches enter into this class of wonders too. Architecture, painting, sculpture, rich marbles, metal-work, decoration, artistic effects of every sort, are to be found, separate or combined, in the churches. Many are grand in their outlines, though poor in detail, while others present no great features, yet are teeming with artistic treasure. Here is a fresco by Raffaele, there a chapel or a group by Michelangelo; in this is a dome by Lanfranco, in that spandrils by Domenichino; in one a mass of unique marble, a huge flight of steps of materials sold elsewhere by the ounce; in another a gorgeous altar of precious stones enshrining a silver statue. But I well remember old men who wept when you spoke of these things; as the sires of Israel did, who could contrast the new temple of Jerusalem with the vanished glories of the old. Everything was now poor, compared with what they had seen before the treaty of Tolentino, and the subsequent levies of church treasure during foreign occupation.

However, even all this was but secondary to the greater loss of persons compared with things. Many of the churches of Rome are built for large bodies of clergy to serve them; and these had disappeared. Then came the still more irreparable loss of a sovereign-priest (like Melchisedec) officiating before and for his people; with his ministers of state, his high princes and nobles surrounding and assisting him, bringing to the service of God what elsewhere is royal state. Such a ceremonial had its own proportioned seats, in the greater basilicas, never seen as they deserve to be, at other times. St. Peter's, else, is a grand aggregation of splendid

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severing struggle to destroy whatever was enlightened by education, study, and familiarity with polished literature and elegant society, seemed to lead almost to the very extinction, not of civilisation only, but of whatever could again revive it. For there arose, too, from that very slime of corruption and brutality,[1] a crop of ferocious genius and prowess, which threatened not only to render the new order of things permanent, but to endow it with power of propagation and extension. It is hard to say whether this giant power was the nation's will or the nation's arm: whether it gave, or followed, an impulse; whether successive leaders,—as they rose to the surface of that turbid pool, controlled its billows for a while, and then were tossed to be impaled upon its rocks,—forced their way up by innate might, or were pushed and whirled by the turbulence below into upper air. But, one after the other, they showed no higher or nobler thoughts and aims than the basest and most sanguinary of those who had upheaved them; no more instinct for morality, order, or civilisation, no more reverence for genius or virtue, no more desire to turn the flow of social energies into their usual channels, and regain the calm breath and steady pulse that alone are evidence of national vitality. For this they mistook the tremendous outbreaks of rude strength, and the choking throbs of a maniacal access.

[1] A few years ago, after the barricades, a number of *prolétaires*, left destitute in Paris, whither they had come to find work or plunder, were kindly provided with food and lodging in a college; where also pains were taken to give them some moral instruction. All seemed becomingly accepted, when the superior, hoping to soften still more their minds and hearts, showed to some of them the stains of blood which still marked the floor, from the massacres of the great revolution. One of the men, after listening to his account, exclaimed: "Ah, Monsieur! vous ne nous connaissez pas. Nous ferions autant. *Nous sommes de la boue nous autres.* Nous accepterions votre pain avec une main, et nous vous poignarderions avec l'autre." Has the reader ever met a crowd coming away from an execution? Has he ever seen another like it? Where did it come from? Similar questions used to be asked at Paris in the days of terror, and used to be answered with almost a superstitious shudder.

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Count De Maistre, with truthful humour, describes the human animal as composed of three elements, soul, body, and—*bête*.[1] When the bestial element gets the uppermost, it must be for a wild start and headlong career of some sort; and here it was for a mad political debauch. The people, as it was called, had plunged, and reared, struggled, and wrenched itself loose from whatever it considered a load to which it had been unjustly yoked; whether the wain of laborious industry, or the golden car of royal state. In doing this, it had torn every tie which connected it with social order. It had broken "the triple cord" of the domestic charities; for often the greatest enemies of a man were those of his own house. It had snapped the golden chain of mutual interest which unites different classes, till, after reckless plunder and systematic confiscation, *assignats* had become the wretched substitute for coin. In fine, it had even rent the tougher thongs, by which justice both binds and scourges delinquent members of society; for revolutionary tribunals had taken the place of the calm judgment-seat; or rather it was a more terrible procedure, by mob accusation, trial, sentence, and execution.

One band only remained unbroken, flung loose upon the neck, in this wild career; and he who should have courage enough to seize it, and cool prudence to handle it, so as to wheel round almost unconsciously, and bring back to the beaten track of nations, this yet uncontrollable energy, would, indeed, be the man of his age, and the retriever of his country. This rein which no Phaethon could have seized without being dashed, as so many had been, to pieces, was the intense love of country; a love like all else near it, passionate, fierce, and scorching; that burnt for vengeance on every foe, scorned the opposition of the entire world, was darkly jealous of every glory gained for it by every king, though it turned itself into hatred at the very name. There can only be one man at a time equal to such an emergency; and looking back after

[1] *Voyage autour de ma Chambre.*

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fifty or sixty years, no one can doubt that a higher will than man's, a better cause than fate, gave him his destiny.

He snatched, in the right moment, this only rein which could guide back his country to the beaten way; seconding its last noble impulse, he gained his mastery over it, soothed it, caressed it; then called into action once more the dormant instincts of classified society, subordination, moral responsibility, and at last religion. The opportune appearance of such a man, gifted with such a combination of necessary qualifications, as indispensable then as at all times rare, becomes, so contemplated, a providential fact.

This consideration does not oblige or lead us to the approbation of a single act against justice, religion, or truth. Not one aggressive war, not one deed of oppression, however brilliant in its execution or plausible in its motives; not one act of spoliation, or violence, or irreverence to person, place, or thing; nothing, in fine, unjustifiable by the eternal laws of justice, can we, or will we, ever approve. Every extenuating consideration must have its weight with us; every pleading motive for excuse we leave to a higher tribunal, where judgment is more merciful than man's. It is not a little to say, that a young soldier, formed in such times as his, flattered and spoiled by men and by fortune, should have so earnestly sought and obtained the legitimate restoration of religion, its hierarchy, its influence, and its complete organisation, free from modern theories of doctrine, or foreign systems of government.

And especially nobody will, for a moment, suspect us of wishing to mitigate the guilt of what he himself deplored and repented of,—the treatment of the venerated Pontiff whom we may seem to have forgotten. Although, no doubt, his violent removal from Rome was not commanded by the Emperor; and still less could he have intended the rudeness, irreverence, and sacrilegiousness of the mode in which it was done; yet the injury was not repaired, nor were its sufferings compensated. The responsibility unhappily was assumed, and so incurred. To deplore the fault, is to testify

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feelings very different from aversion or even anger. It is what one does with the warning offences of a David or a Solomon.

Yes, Providence brought the two together for a great and wise purpose. The one, borne away beyond the purposes of his first glorious mission, after he had mastered his noble steed, had allowed it to trample under-foot the nations, and dash its hoof over the necks of princes. Like Cyrus, he had forgotten from whom came his power and strength; and he believed that nothing could resist his might. Not impressed by early education with any clear idea of the marked limits of two powers essentially distinct on earth; ill-advised by those who should have been his counsellors, who, with a single exception,[1] left uncorrected, or rather seconded, the feeling which experience had made a second nature—the very secret of unbroken success—that being irresistible he must not be resisted;—he brought himself into collision where, humanly speaking, he could not doubt of victory. The well-wrought iron vase met in the stream the simple vessel of softest clay. The steel armour of the warrior brushed against the soft texture of the sacerdotal vestment. In either case, which was sure to give way?

We come then to the great moral of this historical, or rather providential, moment. To the catholic mind the reading is simple. It required a man of marvellous genius, of irresistible power, of unfailing success; of singular quickness in measuring opposition, in reading character, in seizing the key to the present position, the passes to the future; a daring master of destiny, a soldier, a chieftain, a lawgiver, an emperor in mind and presentiment;—it needed all this and more, to form the man who should subdue the most tremendous of social convulsions, and give a designation to his era in history.

Well, and no wonder he deemed himself invincible! And

[1] Abbé Emery; and Napoleon respected and honoured him for it.



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while he stood on his own ground, sat on his war-steed, or on his throne, he was so.

But there needed only a plain and simple monk, brought up in a cloister, ignorant of the world, single-minded in his aims, guileless and artless in his word and speech, not eloquent, nor brilliant in qualities or attainments, meek, gentle, sweet, humble-minded, and devout; it required only a Pope of average character in the qualifications of his state, to prove that there was a power superior to that of a mighty conqueror, and give to the age a rival, though unbelted, hero.

And no wonder if the captor was made captive,[1] and the conqueror was subdued. For he had left his own ground, he had dismounted from his charger, he had descended from his throne:—he had stepped into the sanctuary. And there the old man of mild aspect and gentle voice was in his own. And the whole could only be a repetition of a scene often repeated there; and its result was only the execution of an eternal law.

[1] We must naturally reject every unauthenticated story of rudeness personally shown to the holy Pontiff. A celebrated interview of Fontainebleau has been made the subject of a picture by an eminent artist (Wilkie); and dramatic accounts have been given of what there passed. The Italian biographer of Pius VII., who published his work two years after the Pope's death in Rome itself, then full of intimate friends, admirers, and companions of his misfortunes, who had heard his own narrative of his sufferings, gives a very different account of the conclusion of this interview from that generally reported; and he is by no means disposed to partiality in favour of the Emperor. After giving a description of a conversation, animated on both sides, and carried on in so loud a tone as to resound through the neighbouring rooms, he relates in full the Pope's calm summary of all that he had done and suffered for the preservation of the Church and of religion. It ended by a firm but mild expression of his determination to undergo anything rather than consent to what was demanded. He continues:—"Napoleon, who had listened attentively, was moved by this firmness of purpose, joined to such an apostolic simplicity. He was calmed, *embraced the Pope*, and, on leaving, said, 'Had I been in your place, I would have done the same.'" (*Pistolesi*, vol. iii. p. 142.) Was not this taking the captor captive, and subduing in the noblest sense? And what more honourable homage could have been paid to the conduct of the Pope?

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The Emperor Arcadius, more perhaps through evil counsel than through malice, had the great Bishop St. John Chrysostom removed from his patriarchal see, and carried away into the fastnesses of cold inclement mountains. Years after his death, Theodosius and Pulcheria made reparation in the same city, publicly and fearlessly, for the injury inflicted by their parents on so holy a man.

And has there been virtually no repetition of this same noble and generous scene? Upon how many a French soldier and officer has the splendid statue of Pius in the Vatican seemed to look down, smiling and forgivingly, and with hand outstretched to shed a blessing, at once sacerdotal and paternal?

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## CHAPTER V.

### CONDITION AND FEELINGS OF ROME.

At the period to which the foregoing chapters relate, it was not difficult to learn the feelings with which every class in Rome looked back at the times through which the country had lately passed, and those with which the people contemplated their actual condition.

The Romans, whatever changes may have occurred in their character, have always retained, as an inalienable part of their inheritance, a sensitive consciousness that their city can hold no secondary rank. In every vicissitude of fortune this has been the law of her existence. The translation of the empire to Constantinople, or of the kingdom of Italy to Ravenna, or of the papal court to Avignon, might have appeared sufficient to strip her of her rank; while the successive spoliations, sackings, burnings, and demolitions, inflicted by barbarians or factions, would have accounted for her sinking to the position of Veii or Collatium. But the destiny of Rome had risen above every catastrophe, superior to all accidents, and to all designs hostile to her supremacy. Now, for the first time, Rome had been but a provincial city, subject to a foreign dominion, governed by a military chief, with a new municipal and judicial system, and a total change in social relations. Even the computation of time was altered. The peace-nurtured children of the soil were subjected to military conscription, which rent them from their families, and sent them far away to the frozen regions of Russia, or the torrid shores of Andalusia, to bleed and die for strangers.

From many causes, the population of Rome had dwindled year by year of the occupation, till from 153,000 it had been reduced to 117.000;[1] many of the best families had left it,

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some indeed to occupy posts of trust in other portions of the Empire, others to escape the responsibilities and honours of a government towards which they felt no attraction. Money had become scarce; the abundant sources of public and private charity had been dried up; assignats had first been freely circulated, and then suddenly made valueless; and many honest families had been driven to want.[1]

The sweeping away of the Court, with its many dependencies, the breaking up of the households of perhaps fifty cardinals, and of many prelates and ambassadors, had thrown thousands out of direct employment, and tens of thousands of workmen, artists, and artisans, to whom such establishments gave occupation. At the same time were necessarily closed the various offices for the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, local and general, which give bread to more laymen than clerks.

Another and a sensitive sore in the minds of the Romans had been the loss of so many objects, which elsewhere might be things of luxury, but in Rome were almost necessaries of life. The most precious manuscripts of the Vatican, with which they were by their very names associated (*Codex Vaticanus* was a title of honour), the invaluable collection of medals, every statue and group of fame, the master-pieces of painting in all the churches, the archives of the Vatican and of other departments of ecclesiastical government, and many other treasures, to Rome invaluable, had been removed. The noble halls of the Vatican and Capitol had been empty and deserted: for plaster casts, and a few artists obliged to be

the minimum. There was a steady increase till 1837, when the cholera augmented the deaths from 3000 to 12,000. Between 1848 and 1849 the population diminished by 13,000. On the present Pope's return it again increased, and last year it had reached 178,798.

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content with them, could ill replace the original marbles, and the crowds that used to flock to admire them. Private galleries had shared a similar fate. The Borghese collection of statues had been sold to the Emperor; and the Albani museum had been in part removed, but fortunately was in part only packed up for the journey, and thus to a great extent saved.[1]

If Rome had deplored, and most justly, the loss of her arts, her greatest secular ornaments, what must have been her grief at the religious desolation into which she had been plunged? For to the letter almost it might have been said, that "her streets had mourned, because no one came any longer to her solemn festivals." The crowds of strangers who yearly visit Rome will acknowledge, that it is not merely for the sake of her unrivalled monuments that they travel so far, but that the religious ceremonies, which they expect to

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churches, chapels, tombs, and works of art. Thus it becomes a whole, a single, peerless temple, such as the world never saw before. That central pile, with its canopy of bronze as lofty as the Farnese palace, with its deep-diving stairs leading to a court walled and paved with precious stones, that yet seems only a vestibule to some cavern of a catacomb, with its simple altar that disdains ornament in the presence of what is beyond the reach of human price—that which in truth forms the heart of the great body, placed just where the heart should be,—is only on such occasions animated, and surrounded on every side, by living and moving sumptuousness. The immense cupola above it ceases to be a dome over a sepulchre, and becomes a canopy above an altar; the quiet tomb beneath is changed into the shrine of relics below the place of sacrifice—the saints under the altar;—the quiet spot at which a few devout worshippers at most times may be found, bowing under the 100 lamps, is crowded by rising groups, beginning from the lowest step, increasing in dignity and in richness of sacred robes; till, at the summit and in the centre, stands supreme the Pontiff himself, on the very spot which becomes him, the one living link in a chain, of which the very first ring is riveted to the shrine of the apostles below.

This position no one else can occupy, with any associations that give it its singular character. It is only his presence that puts everything there in its proper place, and combines all the parts into a significant unity. St. Peter's is only itself when the Pope is at its high altar; and hence only by, or for, him is it ever used.

All this of course had ceased to be: it was a plain impossibility to attempt any substitution for it. It might be said, that the highest form of religious celebration known in the Catholic Church, as indeed in the Christian world, had been abolished, or suspended without intention of its being ever resumed. It was impossible for a people, so proud of the spiritual preëminence of its ecclesiastical government, and of the grandeur with which this was exhibited on solemn oc-

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casions, not to feel all the mortification and abasement involved in this privation.

There can be no difficulty, therefore, in imagining that the restoration of the Pontifical Government had been hailed, and, at the time of which we write, was still regarded as a return to happiness and prosperity, as a passage from gloom and sullenness to brightest cheerfulness. And so, at that time, everybody spoke. No doubt the seeds of other thoughts had been left in the ground, by those who so long had held it. It will always happen that some profit more under an unlawful tenure than under a legitimate master; and it had always been noticed, that in every measure of spoliation and violence, not only was the necessary information furnished, but the most disloyal part was taken, by natives and subjects. But these, and others like them, must be considered as, then at least, exceptions. The many who had experienced

> . . . "Come sa di sale
> Il pane altrui, e come è duro calle
> Lo scendere e il salir per le altrui scale," [1]

the nobles, that is, who, of blood scarcely less than royal and even imperial, had been obliged to pay court to strangers of much lower rank, and indeed to solicit their patronage; the merchant class who had suffered from general stagnation; and the peasantry, whose traditional loyalty had always been seasoned with religious reverence, were here of one mind. With more general truth than when the words were first written, we may say that, on Pius the Seventh's return, "Italy changed her mourning attire." [2] Not only the artist, but the homeliest citizen of Rome, rejoiced, as he saw the huge cases pass along the streets, which he was told contained the Laocoon or the Apollo, the transfiguration or the Communion of St. Jerome. And even objects of minor interest to the many, the manuscripts of the Vatican, the archives of the

[1] Paradiso, xvii.

[2] "Ad ejus reditum lugubres vestes Italia mutavit."—*St. Jerome.*

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Palace, of the public ministries, even of the Holy Office, were welcomed back with joy, as evidence of a return to what every one considered the normal state.

And so when, upon his return to Rome, Pius VII. proceeded for the first time, after many years, to the balcony in the porch of the Vatican basilica, to pronounce once more his solemn benediction over the assembled crowds, not only of Rome, but of its neighbouring towns and surrounding territory, the commotion of all was, beyond description, tender. To many still young this was the first occasion of witnessing a scene never to be forgotten. As within the church, all may be said to have been arranged and almost predestined for the function at the great pontifical altar, so, outside, one would almost suppose that everything was accessory to the papal benediction. On any other day, the great square basks in the mid-day sun with unalluring magnificence. Its tall obelisk sends but a slim shadow to travel round the oval plane, like the gnomon of a huge dial; its fountains murmur with a delicious dreaminess, sending up massive jets like blocks of crystal into the hot sunshine, and receiving back a broken spray on which sits serene an unbroken iris, but present no "cool grot" where one may enjoy their freshness; and, neglecting the shorter path, the pilgrim looks with dismay at the dazzling pavement and long flight of unsheltered steps between himself and the church, and prudently plunges into the forest of columns at either side of the piazza, and threads his way through their uniting shadows, intended, as an inscription tells him, for this express purpose;[1] and thus sacrifices, to the comfort of a cooler approach, the view of the great church towards which he has perhaps been wending his way for days.

But on the days that the sovereign Pontiff bestows his blessing from the *loggia* as it is called, that is, from above the principal entrance to the portico of the church, no one

[1] The inscription is from Isa. iv. 6. "A tabernacle for a shade in the daytime from the heat, and for a security and covert from the whirlwind, and from the rain."

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thinks of the heat, or sultriness even, of the day, aggravated though it be by the crowd of many thousand panting bodies. Everything seems arranged for one purpose: and no other place on earth could answer half so well. The gigantic flights of steps leading to the church, with immense terraces between, are covered with such a carpet as no loom ever wove. Groups of peasantry from the neighbouring towns and villages cover it; some standing in eager expectation, many, chiefly women and children, stretched at full length, waiting more calmly. The men are in their gayest attire, with blue or green velvet jackets, their hair gathered in a green silk net, with white stockings; and such silver buckles at the knee, and still more on the foot, that if such articles had been discovered in an ancient tomb, and supposed to give a rule of proportion for the primeval wearer, they would have given the lie to the old proverb: "*ex pede Herculem.*" But the female attire on those occasions, far more than now, since the invasion of Manchester has reached even Apennine villages, was characteristically distinct. The peasants of Frascati and Albano, with immense gold earrings and necklaces, the silver skewer through the hair under the snow-white flat kerchief, with richly brocaded stomachers and showy silks, looked almost poor beside the Oriental splendour of the costume, supposed to be in truth Saracenic, of the dames from Nettuno. A veil of domestic texture of gold, relieved by stripes of the richest colours, formed the crown of a dress truly elegant and magnificent. Gay colours also form the predominant feature of more inland districts, as of Sonnino and Sezze.

Such a multitude covers the steps and terraces, and converts them into a living parterre, masses of bright colour waving to and fro, as in the breeze. Below on the level ground are ranges of equipages filled with more aristocratic visitors; and further still there is an open military square, in the middle of which a brilliant staff glitters in the sun. The embracing arms of the elliptical colonnade, expanding and reëntering, seem with ease to hold within their margin

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the vast assembly; and the dark shadowy spaces between the pillars are relieved by the glimpses of golden state carriages, and the nodding heads of plumed horses enjoying the cool retreat.

So rich and varied, and yet harmonious, a scene could be produced by one person only, and for a single and almost momentary act. For hours the more patient and devout, who want nothing else, have been basking and melting in the sun; and for some time the more eager have been rushing from every direction to reach the preäppointed place of sight. The bell has been tolling a heavy monotonous boom; its sudden hush is a signal for that indescribable, tide-like murmur, and inarticulate heave, which in a crowd implies silence. Every eye is turned to one point: in that instant every person and every thing is in its own proper place: no lens has a focus more accurate, or more powerfully concentrates its rays, than the space over the central balcony, just large enough to contain one human countenance, which was lately blank but is now filled up. By whatever feeling the eye may be directed; by the simple faith of the Italian, the love of picturesqueness of the German, the curiosity of the unbeliever, or the cynicism of the Exeter Hall declaimer;—each is inevitably turned, however reluctantly, to that one point; fifty thousand eyes are concentrated upon one aged man's face; and in the look of the good old man there is a holy fascination that keeps them spell-bound for the few moments that he is before them; they can look at nothing else. And what is the purpose of all this?

It is a vision of a moment. After long expectation, a few heads are just seen, hardly recognisable, above the balustrade of the balcony; then the flabellæ or fans of state; and last, lifted high, the mitred pontiff. A few words are spoken, which are undistinguishable to the crowd beneath. The Pope rises, raises to heaven his eyes, opens wide and closes his arms, and pours out from a full heart, and often with a clear sonorous voice, a blessing on all below. Amidst the clang of bells, the clatter of drums, and the crash of

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military bands, while the trumpet is yet speaking to the cannoneer, and he to heaven, the vision has departed: the observed of all observers seems to have melted from before the eye, which finds itself gazing once more on vacancy. The father is gone, but has left his blessing to his loving children. Can a position so preëminent be allotted to any other human being? Could another sovereign periodically become the centre of anything so magnificent, morally as well as materially? Could he bring together thousands of strangers and of subjects, ambassadors, kings, and even emperors, with multitudes of poor, who would make pilgrimage on foot from distant regions, and collect them on a single spot, that they might look up to him for a few moments, or even fall on their knees, as he showed himself at a window of his palace?

Yet who has ever witnessed the papal benediction of St. Peter's, and pronounced or felt it to contain a single particle of the ridiculous in it? Or, rather, who has ever thought it less than sublime? And on what rests the difference? On an irresistible belief that no earthly elevation gives a power to bless; that such a power is inherent in the highest degree in one only man; and that the possession of that single power makes it worth while for the greatest and the least to come any distance to partake, if they believe; if not, at least to be spectators of its marvellous exercise. Certainly all will agree, that, if it do exist, it could not possibly be used more gloriously, or in a manner more worthy of it. An improvement on this is hardly imaginable; never did a great occasion so completely create its own circumstances.

If the recollection of a scene so well remembered, because so often witnessed, and generally from the midst of the peasants' position, have carried the writer away from his real subject, he returns by remarking, how enhanced must the exciting and moving ceremonial of the Pope's blessing have been, in its association with his restoration. It wanted, no doubt, the more dignified and colder attendance of foreign visitors; there were not so many handsome equipages glancing in the sun; but their places were filled up by the tens

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of thousands more of fervent subjects, who had poured in from greater distances than usual, to welcome their sovereign and Pontiff. It was at this function, more than in any other portion of his triumphal procession, that the gush of spontaneous emotion became irresistible, and consequently universal; so as to leave no eye tearless, and no heart unmoved.

There can be no reason to doubt the sincerity of these feelings; and that the people in the widest sense of the word rejoiced at the restoration of a native, though an ecclesiastical, government. Indeed this peculiarity was to them a chief recommendation. It had been to them, in their youth, a kind, paternal, and peaceful rule, and they who were too young to remember it, had received their ideas of it from parents and masters, then deploring the changes which they had experienced. It cannot be unfair or unreasonable to appeal to those who had tried a variety, for a rational opinion as to a preference. A generation has intervened since those days of bitter recollection, during which, no doubt, much has been forgotten of family sorrows and public decline; the love of change and passion for novelty, which are inherent in youth, and form indeed phases of its characteristic feeling of hope, are strong enough to counteract the pleadings of experience, and give a reality in the imagination to specious promises of an untested future.

In proof of these assertions we may observe, that when, in 1821, Naples was disturbed by a revolution that overthrew the throne, inflammatory proclamations were spread through the papal dominions, calling on the people to rise and join the four revolutionary camps at Pesaro, Macerata, Spoleto, and Frosinone. Cardinal Consalvi, in the name of the Pope, issued a proclamation, in which he merely reminded the people of their past experience, expressing his assurance that a word would suffice to secure them against the evil intentions of traitors. He bade them remember "how chimerical and deceitful, in past attempts to overthrow social order, had been the prospects held out of an imaginary happiness; how false

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the promises to protect religion and recompense virtue; how frail and delusive the assurances of a better administration of justice, of greater liberty, of a diminution of imposts, and increase of salaries." And he expressed all confidence, that these reminiscences and experiences would be a sufficient antidote against seditious and rebellious attempts.

Nor was he deceived. The storm passed by harmless; no rising took place; and the people showed how the appeal to experience came home to their convictions.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CARDINAL CONSALVI.

It is impossible to treat of the latter portion of this Pontificate, especially to make any allusion to the principles of its government, without bringing before the reader's notice the man whose figure mingles with every reminiscence of the period, and who was the very spring and regulator of the entire policy which distinguished it. This was Hercules Consalvi, the prime minister of Pius from his restoration till his death.

He was born in 1756, and consequently had received his education long before the symptoms of what afterwards convulsed Europe had fairly manifested themselves. Early impressions are usually so deep as not to be effaced by subsequent ones; and it is possible that the partiality which Consalvi always manifested towards England, in his political career, may be traceable to the early kindness and favour which he received from one who always considered and called himself an Englishman. The last of the Stuarts, the amiable and beneficent Cardinal Henry, or, as he loved to be called, the Cardinal Duke, or the Duke of York, was bishop of Frascati, and would never exchange his see for those borne by the Dean and Subdean of the Sacred College. Of that prettily-situated city, successor of Tusculum, from which the bishop yet derives his title, the Cardinal is still considered the great benefactor. Whatever else may have been wanting for his title, to a royal heart he was no pretender. His charities were without bounds; poverty and distress were unknown in his see. The episcopal palace was almost, if not entirely, rebuilt by him, though he generally resided in a neighbouring villa; the cathedral was much improved and richly furnished. But the seminary, or diocesan

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ecclesiastical College, was the object of his peculiar care. Most of it was built by him, and the library, a most elegant apartment, and rich in many English works, was the fruit of his munificence. Though he was not himself either learned or endowed with great abilities, he knew the value of learning and abilities, engaged excellent professors for his seminary, and brought men of genius round him. Hence his college was frequented not only by aspirants to the clerical state, but by youths of the best families, destined for secular professions.[1]

Among these was the young Roman Ercole, or Hercules, Consalvi. There he distinguished himself, and at some public exhibition, caught the eye of the Cardinal bishop, who

[1] The diocese of Frascati was full, when the author first knew it, of recollections of the Cardinal Duke, all demonstrative of his singular goodness and simplicity of character. He was accessible to the innocent flattery paid by recognition of his rank: and it is recorded of the late Duke of Sussex, that he generously addressed him by the title which he loved, that of "Royal Highness." One is so used to hear little that is good of the Fourth George, that it is pleasing to remember how, in the days of the excellent Cardinal's old age and distress, by loss of his pensions and benefices through the French invasion, the Prince offered him a pension, which was gratefully accepted; and afterwards gave Canova the commission for the Stuart monument—not the happiest production of his chisel—the erection of which in St. Peter's the writer well remembers. The Cardinal always spoke highly and kindly of the reigning family. He left endowments for the education of ecclesiastical students for Scotland.

His munificence was extended to other objects. Being arch-priest of St. Peter's, he presented that basilica with a splendid gold chalice, encrusted with the jewels of the Sobieski family; and this, being still kept in his house when the treasury of the church was plundered, escaped the spoliation, and, till three years ago, was used at the great pontifical celebrations at St. Peter's.

One more anecdote may find place here, related by one who knew him well. When he first came to Rome, so ignorant was he of the value of coins, that once, on having been shown some place or object of curiosity, he was asked what should be given to the attendant. As he was puzzled, his chamberlain suggested; "Shall I give him a *zecchino?*" a gold piece, worth about 10*s*. Thinking that the diminutive termination must indicate small coin, the duke replied, "I think that is too little. Give him a *grosso:*" a silver 5*d*.



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honoured it, according to custom, with his presence. Let not the reader be startled if he hears, that it was rather by the ornamental than by the useful arts that the future statesman captivated the good Duke-bishop's affections. It is said to have been his skill and grace in a musical performance that first attracted this notice.

Be this as it may, it appears that the young man himself was favoured early with one of those presentiments of future destiny which are the privilege of genius. He possessed, while yet a boy in college, that latent consciousness of power, of energy, and of perseverance, which creates success; one may say, speaking profanely, that confidence in one's star —more religiously, that trust in Providence—which encourages to extraordinary efforts a genius otherwise timid and distrustful of itself. Many a gifted mind has pined away, and faded early, from want of this sustaining confidence in a higher direction. But of those who have succeeded in doing anything good for mankind, there can be few who have not experienced early a craving for it, a deep sentiment that they must attempt it, and a strong assurance that they were only to be instruments in higher, and stronger, and better hands, for their appointed work. By some, indolence and pride may be mistaken for this holy consciousness of future power; but the difference of objects proposed will generally give an easy test of the source of either feeling. However, few have the courage to proclaim sentiments which may be so easily mis-attributed; and this the young Consalvi did not hesitate to do. We may imagine that his audience, at one of those annual exhibitions common in all continental colleges, were astonished to hear him openly avow his assurance of future distinction, fame, and wealth. This he did in a poetical composition, which fortunately has been preserved in the library of the Frascati seminary, and deserves to be published here, I believe for the first time.[1]

[1] Some time before his death, perhaps a year or two, the Cardinal had privately printed a sort of medical autobiography. It was a minute account of all his maladies, and the treatment of them by physicians, probably

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It is written in the taste of the last century, in that now intolerable allegory, which clothes virtues in the dress of pagan divinities, and personifies, as good or evil beings of another order, the qualities, actions, or sufferings of man. It will be seen also from the title that the young Marquis Consalvi was already a member of the Arcadia, the great poetical society of Rome, and bore in consequence a name bucolic, as well as his family designation.

"DEL SIGR. MARCHESE ERCOLE CONSALVI,

FRA GLI ARCADI FLORIDANTE ERMINIANO,

SUL RITORNO AI SUOI STUDII

POEMETTO.

"Me che riporto alle belle arti, e ai dolci
Industri studj desioso il piede,
E che dal lungo vaneggiar richiamo
Quelle che mille immagini vezzose
E mille idee in un sol punto, e in uno
Momento suol pittrice fantasia
Vaga crear: Pallade amica, e sola
Dolce conforto, e non minor diletto
Di quei, cui porser pargoletto il latte
Le suore che hanno sede in sul Parnasso,
Con lieto sguardo caramente accogli:
L' egida poni, e la terribil asta
Onde t' armi la destra, e svegli in petto
Cui delicato cor alto spavento.
Tu cortese qual sei, Tritonia Diva,
Figlia del sommo reggitor de' Numi,
Porgimi aita; piano e facil dammi
Questo sentiero, e i voti miei seconda.
Io sovra d' esso affretterò ben ratto
I passi miei, e tergerò pur lieto
Dalla pallida fronte i miei sudori.
Se allor che a destra ed a sinistra io volgo

drawn up for consultation. I read it at the time, and remember some curious particulars, but have not been able to procure a copy.

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Il guardo, a te mirar, Diva, vedrotti
Oltre l' usato tuo lieta guardarmi,
Con dolce riso sulla rosea bocca,
Con bella grazia alle ridenti ciglia,
Un tuo sorriso, od un gentil tuo detto,
Conforterammi il cuor tremante, e a lui
Darà lena bastante. Allor, sì, allor
Vengane pure, il bieco guardo torva
Con quelle scarne sue livide guancie
E con quelle aggrottate orride ciglia
L' indefessa mai sempre aspra fatica,
Non mai stanca in operare, e mi minacci
Lunghe, e fiere vigilie, affanni, e stenti.
Io sì, che sotto la tua scorta, a vile
Terrò listenti, ed ogni duro affanno
Ed ogni angoscia, sprezzerò ben forte
La Donna iniqua, e di costanza armato
E più che smalto invigorito il petto,
A giogo la terrò; farolle il torvo
Ciglio abbassar. Sì giungerò là dove
Mi guida dolce amabile desio,
Che di bella speranza esser si pregia
Parto gentil, che via pur troppo al cuore
Mi fa invito, e lusinga. Aspettan, sollo,
Me onor, gloria, ricchezza, al bell' oprare
Sprone, e conforto desiabil. Certo
È questo il fato mio: questa è la tela
Che tra le man del ciel, per me s' intesse,
Ma che? forse sogn' io? e non piuttosto
Sì verace m' aspira amico nume?
Non che non sogno, e lo vedrò fra poco,
Quando, per bella amabile fortuna,
Contento, e lieto di me stesso i giorni
Passar vedrammi ognun che al fuso eterno
L' immite Parca tutto dì mi fila
E tutt' altro sarò da quel che or sono."

It may not be amiss to add a translation, for the benefit of those who cannot follow the original; which, it must be owned, is rather verbose, and yet cramped in expression. It shall be as literal as possible.

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## "VERSES BY THE MARQUIS HERCULES CONSALVI,

### AMONG THE ARCADIANS, FLORIDANTE ERMINIANO,

### ON RETURNING TO RESUME HIS STUDIES.

"Me,—who recall my willing steps, to tread
Once more the course of studious toil, relieved
By noble arts; who lure from dreamy flights
The thoughts and fancies which, with rapid strokes,
Imagination artist-like creates;—
Me smiling greet, and tenderly embrace,
Pallas! the friend and only soothing stay,
Or rather certain joy of him, whose lips
The Nine who dwell on the Parnassian hill
Were first to moisten with their purest milk.
"Put by thine ægis, lay aside the spear
That arms thy hand with terror, and affrights
The timid heart that dwells in gentle breast.
Tritonian Goddess!—Daughter of great Jove!—
Bestow thine aid; the path whereon I tread
Make smooth and straight; my yearnings bear on high.
With thee propitious I will haste along,
And cheerful wipe my moist and pallid brow.
If, when on either side I look for thee,
I see thee, Goddess! more than is thy wont,
Regard me kindly, with a gracious eye,
And on thy rosy lips a cheerful smile;
That smile alone, yet more a soothing word,
Will still my panting heart, and give me breath.
"Then come, indeed, with gruff and sidelong gaze,
From the rough caverns, 'neath her beetling brows,
And with her hollow cheeks and sallow skin,
Hard-fisted and hard-minded, cheerless Toil;
And threaten me with long and weary watch,
By night, and straining breathless work by day.
For, by thee guided, I will make but light
Of cramping labour, and of anguish dire.
That Dame unjust, with strength and patience armed
I will defy; with adamantine breast
Will bend her head, and yoke her to my car.
"Yes, I will reach the goal, which sweet Desire,
Most noble offspring, as she boasts, of Hope,

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Points to, with flattering look that wins my heart.
There—oh, I know it!—honour, glory, wealth,
Await me, goad and prize to honest deeds.
Certain is this my lot: this is the web
Woven for me in heaven's unfailing loom.
"But stay—dream I, perchance? or does some God
Benignant whisper to me happy truths?
No, no, I dream not; full soon shall I know it,
When all shall see me, by fair Fortune's love,
Pass through the days which Fate unsparing spins
On her eternal distaff for my destiny,
Joyful, contented with myself; for then
Far other shall I be than now I am."

Success waited on this precocious confidence, and to what extent the patronage which he early won assisted the youthful poet, cannot be fully known. Probably, however, York[1] did him better service than Pallas. Consalvi passed through the usual preliminary steps, by which the cardinalate is attained, *in curia;* for he never was a nuncio abroad; nor did he ever take priest's orders, so as to be more immediately employed in purely ecclesiastical administration. On the 11th of August, 1800, he was named Cardinal Deacon of the Church of St. Mary ad Martyres, better known as the Pantheon.

Although he early enjoyed the confidence of Pius VII., it was not till a later period that his extraordinary powers became known and admired throughout Europe. So distinguished, indeed, was he among the Roman *prelatura*, that the Sacred College assembled in the conclave which elected

[1] There are several medals of the Cardinal Duke, commemorating his title. One is rather a coin struck in his name, *sede vacante*,—this being the privilege of the Vice-chancellor at such periods. It bears the royal arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, surmounted by a cardinal's hat over a ducal coronet. On the reverse is the legend, "Henricus Cardinalis Dux Ebor. S.R.E. Vice-cancellarius. Sede vacan. 1769." Another is a large medal with his portrait, and nearly the same inscription, with the addition of *Ep. Tuscul.* On the reverse is a figure of Religion, with his crown and hat at her feet, and the legend round, "Non desideriis hominum, sed voluntate Dei." On the exergue is the date 1766.

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Pius VII. at Venice, in 1800, chose him for their secretary, and he was immediately named pro-secretary of State by the new Pontiff.

At the period of Pius's removal from Rome and Italy, Cardinal Consalvi did not hold the highest office, which, as we have seen, was occupied most worthily by Cardinal Pacca. But he shared his sovereign's exile, and was one of the "black cardinals" of Paris, that is, one forbidden to wear the distinctive colour of his order. After this period began that prosperity of public life, which shone so brightly in his youthful vision. For one, who had been educated in the comparative seclusion of the Roman government and court, to find himself suddenly transferred from this, and even from banishment, into contact with the most brilliant array of camp and court celebrities which Europe had ever seen united, and, what was more, with the council of such statesmen, most cunning in their craft, as sovereigns could bring together to watch over their interests, and to have to play his part among them, with skill, with tact, and with success equal to any, was a position and a task to which only genius of high order could be equal. And this, certainly, Consalvi was found to possess. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia and France, Wellington, Blücher, Metternich, Castlereagh, and a host of plenipotentiaries of claimants of states and principalities, and representatives of every form of government, had to be made acquaintance with, to be gained, and to be treated with, by the representative of one, whom all no doubt respected, but to whom all were not so ready to be generous, if even just. In the settlement of claims, and the adjustment of pretensions which were about to ensue, Consalvi was deputed by the Pope to regain for him and his successors the many provinces of which he had been stripped. This was a difficult and a delicate task. But before pressing forward to the conclusion of this matter, we must dwell on an interesting episode in it.

In the June of 1814, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia visited London; and many will remember

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the fêtes, splendid but somewhat childish, which greeted them. The writer retains them among his holiday reminiscences, for they took place in vacation time: and they belonged decidedly to the age of pavilions and pagodas. At the same time Cardinal Consalvi crossed the Straits, and appeared in London. He was bearer of a brief, or letter, to the Prince Regent, from the Pope. Let it be remembered, that the penal laws were as yet in force, and that the dreadful penalties of *præmunire* cut off all friendly commerce between the ruler of these realms and the Head of the Catholic Church. How this first Cardinal who had landed in England since the days of Pole was treated and received, will best be learnt from the account which Pius VII. gave of the event, in his Allocution to the Consistory of September the 4th, 1815.

"The Cardinal, having quickly reached Paris, and having discharged those duties which we had confided to him towards his most Christian Majesty; and having been received with that interest and affection for us which it was natural for us to expect from his piety and religion, proceeded to London without delay; whither the other sovereigns, with the exception of our beloved Son in Christ, Francis Emperor of Austria, had gone. And here we cannot sufficiently express to you what feelings of joy and gratitude filled us, on learning what occurred on that occasion, in that most splendid city, capital of so mighty a kingdom. For the first time for more than 200 years, a Cardinal of the holy Roman Church, and moreover a Legate of this Apostolic See, appeared publicly in that city, by the kind and generous permission of the government, adorned with the distinctive badge of his dignity, in the same way as if he had been in this our own city.

"And further, when he proceeded to an audience of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent of England, to present our brief, and express the sentiments of admiration, friendship, and attachment which we entertain towards him, as well as towards that valiant, and in so many ways illustrious, nation, he was received at the palace with such marks of

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benevolence and of kindness for us whom he represented, as could with difficulty have been exceeded. On which account, professing ourselves deeply obliged to that prince, and to the different orders that compose that generous nation, towards which we always entertained great good-will, we most gladly seize such an occasion to attest thus publicly our esteem, and our lively gratitude."

The Pope goes on to say that in this city the Cardinal set vigorously about his work, laying before the monarchs here assembled the claims of the Holy See to the restoration of its dismembered provinces. The success of this first appeal made the Pope rejoice, as he himself tells us, at the selection which he had made of his minister.

It was, however, at the Congress at Vienna that the diplomatic battle had to be fought. The decree of Napoleon of Feb. 10, 1814, which released the Pope from captivity, restored to him only the Departments of Rome and of Thrasymene. The richest and fairest of his provinces were still to be regained: and they were tempting additions to more powerful dominions. The ability, perseverance, and admirable tact of Cardinal Consalvi won them back. He seems to have been quite in his place among the most acute diplomatists of the assembly. He even gained their admiration and esteem; and of none more than of the representative of England. It is said that Lord Castlereagh remarked of him that he was the master of them all in diplomatic skill.

His efforts were crowned with complete success, as to the great objects of his mission. He had right, indeed, on his side; but in great political congresses, the interests of the weak are often sacrificed to the wishes of the strong, under the disguise of general principles, or of simpler balances, which require the rounding of large sums by the absorption of fractions. He always used to say that he received generous support from the representatives of Great Britain and Prussia; and on one point—the precedence of nuncios among ambassadors—the Pope, in the allocution

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above quoted, makes particular mention of this assistance. All obstacles were at length overcome; about the middle of June, 1815, Monsignor Mazio, Secretary to the Cardinal Plenipotentiary, arrived in Rome from Vienna, with the welcome tidings, that the three Legations, the Marches of Ancona, and the Duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo, had been recognised as integral parts of the Papal States. The Cardinal energetically protested against the retention of the French possessions, and of a territory beyond the Po.

If the reader wish to know the character of the statesman who, in his first essay, rose to the level of the old experienced ministers and negotiators of continental Europe, he shall have it in the words of an English lady, married into a noble French family, and remarkable for her shrewdness and keenness in determining character. She had the honour of receiving Cardinal Consalvi into her house at Rouen, during his exile in France: "Perhaps," said she, a few years after, to an intimate friend of the Cardinal's, "you will be surprised to hear what I am going to tell you, as to the opinion which I formed of your tutor at Vienna, before he had been a fortnight in my house. *True* humility in a most extraordinary and heroic degree is the characteristic of this Cardinal, and therefore he must have been the first politician at the Congress of Vienna."

When he returned to Rome, he had to undertake the reorganisation of the entire state after years of dismemberment, the formation of a new magistracy, and the reëstablishment of new municipal, financial, and ecclesiastical systems. Of the manner in which much of this was done this is not the place to treat. It will be sufficient to observe that, through the remainder of the pontificate, the entire rule might be said to rest upon his shoulders; that, while the Pope gave him his full confidence, and trusted him as Pharaoh trusted Joseph, he was indefatigable, single-hearted, devoted, mind and soul, to the service of his master. He seemed to care for no other object. He had, of course, his

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opponents in policy, perhaps rivals of his influence. A man placed, not so much in an elevated, as in a singular position, must disturb many below him,—

> Urit enim splendore suo qui prægravat artes
> Infra se positas."

But he seems to have borne all opposition, and even obloquy, with equanimity and placid forbearance.

His habits were most simple. There was no luxury about him in house or person. His dress was not more than decent. His tastes were refined. If in early youth he attracted the notice of an eminent patron by his taste and skill in music, he became in his turn the friend and protector of another, to whom music was a profession. This was Cimarosa, the well-known composer of the *Matrimonio segreto*, and of much excellent sacred music. Like Mozart, he composed a splendid Requiem, which he dedicated and gave to his friend the Cardinal. He, in his turn, had it executed for the first time at the composer's obsequies performed by his orders.

Connected with his diplomatic missions, is an anecdote relating to a man of singular acquirements. While at Vienna, many learned men from all parts of Germany were naturally introduced to him, and he was repeatedly asked how was Ignatius De Rossi. The Cardinal felt mortified at not being able to answer, for, to tell the truth, he did not know whom they meant. One of his first cares, on returning to Rome, was to search after him; and certainly the inquiry, in some respects, cannot have been satisfactory. He would find an old man, as I have often seen him, bent with age, dressed in an old cassock, and a coëval cloak, tottering, as he leant on his stick and muttered to himself, up and down the immeasurable corridors of the Roman College, or sat in one of the recesses that gave them light. Day after day have I and others seen him, and respectfully saluted that wreck of a rare genius, and of a learning scarcely surpassed; and a courteous gleam lighted up his lack-lustre eye, as he

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unfailingly returned the greeting. He was indeed past caring for anything, though he wanted for no comfort. During these last years of mental helplessness, through which he would brook no control, his room, left always unguarded, had been pilfered of rich treasures of learning; among them of the manuscript of a huge Arabic lexicon, which he would never publish, from his horror of correcting proofs. He used to say, after the printing of his other works, that if the tempter had now to deal with another Job, and wished to make him lose his patience, he would induce him to try his hand at publishing an Oriental work. However, the Cardinal added to his comforts, by immediately granting him an additional pension.[1]

[1] This extraordinary man is not so generally known as his illustrious namesake and contemporary at Parma, the collector of the greatest number of Hebrew manuscripts ever brought together. Yet in learning, extensive and deep, he was much his superior. In 1788, he published at Rome his *Commentationes Laertianæ*. Some one has said, "If you wish to appear learned, quote Diogenes Laertius." But this is really a work of deep reading and rare acquaintance with ancient philology and philosophy. After a long interval, in 1807, he published, at the Propaganda press, his *Etymologiæ Ægyptianæ*. It was a valuable precursor to Young and Champollion's discoveries; for it treats, in alphabetical order, of all the Egyptian words quoted in ancient writers, sacred and profane, with an immense spontaneous flow of varied erudition, Rabbinical, Oriental, classical, and patristic. On the receipt of this wonderful work, the Academy of Leipzig held an extraordinary meeting, and wrote a most complimentary letter to the author. This was mentioned to Cardinal Consalvi at Vienna. The Cardinal had been absent from Rome some years.

The memory of this learned and most modest man can only be compared to that of Magliabecchi, and other such prodigies. I will give one example of it, related to me by a witness, his fellow-professor, the late Canon Lattanzi. When once at *villeggiatura*, at Tivoli, De Rossi offered, on being given a line in any of the four great Italian poets, to continue on, reciting a hundred lines, without a mistake. No one thought it possible; but, to the amazement of all, he perfectly succeeded. He was then asked, if he would do the same with the Latin classics, to which he replied: "It is twenty years since I read the Italian poets, and then it was only for amusement: of the Latin classics I have been professor, so you had better not try me." The late Cardinal Cappaccini, secretary and friend to Cardinal Consalvi, used to tell how, when he was one of De Rossi's pupils in Hebrew, if

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The Cardinal's affections were warm and faithful. Those who were officially connected with him were sincerely attached to him; and those whom he received to audience, after they had gained his esteem, would be welcomed with a cordial embrace. The chief sharer, however, of his dearer affections was his brother the Marquis Andrew Consalvi. He was ten years younger, but he predeceased the Cardinal by eleven years, dying in 1813. The latter, however, never forgot their tender love, and kept a compact made between them of sharing but one grave. Accordingly, in the Pantheon, where, as its Deacon, he ought to have been buried, only a cenotaph, or rather an urn containing his heart, preserves his memory; with an inscription and bust erected by subscription of his many friends. But in the Church of St. Marcellus is a modest tomb, on which it is inscribed that there repose the bodies of the two brothers:—

QUI . CUM . SINGULARI . AMORE . DUM . VIVEBANT
SE . MUTUO . DILEXISSENT
CORPORA . ETIAM . SUA
UNA . EADEMQUE . URNA . CONDI . VOLUERE.

In the transaction of business, the Cardinal Secretary of State was most assiduous. In addition to the burthen of his manifold duties, he had, according to Italian custom, to devote certain hours of the day to audiences, not bespoken beforehand, but granted to all ranks and all descriptions of persons. His memory and accuracy in the discharge of this often irksome duty were wonderful. After he had admitted separately all those whose position or known business entitled them to this distinction, he sallied forth into his anteroom, filled with humbler suppliants. He passed from one to another, heard with patience what each had to say, took his memorial from his hand, and named a day for his answer.

the scholars wished to *shirk* the lesson, they would put a question to their professor, who would start off on a lecture in reply that might have been taken down and published: a marvellous tessellation of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Italian quotations.

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Female petitioners were admitted separately, often while he partook of his solitary and simple meal in the middle of the day; when they were allowed more scope for prolixity of speech. To those who came for their replies, he was ever ready to give them, in writing or by word of mouth; and it is said, that seldom or never[1] did he mistake a person, or his business, though he had only learnt them for the first time some weeks before.

His eye indeed seemed the outward symbol of his intelligence. Deeply seated under shaggy and overhanging brows, it had a sharp penetrating point of light, which looked you through, without suggesting a thought of keenness or of cunning. It was the brilliancy of a gem, not of a fire-spark. His countenance had a mildness in it, which modified any sharpness of expression apparent in his eagle eye. His voice also was soft, though perhaps rather husky and unmusical.

The poem which we have quoted, as the youthful vati-

[1] I remember an exception which was quoted. A little stout man, with an irresistibly comical countenance, whom I recollect as a dilettante singer of *buffo* songs at private parties, and whose name was Felci, had applied for a situation. When his name was announced, the Cardinal mistook it for that of an *employé*, with a name very similar, as Delci, who had been guilty of some neglect of duty, and who had been summoned to receive a scolding. This fell on the head of the innocent aspirant, and at first overwhelmed him with its pelting storm of reproaches. He gradually began to see through the tempest, and to recover his breath. He perceived the mistake, waited till the hail-cloud had passed, threw himself, or rather subsided, into his own naturally good-humoured looks, and replied to the Cardinal,—Your Eminence is mistaken:—

"Quello è magro, ed io son grasso;
Quello è alto, ed io son basso;
Quello è impiegato, ed io sto a spasso."

"That man is lean, and I am stout;
He is a tree, and I'm a sprout;
He is *in* place, and I am *out*."

It need hardly be added, that this improvisation dispelled all anger, and procured the petitioner what he had come to solicit.

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cination of his future greatness, mentioned "wealth" as one of those blessings towards which his eager mind seemed to bound forward. That he accumulated, through the income of his offices and benefices, a considerable fortune, there is no doubt. But he lived without luxury, and in the papal palace free of many charges, and with the utmost simplicity; he certainly spent but little on himself, and he was no lover of money. Whatever he had saved, he left chiefly for religious and charitable purposes. By his will he bequeathed his diplomatic presents, three very rich snuff-boxes, to complete the unfinished fronts of three churches, Araceli, the Consolazione, and San Rocco. He left trifling legacies to friends, among others to the Duchess of Devonshire, and some of Lord Castlereagh's family, and to the Duchess of Albany a graceful acknowledgment of his obligations to the Stuarts, of whom she was the last representative. The bulk of his property he willed to Propaganda for the support of foreign missions, subject to annuities to his dependents, one or two of which remain unexpired.

The Pope and his minister seemed providentially made for each other. The comprehensive and energetic mind of Consalvi, his noble views and his industrious love of details, filled up that void which might otherwise have succeeded the restoration, and have created disappointment, after the admiration and love that years of exile had won for the Pontiff. The wise and gentle and unshaken confidence of the prince gave ample room for expansion to the abilities and growing experience of the minister. Without the one the other would have been useless; and whichever failed first seemed sure to lead to the extinction of the other. Indeed they fitted so truly together, that even physically they may be said to have proved equal. The amount of vigour, health, and power meted out to the secretary was in just proportion to his need of them. He retained them as long as they were required by him for whose comfort and glory they had been intrusted to him.

The pope died August 20th, 1823, and his successor, Leo

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XII., was elected on the 28th of September following. Of course there were different sentiments prevalent in Rome concerning Consalvi's principles of administration. Every prime minister falls, more than most men, under the Horatian principle,

. . . . "Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis."

The new Pope belonged perhaps to another school of politics, or he may have entertained less friendly feelings towards the person of Consalvi. At any rate Cardinal della Somaglia, a man of high merit and character, was named Secretary of State. But it is doubtful whether the broken health of Consalvi would have allowed him to continue in office. Probably he had outlaboured his strength, and had concealed the failure of his health under exhausting efforts, so long as his good patron required his assistance. In the journal kept by a warm admirer of the Cardinal, I find the following entry as early as Nov. 4:—"Saw Card. Consalvi. *He is unwell.* He rejoices at the success of the students at the Concorso (competitive examinations). Inquired how the news of the Pope's death had been received in England," whence the writer had just returned. "I told him he was universally praised and lamented, even in the London papers." By December he had been obliged to seek rest and a mild climate at the modest little sea-town of Porto d'Anzo, but derived no benefit from the change. The journal above quoted says: "Tuesday, 13 Jan. 1824. Saw Card. Consalvi, who was in bed, fallen away and pale, very little better for his residence at Anzo." Yet now, indeed, his lamp rallied for a short time; sufficient to give proof of its brilliant light, just before expiring. The Pope, himself confined to his bed, and so ill that on Christmas eve he was not expected to live till the morrow, had sent for the Cardinal, who went from his bed to see him. From that moment, all difference was at an end. Two generous minds, hitherto estranged, met, and recognised each other's worth. There was instantaneous forgetfulness of the past: and a silent understanding for the future. To the as-

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tonishment of many, the Pope named Consalvi Prefect of Propaganda, a most honourable and influential post. This was on the 14th of January. The next day he was for hours closeted with his sovereign, and in the frankest and clearest manner laid before him his whole scheme of politics, home and foreign. "Live," he said to him among other things, "and Catholic Emancipation will take place in England, under your pontificate. I have worked hard for it, having begun when in London."

Leo XII., expressing his admiration of the man and of his measures, seemed filled with new hopes, and inspired with fresh courage. He consulted him frequently; and it was confidently expected that he would soon restore him to his former post. But the faithful minister had run his course, had fulfilled his mission at the death of Pius. On the 22nd, confined to his bed, he signed letters demissory for several students of the English college: on the 24th important papers were sent him from the pope. He desired the messenger to tell the Holy Father, who had asked if he could do anything for him, that the only thing he could do was, to send him the last apostolic benediction, received by cardinals on their death-bed. It was brought by Cardinal Castiglioni, his greatest friend; and at half-past one he calmly went to rejoin, in a better world, the master whom he had faithfully served, and the friend whom he had affectionately loved.

. . . . "Quos ignea virtus
Innocuos vitæ, patientes ætheris imi
Fecit, et æternos animam collegit in orbes." [1]

[1] "Two days after the Cardinal's death, the Pope said to Monsignor Testa, who has been before spoken of, 'Che cose mi ha detto quell' uomo, l'ultima volta che l' ho veduto!' Then hanging down his head, he added: 'Ma sembra che Dio vuol castigarmi in tutte le maniera.'"—*MS. Journal.* The Cardinal's body, when embalmed, disclosed the causes of his death. The lungs were found indurated with many adhesions, and the heart was enlarged to preternatural dimensions.



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## CHAPTER VII.

### POLICY OF PIUS THE SEVENTH'S GOVERNMENT.

WITHOUT entering into any general considerations on the subject of government, or discussing its best forms, or even expressing any opinion about them; but, on the other hand, judging things in their own times and places, and by the only principles then and there applicable to them; one may say unhesitatingly that the government of Pius VII., through his minister Consalvi, was just, liberal, and enlightened. No doubt, had that sovereign reënacted the laws under which his subjects had groaned as an oppression, and reëstablished the republic which they still detested as a usurpation; had he acted in the teeth of all Europe, in spite of every principle which guided sovereigns and statesmen in his restoration; had he even thereby risked for himself another catastrophe, and for Italy another war, there might now-a-days be many who would extol him as a hero, and almost deify him as a man beyond and above his age. Had he acted so, however, at that time, he would have been ridiculed, deserted, and abused by all parties, whig or tory, conservative or radical, as a fanatic, an unseasonable phenomenon, a man behind the age, which had outgrown revolutionary fancies; in fine, a dotard who had better have been translated from the cell of a prison to that of an asylum, than restored from exile to a throne. We doubt if even the sorry compliment of a newspaper paragraph would have been paid him for his pains.

He was restored, as Pope, to the temporal government of the portion of Italy held by his predecessors, without share in the warlike achievements of other princes, without a claim to the prizes of their victories. He was restored concurrently by Protestant and Catholic Powers, with

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the applause of the civilised world; and amidst the acclamations of joy, or rather in accordance with the longings, of his own subjects. He was restored on the principle which formed the basis of all restorations at the time;—that Europe, so long convulsed, and so long unsettled, should return to the normal state from which she had been wrenched. Empires were restored as empires, kingdoms resettled as kingdoms, grand-duchies as grand-duchies, republics as republics. And so the Pope was given back to Rome, to rule as Popes had done, by a system exceptional, and in a form the loss of which experience had proved to be hurtful. The independence of the Pope, that is, the combination in one of spiritual rule over the whole Catholic Church with a temporal limited sovereignty, had been sensibly demonstrated to be an important element in the reädjustment of Europe. The evils resulting from the subjection of the common Father of all the faithful to one of his more powerful children, had been universally felt; and the continuation of such an irregular condition by a peaceful subjugation of the ecclesiastical to any lay power, would have been only providing for the habitual derangement of religious action.

During the invasion of Northern Italy by the French in 1797, the Pope, then Cardinal Bishop of Imola, had been placed in a situation of great difficulty, which required both tact and courage; and he had displayed both. While he retained the firmest fidelity to his sovereign, he exhorted his people to submit to the overwhelming power of the enemy, and not to tempt them, by an irritating and useless resistance, to put in execution their barbarous threats of universal massacre, and destruction by fire of cities and villages. A fierce and disorderly insurrection at Lugo proved how real and earnest was the menace. General Augereau, on the 8th of July, completely defeated the foolish patriots, and delivered their city to a sack, which in three hours stripped it of an incredible amount of plunder. It lasted no longer, because Chiaramonti, who had in vain addressed the inhabit-

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ants, humbled himself so far, as to cast himself on his knees before the French general, and refused to rise till the boon of mercy which he craved was granted.

His position, however, was too embarrassing; and his friend Pope Pius VI. called him to Rome. He entreated to be allowed to return to his people, to shield them from danger, when a new peril surprised him. The Austrians, subsidised by England, were for a short time masters of the province of Æmilia, and were approaching Imola, when the bishop considered it his duty to exhort his people to submit to them, as their liberators from the yoke imposed upon them. No sooner had the Austrians retired than he was accused of sedition. Instead of flying from the danger, he proceeded at once to the French head-quarters at Lugo, and there pleaded his own cause before the general, whom he knew to be most hostile to him, with such gentleness and firmness, as won from that soldier expressions of esteem and marks of honour.

His enemies, however, were not so easily satisfied; and the republican magistrates of Imola denounced him to the supreme authorities of Bologna, as having favoured the Austrians. Letters to him, from Cardinals Gioannetti and Mattei, containing circulars addressed by them to their flocks in favour of Austria, were intercepted, and formed the groundwork of the charge; fabrications and exaggerations composed its superstructure. The French general, incensed, started at once with a large detachment of troops, proclaiming that the Cardinal should be severely punished, and his see rifled. The bishop left his city by night, not to flee, but to face the danger. He was too good a shepherd to leave his sheep to the wolf, and escape by their sacrifice. Boldly he directed his steps towards the approaching spoilers. The general was Macdonald. Chiaramonti met him face to face: with apostolic freedom, he reproved him strongly for his intended barbarity, and vindicated frankly his own conduct. He prevailed and saved the city from destruction or devastation. It

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is not wonderful that his biographers should have compared this intrepid and generous conduct to that of St. Leo the Great meeting Attila.[1]

When, only three years after these occurrences, Chiaramonti found himself the occupant of the throne, the outworks of which he had so resolutely defended against republican and anti-Christian invasion, when he was placed at the head of a warfare, the outposts of which he had known so well how to guard, we cannot be surprised to see him only more determined in upholding the same principles of firm but prudent resistance, and consistent preservation of what he had received. The same courage in meeting an enemy face to face, and the same bold adhesion to duty, will be found blended with the same condescension, and readiness to avoid useless resistance and fruitless collision. Some things which at first sight might be considered as the result of weakness, may be traceable to this quality.

The first public acts of the new Pontiff showed that, nevertheless, he was above prejudices, and well understood sound principles of political economy. Besides excellent provisions for reforms in every department of public administration, in that of justice among others, two series of measures characterised the commencement of his reign. The first regarded free trade in provisions, and a considerable approach to it in other departments of commerce. There was a great and alarming scarcity of grain in Central Italy, the year of the Pope's accession, 1800. There was literally a *panic* in the public mind in consequence; and the exportation of cereals from the States was forbidden. But, by a decree issued in September of that year, free trade in corn was permitted; and the corporation of bakers was abolished

[1] This was his third or fourth escape. At an earlier period, when the Cisalpine republic was established, he denounced it to his flock, and was accused to the Paris Directory, by the police of Milan. He vindicated himself so powerfully as not to be removed from his diocese. Again, he refused to take the "civic oath," as it was called, and was deprived of the maintenance (the *mensa*) of his see.

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with its exclusive privileges, so as to make it free to all to bake and sell bread. All duty was also taken off oil, and its free importation was permitted. These new measures took the public by surprise; but they were soon much extended. For, early in the following year, all provisions were brought under the same regulations; and five more sources of revenue were thrown open to public competition. The edict on this subject, the result of a special commission, was long, and entitled, "Decree *motu proprio* on provisions and free trade;" and bears the date of March 11, 1801. The annual medal struck for the feast of SS. Peter and Paul that year bears the figure of Abundance, with a ship at its side, and the inscription :—

COMMERCIORVM . PRIVILEGIA . ABOLITA.

In the mean time the treasury was empty; the treaty of Tolentino had drained every available resource; even the four tiaras, of immense price and beautiful workmanship,[1] had been stripped of their jewels to pay the ruinous contribution of six millions of dollars imposed by it in 1796. A new system of general taxation was necessary to supply the urgent and current wants of the government. This was published about the same period, prefaced by a candid but mournful acknowledgment of the exhausted condition of the public purse. The system involved a very complicated, but most important, operation, which was not fully carried out till 1803, that of embodying in the debts of the state those of provincial, or at least municipal governments, the state at the same time undertaking the administration of their real property, as security to itself.

As far as one can judge at this distance of time, it would appear that the internal policy, directed by Cardinal Consalvi from the very outset, was enlightened, perhaps, beyond that of many greater states. That policy is the one pursued by the present Pontiff, who has been yearly reducing the duties, and other pressures upon import-commerce; and

[1] One was of the golden period of Julius II.

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has been getting rid of monopolies, or rather, the farming of internal resources, with the most gratifying success.

Another evil of the past calamitous period had been the total depreciation of the coinage. A quantity of base metal, as well as a copper currency, had been put into circulation, with artificial values, after 1793; and the usual ill-judged attempts had been resorted to, of raising them, when fallen in the market, by public authority. The last of these useless efforts, by the Commissioner Naselli, in 1800, before the Pope's arrival, had only produced embarrassment and diminished commercial confidence. The Pope, however, and his minister took a better view of this monetary difficulty. Several schemes which had been proposed for clearing the country of the debased circulation, whereby loss would have fallen heavily on the holders of it, were unhesitatingly rejected. Instead of this, a fair and current value was assigned to it, and it was received at that rate by all government offices, and at the mint, and no more was reïssued. This was in December, 1801, and January 13, 1802. In October the plan was completed. On the 5th of that month all the base coin was called in, and government bore the entire loss. A million and a half of dollars were paid out in silver, all over the States, and not a coin of inferior metal left in circulation. And from that day till the late republic, no country in Europe had a better or more abundant silver circulation than the Papal states.

The measure was, however, completed by the reädjustment of all public contracts made under the previous condition of the money market; and tables were published giving the proportions between the values of the old and new coinages, so as to assist all classes to remodel existing engagements on an equitable basis.

Never was any measure more blessed, by the poor especially, than this. Hence, as the great event of the year, the medal for 1802 artistically perpetuates it with the legend:

MONETA . RESTITVTA.

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After the restoration, the cares of Government were even more heavy, but equally guided by a wise and generous spirit. Let it be remembered how late, and how astounding, was the great commercial revolution of free trade amongst us. The old corn-laws, the sliding scale, the mighty League, the extorted repeal of those laws, through the joint agency of the elements and of popular agitation, are so recent, that the refluent wave of the great movement is not yet still; but murmurs dully in quiet corners, where Conservative members feel themselves at home; amidst grumbling farmers; and occasionally breaks into a whisper in some eccentric parliamentary speech. But, even last year, great and enlightened states prohibited the exportation of corn and other sorts of food. In 1815, the Pope, while forbidding their exportation, not only permitted their free entry, but gave a premium on their introduction into the States, and a distinct one for their transmission into the provinces.

There were, however, more serious matters than these to occupy the thoughts of the sovereign and his ministry; and they were fully considered. Many religious houses and other establishments had been sold by the French government, and had even passed through several hands. On the 14th of August, 1816, all such properties as had not been materially altered, and which could thus again be restored to their original purposes, were demanded back; but the actual holders were all to be indemnified for their losses; and a commission *ad referendum* was appointed to examine individual claims, that they might be fully satisfied.

In order to distribute fairly the burthens of taxation, a new and complete survey and valuation of the entire property of cities and of the country were most accurately made, corresponding to the French Cadastre; perhaps in no country is it so exact as in Rome. A special commission soon accomplished this useful undertaking, while another prepared a new demarcation of provinces, or delegations, and governments, with their respective forms of administration and judicial ar-

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rangements. The result of the system so framed was that, notwithstanding the immense expenditure thrown on the state by the restoration, and the reparation of previous wrongs, a diminution of taxation to the extent of 200,000 dollars on the land tax was made in 1816. When we consider that the Government took on itself the obligations of the state before the occupation, and immense compensation for damages and losses; that in addition it laid out great sums in public works, and in promoting science and art; we may surely conclude that there must have been a wise administration to effect all this, without recurring to loans, or creating a foreign debt.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

THERE is one remarkable feature in the external policy of Pius VII. and Cardinal Consalvi, which deserves to be further noticed; the more so as to this the writer owes all his means of possessing recollections of late pontiffs. It has been already alluded to, and need not, therefore, detain us long.

Certainly, for three hundred years, with the exception of one very brief period, there never have existed such friendly relations between the Holy See and the crown of Great Britain, as under the Seventh Pius. An admiration for this empire, and even an affection for it, seemed instinctive both in the Pope and in his minister. It is indeed well known, and scarcely needs repetition, that one of the avowed, and perhaps principal, causes of the rupture between Pius and Napoleon was the refusal of the Pope to join actively in what was called the Continental system, that is, the exclusion of British goods, and all British commerce, from Continental ports and countries. This is matter of history. But the personal calamities of the Holy Pontiff, his admirable patience and exemplary virtues, had, no doubt, their share in enhancing the sympathy due on account of the cause for which he suffered. More than once was England ready to receive him on board her ships of war, and give him an asylum.

The journey of Consalvi to London has been mentioned, and with it the fact of his having conveyed letters from the Prince Regent to his Holiness. This mark of friendship was repeated when the Cavalier Canova, raised on the occasion to the title of Marquess of Ischia, returned to Rome, with the works of art restored from the Louvre. It is agreeable to relate, that the heavy expense of their removal from Paris to Rome was defrayed entirely by our Government; and this

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act of graceful generosity was enhanced by the letter from the Prince, of which Canova was bearer, as he was of letters from Lord Castlereagh to the Pope, and to the Secretary of State.

When Lord Exmouth had succeeded in his gallant attack on Algiers, he too wrote letters to both. That to the Holy Father was couched in terms as respectful as a Catholic could have used. It is dated Algiers, August 31, 1816, from on board the "Queen Charlotte." It informs the Pope of his success; declares that Christians' slavery is at an end for ever, and adds that he sends him 173 captives, subjects of his States. These, he hopes, will be a present acceptable to His Holiness, and will give him a title to the efficacy of his prayers.

It was a kind and grateful feeling towards England, which led to the restoration of the national college that had existed so long in Rome. Cardinal Consalvi warmly took up its cause, and assumed to himself the duties, though he would not accept the title, of "Cardinal Protector" to the establishment. He assisted personally at the meetings of its superiors, and attended to all its details. A volume lies before me, a thick quarto manuscript, in almost every page of which is a record of some kindness towards the Catholics of England. One instance only need be entered here.

The present church at Moorfields, which now serves as the pro-cathedral to the diocese of Westminster, was finished in 1820. It was considered then as a spacious and handsome building. A perspective drawing of its interior was sent to Rome, and presented by the Rev. Dr. Gradwell to the Pope. The good Pius immediately said that he would send a token of his affectionate interest in the work. The papal treasury and sacristy were very empty; but he ordered the most valuable object in church plate which he possessed to be prepared for a present. His attendants remarked that it was the most costly thing he had; and his reply was, "There is nothing too good for me to give the English Catholics." On his restoration, the Chapter of Mexico had

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sent him a massive gold chalice, richly set with emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. It was accompanied by cruets, bell, and dish, all of the finest gold. This was his intended gift, and he commissioned Dr. Gradwell to have an inscription prepared to be engraved upon it. On the 29th of April, he waited on His Holiness with two inscriptions. The Pope read them, and said that either would do, but that neither mentioned the consecration of the chalice by himself. He was answered that such an additional mark of kindness had not been presumed upon. The pontiff said it was his intention to give this further value to his gift; and it is recorded in the inscription on the chalice, which is used at Moorfields on the greater solemnities.[1]

This chapter will be not unsuitably closed by the inscription which records, in the English College, the kindness of Pius and his minister in restoring that national establishment.

MEMORIÆ
PII . VII . PONT . MAX .
QVOD . COLLEGIVM . ANGLORVM
A GREGORIO . XIII . P . M .
IN . ANTIQVO . EIVS . NATIONIS . ADVENARVM . HOSPITIO
PRIMITVS CONSTITVTVM
VRBE . AVTEM . A . GALLIS . OCCVPATA
ANTE . AN. XX . DISSOLVTVM
ANNO . MDCCCXVIII . RESTITVERIT
EIDEMQVE . AD . VOTVM . NATIONIS . EIVSDEM
RECTOREM . DE . CLERO . IPSIVS . PRAEFECERIT
HERCVLE . CONSALVIO . S . E . R . CARD . COLLEGII . PATRONO
ANGLIAE . EPISCOPI . ET . CLERVS
GRATI . ANIMI . CAVSA.

[1] The inscription is as follows:—"Pius VII. Pont. Max. Templo Londini, in Moorfields, recens a Catholicis exstructo, a se consecratum libens donum misit, A.D.N. MDCCCXX. Pont. S. XXI."

In the MS. journal before me, in the same page, is the following entry:—"May 1.—The King of England has written in Latin to the Pope with his sign manual. The first instance of such a correspondence since our Revolution (1688). The Pope is pleased, and is answering it."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART.

NEITHER of the foreign occupations, the republican or the imperial, lasted sufficiently long to interrupt that succession of men devoted to study which Italy, and especially Rome, has always kept up. Indeed, after the restoration, there yet survived veterans who had gathered their first laurels on the fields of a peaceful country, unconscious for generations of hostile invasion.

Such, for instance, was the antiquarian Fea, one of those men of the old school, like the Scaligers, the Vossii, or rather, Grævius and Gronovius, who could bring to the illustration of any subject a heap of erudition from every imaginable source, from classics or Fathers, from medals, vases, bas-reliefs, or unheeded fragments of antique objects, hidden amidst the rubbish of museum magazines. He is perhaps best known in the literary world by his magnificent edition of Winkelmann, the notes to which are not inferior in value to the text. Indeed, one might say that the two authors divide the qualities of the book: the German bringing to it the taste and sagacity of the artistic antiquarian, and his Italian annotator the abundant, or even redundant, learning of the erudite but dry archæologist.

Day after day might one see him, sitting for hours in the same place, in the library of the Minerva, at the librarian's desk, poring to the end of life over old books still. And is it not always so? In youth we love new books, our own contemporaries, those that have our measure and that of the age, those who "catch the manners living as they rise." But as we grow old, we live backwards towards the past. We go willingly among those who in popularity are aged, or aging,

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like ourselves. They suited their era exactly, and were then liked by the young, and thrown aside, with a shake of the head, by the mature. But now that the superficial gloss is worn away, that which dazzled, and that which offended, how racy and how charming they become to us. Such are the memoirs, the letters, the journals, and the essays of former ages, their chronicles even, in their primeval quaintness. They may have represented, and no doubt did represent, fierce parties, gross enmities, sharp reproof, the envious eye, the venomed tooth, the wicked smile, the curled lip, or the lolling tongue. To us all the leer and jibe, and even playful malice, have softened down into harmless wit and gentle sprightliness.

Well, no matter, the old love to converse with the dead; and therefore it is not surprising that one should remember Fea with a parchment-bound book, folio or octavo, or perhaps a heap of many such before him. He was indeed an antiquarian of the old school, as has been remarked; and perhaps, had he been asked which method he preferred, the digging in the earth round ancient monuments, to discover their history and name, or the excavating them from old authors, and determining them by skilful combinations of otherwise unintelligible passages, he might have preferred the second method. His theories, based upon actual explorations, were certainly not happy, and his conjectures, though supported with ingenuity and erudition, were not verified by local searches. In this respect, Professor Nibby, partly his rival, though much his junior, was more successful.

The Abbate Fea was verily not a comely nor an elegant man, at least in his old age; he had rather the appearance of a piece of antiquity, not the less valuable because yet coated with the dust of years, or a medal, still rich in its own oxidization. He was sharp and rough, and decisive in tone, as well as dogmatic in judgment. If one went up to him, rather timidly, at his usual post, to request him to decipher a medal at which one had been poking for hours, he

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would scarcely deign to look at it, but would tell you at once whose it was; adding, perhaps for your consolation, that it was of no value.

A contrast to him in externals, was another priest, whose learning was as various, though of a totally different class; the Abbate Francesco Cancellieri. I remember him coming to pay his annual Christmas visit to the rector of the College, an octogenarian at least, tall, thin, but erect, and still elastic; clean and neat to faultlessness, with a courteous manner, and the smiling countenance that can be seen only in one who looks back serenely on many years well spent. He used to say, that he began to write at eighteen, and had continued till eighty; and certainly there never was a more miscellaneous author. The peculiar subjects of which he treats, and even the strange combinations in their very titles, are nothing, compared with the unlooked-for matters that are jumbled and jostled together inside. Few would have thought of writing a volume on "the head physicians of the Popes;" or on "the practice of kissing the Pope's foot antecedently to the embroidery of the cross on his shoe;" or on "the three papal functions in the Vatican Church;" or on "men of great memory, or who have lost their memories;" or finally, "on the country-houses of the Popes, and the bite of the tarantula spider." But the fact is, that under these titles are to be found stray waifs and *trouvailles* of erudition, which no one would think of looking for there. Hence his works must be read through, to ascertain what they really contain. No clue to the materials of his books is given by the title, or any other usual guide.

I remember a most promising young German scholar, cut off before he had time to fulfil the expectations of his friends. This was Dr. Pappencordt, whose "History of the Vandals" had early gained a literary prize in his own country. His acquaintance with mediæval history was amazing; he remembered the dates of the most insignificant events; and would make excursions into the desolate border tracts in the mountains, between Rome and Naples, to visit the theatre of the

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most puny action between pugnacious barons in Central Italy. I dwell with pleasure on his memory; for many an interesting bit of information, which has not been without its use, did I collect from him, on topics of Italian history, whereof one did not find clever men in the country take much heed. He was still, as I have intimated, very young: and he had all the amiable and candid worth which belongs to the youthful enthusiast. But already, as he informed me, he had gone through the whole of Baronius's Annals, extracting from them a list of every historical document referred to in that immense and almost unrivalled compilation; but he had experienced the misfortune, to which every accumulator of inky sheets is liable, of seeing just the last of them taken at the end of winter to light the stove, by that deadliest enemy of literary litter, a tidy housemaid. Well, this industrious young scholar told me, that he had for years been searching for a document which he knew must exist somewhere, but which he had nowhere been able to find. It was this. The Council of Trent was transferred after the seventh session to Bologna, where the eighth and ninth sessions (merely formal ones) were celebrated. The ground alleged was the existence of contagious or epidemical disease in Trent, which made it dangerous to the life of the prelates to meet there. This is distinctly stated in the decree of the eighth session, March 11, 1547. Of course, the adversaries of the Council gave another reason, and denied the reality of the one alleged. The German historian was desirous of finding the medical certificate or declaration alluded to in the Decree, and mentioned, but never given, by historians. At length, while plunging through a tangled jungle, the produce of Cancellieri's unchecked fertility, his work on the Papal *villeggiaturas* and the tarantula, he lit most opportunely on the very document, like a solitary flower in the wilderness. It was there given textually from the original.

It was thus that he may be said to have verified the character which Niebuhr, one of the learned foreigners in Rome at the time of these recollections, gave to Cancellieri's writ-

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ings; that "they contained some things that were important, many things that were useful, and everything that is superfluous." One of the most useful features of his writings is, that on whatever subject he treats he gives you the fullest list of authors upon it compiled till his time. Thus, his work on memory contains a catalogue of writers on artificial memory, and of inventors of various systems of it, which would probably surprise most readers.[1]

Miserable as were the times that had just preceded our epoch, for all who had made the Church or her studies their choice, many were then engaged in the cultivation of sacred literature who have since distinguished themselves in it. But the men of the period belonged to the training of a former age. It could not interest the ordinary readers of these pages to enumerate them, especially as few at that time had spirits, or occasion, to become authors in a science which was but little encouraged. Complete silence, however, might be interpreted as an admission that Rome was defective in what has always formed its special pursuit; and therefore we will be content with saying, that there were many men whose cultivation of sacred studies prepared the way for the solid ecclesiastical learning which now flourishes in Rome.

One man celebrated throughout Europe, whose researches embraced every branch of learning sacred and profane, may be expected to find a brief notice here, did not the object of this work naturally assign him another place. Although Angelo Mai made his first appearance in Rome in 1819, and

[1] Such an author may well be supposed to have got together, in the course of his long life, a most miscellaneous and extensive collection of tracts, pamphlets, and papers. This came into the hands of the Marchese Marini, editor of "Vitruvius" and "De Marchi," both on a magnificent scale; who also became possessor of the collection of Miscellanea formed by the celebrated antiquarian Enea Quirino Visconti, who preferred Paris to his native Rome. The two, with many additions, form a series of 300 volumes, or *cartons*, containing many things not easily to be found. They were included in the purchase of the magnificent Marini library, bought by the late Bishop Walsh, and given by him in perpetuity to the college of St. Mary's Oscott.



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although the author well remembers the paragraph in the Roman paper which announced his arrival from Milan, and the subsequent one which proudly proclaimed his immortal discovery of Cicero "*De Republica*," yet it was not till a later period that he could acquire, what he cherishes among his most valuable recollections, the kind and familiar intercourse enjoyed with this good and gifted man, not only in the shady alleys of the Pincian hill, but under other circumstances which brought them more closely together, and which were evidence of his kind and condescending disposition.

Before, however, leaving this portion of our desultory talk about literature, it may be permitted to say a few words upon a subject connected with it, and especially with its more sacred department. The pulpit is one of the best indexes of national taste in foreign literature. Indeed we can hardly except that of our own country. Terse and nervous language, conveying original thought and solid learning, is a proof of a sterling literature having a hold on the national mind. When poetry in England, and inscriptions in Italy, were but a tissue of quaintnesses, forced conceits, sports with words, extravagant hyperboles, and turgid phraseology, the most admired orators of the day carried every such violation of good taste into the sanctuary; and no doubt they moved their sympathetic hearers to tears, as completely as they now do their occasional readers to laughter. Schiller has scarcely caricatured F. Abraham a S. Clara in his "Piccolomini" for Germany; Fray Gerundio professes to give only real examples for Spain; and I think Dr. Beattie gives a few gems, from Dr. Ritcairn and other grave divines north of the Tweed, of absurd conceits. The classical Tiraboschi will supply examples of this debasement of the current literature of Italy, during the reign of what is there known under the chronological term of "seicentismo." A Latin inscription of the reign of Urban VIII. could be dated, by reading three lines, as easily as by recognising the bees upon his shield. It is the same with the sonnets of the age. Language and thoughts fell together; the second pulled the

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first down to their own level; and they both dragged themselves along their dull and weedy path. Three Jesuit writers alone escaped this general corruption, Bartoli, Pallavicini, and Segneri. Traces may be discovered in them, especially in the latter, of the *concetti* so universal in the age; but still they form a trine exception to a characteristic mark of the time, as honourable to the body to which they belonged, on this account, as for the learning, piety, and ability which have made them standard authors in their various classes of ecclesiastical literature.

It would be easy to trace these analogies in bad taste still further into the arts. The "Barocco" in architecture, the "Berninesque" in sculpture, and "Mannerism" in painting, have clear relations, not only of time, but of character, with the literature to which we allude. It is quite possible that an improvement in either, or simultaneously in both, may take the form of a reäction, rather violent and intolerant at first. To a certain extent this has been the case in Italy. A foreigner perhaps has no right to judge; but there is no presumption in bearing witness to what only constitutes a fact analogous to what has been observed in every other language. The only way to purge any tongue of a bad taste which has eaten into it, or of a swarm of unidiomatic or foreign words that have made it almost a mongrel speech, is to return to a period antecedent to that of corruption, and to adopt a stern principle of excluding nearly every modern accession. The Germans have been happy in their efforts to create a multitude of new words, which have superseded the modern bastard Gallo-German, and other interpolations of their noble tongue. They have used boldly the Horatian expedient of a "*callida junctura*" to create a fresh, but perfectly national, vocabulary. This required the cooperation of writers, popular as well as learned, who enjoyed the confidence, and the acknowledged leadership, of the whole German race. For such a literary combination we have neither power nor will. But our own best writers, we feel, are those who have most naturally returned to tastes

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that preceded the vapid fluencies and morbid elegances of the ante-Georgian period, rich though it be; and have sought to win back some of the nerve and sinew of the time, when choice could only lie between the greater or the lesser preponderance of the classical or of the Saxon element.

In French it is essentially the same. One cannot read the modern poets, or even essayists, of the language, without observing the strong and successful effort to introduce what used to be denied to it—a distinct poetical language, employing words unused in the conversation or the writing of the drawing-room.

The Italian had a classical period to which he could return, a definite unalloyed standard of purity to which he might lead back his language. One writer reigned supreme there, and several others were near him, sufficiently varied in subjects and style to give breadth to the basis on which a regeneration could be grounded. Some indeed carried veneration, and consequent imitation, of Dante to extremes. But not only did such writers as Petrarch and Boccaccio, poets or romancers, or the host of inferior novelists, impure in matter as pure in style, enter into the list of models for the revival of good taste; but also most religious and ascetic writings, like the sweet "Fioretti" of St. Francis, the life and letters of St. Catherine, and the "Mirror of Penance" of Passavanti.

A return to the standard of literary excellence of that period was, therefore, perfectly compatible with a corresponding improvement in the most religious and spiritual class of writings. A danger of extravagance, or even of mistake, might indeed alarm; and examples are familiarly quoted of both, on the part of Father Cesari, the originator, in great measure, of the movement towards *purism*, as it was called. Objections of this sort are childish; no great change is effected without enthusiasm, and no enthusiasm can exist without exaggeration, which of itself is mistake. The work has gone steadily on: and no one can compare the Italian literature of the present day with that of the beginning of the century, and not perceive the immeasurable gain. One

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Italian periodical alone, the "*Civiltà cattolica*" of Rome, contrasted with any published formerly, will prove the difference.

The influence of this change on the sacred eloquence of Italy, has been just what might have been expected. In some instances more essential requisites have been sacrificed to style; "the weightier things of the law" disappear beneath the savoury seasoning of "aniseed and cummin;" men's ears are tickled by a tissue of elegant paragraphs, and by exquisite phraseology combined in harmonious periods. It would be unjust to say that this was all that lately attracted crowds to the preaching of the Avvocato Barberi, who in mature age exchanged the forensic gown for the cassock, and transferred his eloquence from the bar to the pulpit. No doubt there were ideas as well as phrases in his discourses; and ideas that proceeded from a vigorous and a cultivated mind. But men went to hear him as they went to hear an elegant musician, who charmed, but changed not, the listener; as one whose sermons of "judgment" ruffled not the sinner, and put no sting into the wicked heart. Graceful elegance was the substitute for stirring eloquence.

It is a common opinion, that in Italy preaching is rather of a character approaching to ranting, than akin to that sober and guarded communication between clergyman and parishioners which takes place once a week in a country church. We shall not be far wrong if we place it, at various points, between the two. Generally it has neither the ignorant violence of the one, nor the tame common-place of the other. Those who have been in Italy, and have frequented, with full comprehension of the language, the sermons delivered every Sunday in the principal churches of great cities, will acknowledge, whatever their religion at home, that nowhere have they listened to discourses containing more solid and useful matter, couched in more finished and yet simple language, or delivered in a more forcible yet unexaggerated manner.

To say that similar addresses would not be heard in the

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poorer quarters of towns, or in country villages, would be only to assert, that Italian priests have too much good sense, not to accommodate matter and manner to the characters and capacities of their audiences. Nevertheless it will be seen that day after day crowds of poor will go to hear a preacher of eminence; for he would soon lose his high character, if he soared into regions whither the simple faithful could not follow him.

Foreigners, unfortunately, seldom trouble themselves about what does not come within the circle of fashionable ordinary occupation. Without, therefore, speaking of what would take an Englishman out of reasonable distance from the region honoured by his residence, let any one attend the Sunday afternoon lecture on Scripture at the Gesù; and we will believe that he will hear as much plain practical instruction on Holy Writ, simply delivered, as he is likely to gather from sermons by popular preachers of ultra-biblical exclusiveness. Such certainly were the discourses continued for years by the late holy and learned F. Zecchinelli, a man deeply versed in the sacred writings; and delivered with that eloquence which manifests itself in look and speech, backed by life and conduct. No one could ever have reproached him with preaching up a scriptural rule of virtuous life, and not following it.

But besides the solid matter which one may often, indeed generally, hear in an Italian sermon, there is a music accompanying it which gives it a winning charm, unknown to countries beyond the Alps. The grace of delivery seems to be one of the fine arts; for it lingers in their company, where they love to reside. The first Sunday after arriving in Rome, our party was taken to the church of Araceli on the Capitol to hear a celebrated preacher deliver a sermon of his advent course. Hours before the time, the entire area was in possession of a compact crowd, that reached from the altar-rails to the door, and filled every aisle and all available standing room. The preacher ascended the pulpit, simply dressed in his Franciscan habit, which left the throat bare, and by the

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ample folds of its sleeves added dignity to the majestic action of his arms. His figure was full, but his movements were easy and graceful. His countenance was calm, mild, unfurrowed as yet by age, but still not youthful; he seemed in the very prime of life, though he survived very few years. To one who could not, except very imperfectly, understand the language, and who had never heard a sermon in it, the observation of outward qualities and tokens was natural, and likely to make an indelible impression. Indeed, I remember no sermon as I do this, so far as the "faithful eyes" go. And yet the ears had their treat to. The first and merely unintelligible accents of that voice were music of themselves. It was a ringing tenor, of metallic brilliancy, so distinct and penetrating that every word could be caught by the listener in every nook of the vast church, yet flexible and varying, ranging from the keenest tone of reproach to the tenderest wail of pathos. But the movement and gesture that accompanied its accents were as accordant with them as the graceful action of the minstrel, calling forth a varied and thrilling music from the harp. Every look, every motion of head or body, every wave of the hand, and every poise of the arm, was a commentary on the word that it accompanied. And all was flowing, graceful, and dignified. There was not a touch of acting about it, not an appearance of attempt to be striking.

Then, for the first time, I felt overawed by the stillness which only the pent-up breath of a multitude can produce, while some passage of unusual beauty and overpowering force makes the hearer suspend, as far as he can, the usual functions of life, that their energies may be concentrated on a single organ. And scarcely less grand is the relief which breaks forth, in a universal murmur, a single open breath from each one swelling into a note that conveys more applause, or at least approbation, than the clapping of twice as many hands.

Later, it was easier to feel, what the first day one could only wonder at. I remember, as the same preacher in the

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choir of St. Peter's uttered one of those sublime passages, feeling as if I lay prostrate in spirit, before a passing vision, scarcely daring to move or even turn the eyes aside. He was reproving negligence in attending at the celebration of the divine mysteries; and imagined the priest, rapt into heaven, and ordered to offer the heavenly sacrifice on the altar of the Lamb there. He painted with glowing words the attitudes, the countenances, and the feelings of adoring spirits, while for once only assisting at what is, in the Church militant, a daily privilege.

Now, if any one will turn to the printed sermons of Father Pacifico Deani, he may find the very sermons alluded to, and wonder that they can have been thus described. While far from pretending to make comparison between the peerless master-piece of ancient eloquence and the humble Franciscan's devout discourses, one may be allowed to answer the objection, in the words by which Æschines enhanced his great and successful rival's merit: "What if you had heard him speak them?" This, no doubt, was great part of the charm,—greater to one who, till then, had been accustomed only to the stately monotony in which the simplest lessons are often conveyed, and the unimpassioned tameness with which the most touching scenes are described, or rather narrated, at home.[1]

At the period on which we are engaged, science was efficiently represented in Rome. Professors Conti and Calandrelli are well known in the annals of astronomy for the regularity and accuracy of their observations, annually published, in the Roman observatory, and by other valuable contributions to mathematical science in its highest branches. They were inseparable companions and most faithful friends.

[1] F. Pacifico, a peasant child, was heard by a religious, preaching to a group of poor children of his own age. It was found that, after hearing a sermon once, he was able to repeat it almost word for word. He was educated, and became one of the most eloquent preachers of his time. He used to dictate a sermon to a secretary, and then preach it without reading it over. This he only required if, after a lapse of years, he wished to repeat the discourse.

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The first was still the professor whose lectures we attended; the second, a good old man, had retired from public duties. Pius VII. encouraged first, then chartered and endowed, an academy or society, yet existing, for practical science, established by Professor Scarpellini, and having its seat in the Capitol. Dr. Morichini, besides being a most able physician, was the friend and often the co-labourer of Sir Humphrey Davy, who made many experiments at the Sapienza in Rome, to which he was warmly attached. Dr. Morichini was the first who discovered, and applied, the magnetising power of the violet ray in the prism.

It would be easy to add a list of names of persons well versed in science who then lived and wrote, as Settele, Richebach, Vagnuzzi, and the numerous professors at the University; but names like those of the late F. Vico, and the living F. Secchi, are still better known to scientific Europe, in proof that Rome is not behind other great cities in its scientific attainments.

The reign of Pius VII. was, in spite of its vicissitudes, most propitious for art. What has been said about language, may in some measure be extended to this. The condition to which it had sunk could be remedied only by a complete transfer of affection and principle, from this to a better, indeed a faultless, period. And what could that be but the period of classical art, alone supreme in sculpture? There was in fact no other school. The early Christian, that of the Pisans, was itself a noble effort to revive the beauties of the heathen school, chastened by the feelings of a better religion; the strong development by Michelangelo was the burst of individual genius, not to be imitated with impunity by any less than himself. The intermediate period presented neither models sufficient, nor principles distinct enough, to become the basis of a new system in glyptic art. To Canova undoubtedly belongs the praise of having revived, or raised from a low state of affectation, exaggeration, and meanness of conception, this simplest of artistic resources for exciting grand ideas of God's noblest earthly creation, in

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the minds of the beings on whom He conferred that dignity. Canova's monument of Clement XIV. took the world of art by surprise; and his return to the simple beauty, the calm attitudes, the quiet folds, the breadth and majesty of ancient works, soon put him at the head of the European school. And if he has been surpassed in some things by his followers, for example, by the great Dane, Thorwaldsen, it must never be forgotten that no step in excellence, not even the last to perfection, is equal to the stride from grovelling degradation to healthy action and truthful principle; especially when this at once places him who makes it in a pre-eminence that becomes a standard for rival excellence. And such certainly was Canova's position.

But the same principles will not hold good in painting. Besides our having very little left to show us how the ancients practised this branch of art, we have another period of our own, which imparts to us all the practical instruction we can possibly require. Instead of this a cold classical school sprung up in Europe, of which David was the type in France, and the Cammuccinis in Italy; which sought its subjects in an unclean mythology or a pagan heroism, and its forms in the movementless and rigidly accurate marbles of antique production. A raw unmellow colouring, over-bright and unblending, devoid of delicacy and tenderness, clothed the faultless design of the figures; so that the cartoon was often more agreeable than the finished painting. There, however, you saw riders guiding their foaming steeds without a bridle, and soldiers dealing heavy blows at one another with invisible swords, of which they grasped tightly the bladeless pommel. And this was, because the ancients so sculptured cavaliers and combatants, from the difficulty of providing them with a floating rein or a brandished sabre in so frail a material as marble. Why should not the eye have been as well left without an iris? There is, indeed, in the Hospital of Santo Spirito, in Rome, a ward painted in fresco, with countless figures, all somehow made eyeless; but this was the caprice, or malice, not the classicism of the artist.

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This last yet reigns too much in Italy, where has sprung up, in the mean time, that beautiful German school, which at Munich, Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Berlin, has produced such lovely works; and which, still faithful to the land that gave it birth, is there not only blooming with sweet grace, but is gradually shedding its seed on the fertile ground around it; repaying in Christian beauty the classical accuracy which fed its own root.

It must be acknowledged that such works in painting as were executed during the pontificate of Pius VII. in the library or museum, to commemorate its great events, are little worthy of their subject, or of Italian art.

The mention of these seats of learning and art suggests a few words. It is almost a matter of course, that every Pope adds to the treasures of the Vatican, both literary and artistic. In the earlier portion of his pontificate, Pius had already walked in his illustrious predecessors' footsteps. The Museo Pio-Clementino, the addition of his two immediate predecessors, seemed to leave him little hopes of surpassing it. The magnificence of its halls, the variety of its collections, and the beauty of many among its sculptures, combined the splendour of a palace with the richness of a gallery. The earlier contributions of our Pope were simple but most valuable. The long corridors leading to the Vatican library were filled by him with secondary monuments, urns, cippi, sarcophagi, altars, busts, and statues, some of great price; and the walls were lined with inscriptions, Christian on one side, and heathen on the other.

Nothing can be more becoming than this modest approach, at every step growing in interest and value, towards the clustered temples of that acropolis or capitol of art. You walk along an avenue, one side adorned by the stately and mature or even decaying memorials of heathen dominion, the other by the young and growing and vigorous monuments of early Christian culture. There they stand face to face, as if in hostile array, about to begin a battle long since fought and won. On the right may be read laudatory epitaphs of men

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whose families were conspicuous in republican Rome; long inscriptions descriptive of the victories, and commemorative of the titles, of Nerva or Trajan; then dedications to deities, announcements of their feasts, or fairs in their honour; and an endless variety of edicts, descriptions of property, sacred and domestic, and sepulchral monuments. The great business of a mighty empire, military, administrative, religious, and social, stands catalogued on that wall. What can ever take its place? And the outward form itself exhibits stability and high civilisation. These various records are inscribed with all the elegance of an accomplished stone-mason's chisel, in straight lines and in bold uncial letters; with occasional ornaments or reliefs, that bespeak the sculptor; on blocks or slabs of valuable marbles, with an elegance of phrase that moves the scholar's envy.

Opposite to these imperial monuments are arranged a multitude of irregular, broken fragments of marble, picked up apparently here and there, on which are scratched, or crookedly carved, in a rude latinity and inaccurate orthography, short and simple notes, not of living achievements, but of deaths and burials. There are no sounding titles, no boastful pretensions. This is to a "sweet" wife, that to "a most innocent" child, a third to "a well-deserving" friend. If the other side records victories, this only speaks of losses; if that roars out war, this murmurs only soft peace; if that adorns with military trophies, this illuminates with scourges and pincers: the one may perhaps surmount with the soaring eagle, the other crowns with the olive-bearing dove.

Here are the two antagonist races, speaking in their monuments, like the front lines of two embattled armies, about to close in earnest and decisive battle: the strong one, that lived upon and over the earth, and thrust its rival beneath it, then slept secure like Jupiter above the buried Titans; and the weak and contemptible, that burrowed below, and dug its long and deep mines, and enrolled its deaths in them, almost under the palaces whence issued decrees for its extermination, and the amphitheatres to which it was

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dragged up from its caverns to fight with wild beasts. At length the mines were sprung, and heathenism tottered, fell, and crashed, like Dagon, on its own pavements. And, through the rents and fissures, basilicas started up from their concealment below, cast in moulds of sand, unseen, in those depths; altar and chancel, roof and pavement, baptistery and pontifical chair, up they rose in brick or marble, wood or bronze, what they had been in friable sandstone below. A new empire, new laws; a new civilisation, a new art; a new learning, a new morality, covered the space occupied by the monuments to which the inscriptions opposite belonged.

It was a mercy to Christianity, that Providence kept the destruction of the previous state out of its deliberation, and in Its own hands. To have kept up its monuments would have been impossible. What could Christians have done with thermæ, amphitheatres, and their lewd representations? Yet to have destroyed them would have been called barbarous. So God "lifted up a sign to the nations afar off, and whistled to them from the ends of the earth, and they came with speed swiftly."[1] "There came up water out of the north; they were as an overflowing torrent; and they covered the land, and all that was therein; the city, and the inhabitants thereof."[2] The successive locust-swarms that rushed over Italy had no instinct to guide them but the barbarism that plunders what it covets, and destroys what it contemns. And even after this, when the monuments of paganism had been destroyed, He "hissed for the fly that was in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that was in the land of Assyria; and they came, and they rested in the torrents of the valleys, and in the holes of the rock."[3] For the Saracen predatory incursions in the eighth century devastated the outlying Christian monuments, and caused the final spoliation of the catacombs.

The Church has kindly taken into her keeping the gathered fragments and ruins of both invasions. from north

[1] Isa. v. 26. [2] Jer. xlvii. 2. [3] Isa. vii. 18.

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and from east; and here they are placed separate, but united, and in peace. Thus you are prepared for that still higher evidence, that the Church is neither Goth nor Vandal, which shines bright before you, in those precious halls and graceful cabinets, in which the successive Popes, whose names they bear, have worthily, or daintily, preserved the treasures and gems of ancient art.

After his restoration, Pius VII. continued his interrupted work. It is recorded of Fray Luis de Leon, the eminent Spanish professor, that, having been suspended from his chair for five years through hostile intrigue, and having been triumphantly restored, his lecture-room was crowded to hear, as it was hoped, his indignant vindication of himself. If they were disappointed, they were doubtless edified, when the audience heard him quietly commence by: "*Heri dicebamus*," "In yesterday's lesson we were saying:" and continue the subject of his last lecture. It was with just such serenity that the good Pontiff calmly resumed the works of his glorious reign, "*Ibi manum apposuit ubi opus desierat.*" The gallery which more especially bears his name, and which crosses the great Belvedere court of the Vatican, is one of the most beautiful portions of the Museum. It seems indeed wonderful, how such a building could have been erected, richly decorated, and filled with master-pieces of art, in so short a time. When first I remember it, it was still in the mason's hands, brick walls amidst a forest of scaffold poles; yet the Pope lived to see it finished in all its beauty. The architect, if I remember rightly, was not so fortunate. He was young and promising, with the northern name of Stern. I can recollect going to see him, at Monte Compatri, in the Tusculan hills, when he was disfigured by a huge tumour on his shoulder, the consequence of a fall, which shortly carried him to an early grave.

To the library Pius made considerable additions, not only of manuscripts, but of many thousands of printed volumes. Among these was a magnificent collection of Bibles, and biblical works. The Pantheon had long been to Rome, what

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Santa Croce was to Florence, and Westminster Abbey once was to us; the mausoleum of great men. The busts of distinguished Italians were ranged round its walls, and gave a profane appearance to the church. By order of the Sovereign Pontiff a new gallery was prepared in the Capitol, under the name of Protomotheca; and in one night of 1820, the whole of the busts were removed from the Pantheon, and carried thither.

It is, however, one even greater glory of Pius's reign, that he commenced that series of excavations round ancient monuments which have been continued till the present day, and have done more for solid antiquarian learning than any previous study. Former excavations had been carried on mainly to obtain works of art, and were filled up again as fast as made. But, in 1807, the arch of Septimius Severus, which, as may be seen in Piranesi's prints (not here "the lying Piranesi," as Forsyth calls him), had been more than half buried in the ground, was cleared of all rubbish, and an open space left quite round it. An immense spur, too, was added to the Colosseum, to prevent a large portion of its outward wall falling. The excavations and restorations of ancient monuments were continued by the French authorities under the Empire, and often with a bolder hand, for churches were destroyed or desecrated to discover or restore heathen edifices.[1] But after the restoration the work was resumed

[1] I remember reading in Dr. Heber's "Journal," that an Armenian priest had called upon him, strong and powerful, and with a stentorian voice, to ask a contribution towards the repairing of the church belonging to his nation and order in Rome, Santa Maria Egiziaca, anciently the temple of *Fortuna Virilis*. The Anglican prelate refused him, because he said he had never heard that the French damaged ancient monuments, and he did not believe his story. The fact was, the Armenian and the Englishman looked at the thing from opposite points. The former considered the destruction of modern additions, and restitution of his church to heathen forms, a spoliation and injury: the latter considered it a benefit, probably. He was right in supposing that the French would not destroy a pagan temple; but not, in believing that they would spare a church. As a singular coïncidence I may add that, just after reading this passage when first pub-

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with vigour. Archæologists were wonderfully disappointed, when on excavating round a column in the centre of the Forum, which had been the very pivot of systems, it displayed on its pedestal an inscription of Phocas, a monarch totally out of the pale of classical society. Besides, however, other interesting restorations, that of the arch of Titus reflects the greatest credit on the commission appointed by Pius for the preservation of ancient edifices. This, not only beautiful, but precious monument had, by the Frangipani family, been made the nucleus of a hideous castellated fort. Its masonry, however, embraced and held together, as well as crushed, the marble arch; so that on freeing it from its rude buttresses, there was fear of its collapsing; and it had first to be well bound together by props and bracing beams, a process in which Roman architects are unrivalled. It was in this condition that I first remember the arch of Titus. The seven-branch candlestick, the table, the trumpets, and other spoils of the temple, which Reland has so well illustrated in a learned little treatise, as collateral and monumental evidences of Scripture truth, were invisible in great measure behind the wooden framework, which also completely hid from view the beautiful relief of the apotheosis in the key-stone. The simple expedient was adopted by the architect Stern of completing the arch in stone; for its sides had been removed. Thus encased in a solid structure, which continued all the architectural lines, and renewed its proportions to the mutilated centre, the arch was both completely secured, and almost restored to its pristine elegance.

lished, I heard a very loud voice in my ante-room, as Dr. Heber said he had heard one in his. It struck me it might be the very Armenian, and so it was. He was astonished and amused at finding himself examined about his interview at Calcutta. He confirmed the facts; but thought the Bishop had treated him very shabbily.

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## CHAPTER X.

### BRIGANDAGE.

I MIGHT be reproached with overlooking one of the most vivid, though painful, recollections of youth, if nothing appeared in these pages on a subject which, at the period that occupies us, made impressions not easily effaced from memory. Indeed, by some who remember those times, it may be considered a blot upon them, and a proof of weakness in the ruler and his minister. At no time, indeed, were the rovers from the desert more daring, or their atrocities more dreadful, than after the restoration of the pontifical government. And yet, it would be most unjust to throw on that government the blame.

Let us begin by remarking that no one has ever charged the French government, which preceded that event, with feebleness or mistaken mercy. On the contrary, the code of repression was perfectly Draconian, and it was ruthlessly carried out. The slightest connivance at or abetting of brigandism was death, summarily inflicted. To be found with a small provision of food, was capitally punished in a shepherd who guarded a flock in the solitudes of the mountains. Hence, boys have been executed, with men that had dragged them within the snares of the law, although those that accompanied them to the scaffold have assured the writer that they were innocent as infants of the crime of highway robbery. And hence, too, the poor shepherds were often in a fearful dilemma: if they saw the banditti, and did not denounce them, they suffered as abettors and accomplices; if they set the patrol on their track, they ran the risk of assassination. Sometimes a more cruel expedient was adopted. Many of that time will remember a poor peasant boy, who used to beg alms in Rome, whose tongue had been



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barbarously cut out by the roots, that he might not be able to betray to the police the passage of a robber band.

If the intense severity of the French laws, and if the unceasing pursuit of well-disciplined troops, could not put down the peculiar form of robbery known in Italian by the terms of "*crassazione*" and "*assassinio*," and yet the government that employed these means unsuccessfully has never been taxed with feebleness, why should the one which immediately succeeded it be accused of that defect? Surely the causes which made brigandage indomitable before, could not have ceased or diminished after the restoration of the pontifical government. The pressure of a military rule, which did not even affect to have anything paternal about it, was removed; and the effective army which had garrisoned all the country was withdrawn. It was only to be expected that the lawless spirit of the forest and the crag would acquire hardihood and power. It was not, in fact, till both police and soldiery had been thoroughly reörganised, that the evil was, through them, completely put down. This was only in the following pontificate.

The struggle, under such varied circumstances, between society and lawlessness, and the return of the latter to open war, after it has been repeatedly and effectually suppressed, are evidences of causes peculiar to the country, the absence of which forms security elsewhere. These will be both physical and moral. A mountainous country, for instance, will encourage a character of crime different from what will flourish in one like ours. A ridge of high mountains, almost inaccessible in parts, traversed only through deep and narrow ravines, commanded by overhanging cliffs, with one state at its feet on one side and another on the other, forms a sort of "no man's land," the chosen abode of the outlaw. If a small knot is once formed there by a daring chief, who may possibly be a volunteer, having a dash of false romance in his character, and loving a mischievous vagabond life in preference to one of honest toil, it soon swells into a band, by the successive adhesions of escaped

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or liberated convicts, runaways from pursuing justice, or mere idle scapegraces, who gradually inure themselves to deeds of blood, and become elated to something of military feeling by the terror which they inspire. Then they contrive, like Dick Turpin and others of our celebrated highwaymen, to mingle with their acts of daring some instances of generous gallantry, or polite forbearance, or even charitable kindness, which gain them sympathy among neighbours, and a character of knight-errantry among tourists. All this is bad enough, for it gives to their combats with the representatives of order a colour of chivalrous warfare, instead of the darker hue of a felon's struggle with the ministers of justice.

But worse still are the obstacles to success against them, from their favoured position. By timely warnings from secret sharers in their booty, or depraved allies, they hear, or used to hear, in time, of the approach of any armed force against them; their own scouts, from "coigns of vantage" on the cornice of a rocky battlement, or from tree-tops, gave notice of the immediate approach of danger. Surprise was rendered almost impossible; and a scrambling attack through ravines, up rugged crags, and amidst tangled brushwood, had, to regular troops from the plain, all the disadvantages and perils, without its dignity, of a guerilla combat. It cannot be denied that the conduct of the soldiers was intrepid and worthy of a better battle-field; but often when they had forced the position of a robber band, it would spring over the boundary line of another state, and there defy its baffled pursuers. This was something like the security in London, not very long ago, of delinquents and *gamins*, if they could get through Temple Bar, and thence take a serene view of the white-badged pursuivant, who stood foiled on the other side. In both cases, it was not till the convention was made between Rome and Westminster of the one side, and Naples and the City of the other side, that the police of the one might pass the boundaries of the other in pursuit of lawful game, that the robbers began to have the worst of it. The agreement between the two Italian powers took place

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in 1818, but proved insufficient. What was necessary and was resorted to later was contemporary cooperation from both sides; a sort of tiger-hunt, in which the whole jungle is netted round and the quarry hemmed in, so that no pursuit is necessary because no flight is possible.

If the reader wishes to refresh his memory on the exploits of the banditti of that period, and recall their practices and mode of life, he has only to turn to Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," where, in the third part, he gives "The Painter's Adventure" among his robber stories. In his preface he says that "the Adventure of the Young Painter among the banditti is taken almost entirely from an authentic narrative in manuscript." True: and astonished and disappointed was the poor French artist, when he found that the manuscript which he used to lend freely to his friends had been translated and published without his permission or knowledge by M. Wassinton, as he called his literary pirate. The writer had read it as a work of fiction by the amusing American tourist; for who believes the account in prefaces, of manuscripts, whether found in a *Cura's* leather trunk, or "Old Mortality's wallet," or "Master Humphrey's clock," or nowhere in particular? There was a contradiction, indeed, in calling that the adventure of a *young* painter, in which the author attributed his coolness and serenity among the robbers, to his having been "schooled to hardship during the late revolutions," that is, at the end of the last century. This might indeed easily be passed over; but it was too true for M. Chatillon, the artist, that he had passed into the stage of "the lean and slippered pantaloon," when he was taken, as he describes, from the Villa Ruffinella, in 1818, by brigands, in mistake for its owner, Prince Lucien Bonaparte. The band had seized the chaplain as he strolled in the neighbouring woods before dinner, and detained him till dusk, when they compelled him to be their guide to the house.

M. Chatillon lent his manuscript, among other neighbours, to us of the English College; and I believe we were

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the first to discover and inform him, that it was already published in English, with such alterations as made the account apocryphal; but with such a charm as would deprive the original, if printed, of all chance of success. A few years ago, after his adventure, M. Chatillon became an inmate of Lord Shrewsbury's family, where he painted many portraits of friends, likenesses, but not pictures: and the reader of that melancholy book of the day, "the Catalogue of Alton Towers," will find the name of "the young painter," M. Chatillon, appended as the label to some very moderate works of art.

Washington Irving alludes to the carrying off of what he calls "the school of Terracina." It was in fact the episcopal seminary, situated outside the city, that was invaded one night; and all its inmates were carried away,—superiors, prefects, scholars, and servants. On the road the brigands were intrepidly attacked by a single dragoon, named I think Ercoli, or Ercolani, who lost his life in the unequal contest. But it enabled some of the captives to escape and give the alarm. Others got away; the feeble were dismissed; till at last a few boys of the best families in the neighbourhood were alone retained in the mountain fastnesses. Letters were sent to their families, demanding sums of money for their ransom; the demand was complied with. The scouts of the robbers saw the bearers of it winding up the rocky path, mistook them for soldiers, and gave the alarm to the troop, saying they were betrayed. When the relations of the captives reached the summit, they found two or three innocent children strapped to trees, with their throats cut, and dead. The survivors were brought to Rome, to tell their sad tale to the good and tender-hearted Pius; and well the writer remembers seeing the poor boys still under the influence of their terror. They were retained at Rome.

But the recollections of that period furnish another event, which, earlier than this, brought nearer home the anxieties of country life, even when passed in community. It must have occurred in 1820. The English College possesses a country-

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house, deliciously situated in the village of Monte Porzio. Like most villages in the Tusculan territory, this crowns a knoll, which in this instance looks as if it had been kneaded up from the valleys beneath it; so round, so shapely, so richly bosoming does it swell upwards; and so luxuriously clothed is it with the three gifts whereby "men are multiplied,"[1] that the village and its church seem not to sit on a rocky summit, but to be half sunk into the lap of the olive, the vine, and the waving corn, that reach the very houses. While the entrance and front of this villa are upon the regular streets of the little town, the garden side stands upon the very verge of the hill-top; and the view, after plunging at once to the depths of the valley, along which runs a shady road, rises up a gentle acclivity, vine and olive clad; above, this is clasped by a belt of stately chesnuts, the bread-tree of the Italian peasant; and thence springs a round craggy mound, looking stern and defiant like what it was—the citadel of Tusculum. Upon its rocky front our students have planted a huge cross.

Such is the view which presents itself immediately opposite the spectator, if leaning over the low parapet of the English garden. The beauties to right and to left belong not to our present matter. Well, just where the vineyards touch the woods, as if to adorn both, there lies nestling what you would take to be a very neat and regular village. A row of houses, equidistant and symmetrical, united by a continuous dwarf wall, and a church with its towers in the midst, all of dazzling whiteness, offer no other suggestion. The sight certainly would deceive one; but not so the ears. There is a bell that knows no sleeping. The peasant hears it as he rises at day-break to proceed to his early toil, the vine-dresser may direct every pause for refreshment by its unfailing regularity through the day; the horseman returning home at evening uncovers himself as it rings forth the "Ave;" and the muleteer singing on the first of his string of mules, carrying wine to Rome, is glad at midnight to catch its solemn peal as it mingles with the tinkle of his own drowsy bells.

[1] Ps. iv. 8.

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Such an unceasing call to prayer and praise can be answered, not by monks nor by friars, but only by anchorites.

And to such does this sweet abode belong. A nearer approach does not belie the distant aspect. It is as neat, as regular, as clean, and as tranquil as it looks. It is truly a village divided by streets, in each of which are rows of houses exactly symmetrical. A small sitting-room, a sleeping cell, a chapel completely fitted up, in case of illness, and a wood and lumber-room, compose the cottage. This is approached by a garden, which the occupant tills, but only for flowers, assisted by his own fountain abundantly supplied. While singing None in choir, the day's only meal is deposited in a little locker within the door of the cell, for each one's solitary refection. On a few great festivals they dine together; but not even the Pope, at his frequent visits, has meat placed before him. Everything, as has been said, is scrupulously clean. The houses inside and out, the well-furnished library, the strangers' apartments (for hospitality is freely given), and still more the church, are faultless in this respect. And so are the venerable men who stand in choir, and whose noble voices sustain the church's magnificent psalmody, with unwavering slowness of intonation. They are clad in white from head to foot; their thick woollen drapery falling in large folds; and the shaven head, but flowing beard, the calm features, the downcast eyes, and often venerable aspect, make every one a picture, as solemn as Zurbaran ever painted, but without the sternness which he sometimes imparts to his recluses. They pass out of the church, to return home, all silent and unnoticing; but the guest-master will tell you who they are. I remember but a few. This is a native of Turin, who was a general in Napoleon's army, fought many battles, and has hung up his sword beside the altar, to take down in its place the sword of the spirit, and fight the good fight within. The next is an eminent musician, who has discovered the hollowness of human applause, and has unstrung his earthly harp, and taken up "the lyre of the Levite," to join his strains to those of angels. Another comes "curved like a bride's arch,"

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as Dante says, and leaning on a younger arm, as he totters forward; one whose years are ninety, of which seventy have been spent in seclusion, except a few of dispersion, but in peace: for he refuses any relaxation from his duties. Then follows a fourth, belonging to one of the noblest Roman families, who yet prefers his cottage and his lentil to the palace and the banquet.

Such was the Camaldoli, and such were its inmates, when a robber chief determined to carry them off into the mountains. The gardens, woods, and fields of the hermit-village were all enclosed with a high wall, except where the gardens looked into the valley which separated it from Monte Porzio. Over one of these walls, intended for seclusion not for defence, the wolf clomb into the peaceful fold. One by one the unsuspecting inmates were aroused from their slumber to unholy Matins; and soon found themselves assembled in front of the church, surrounded by a large band of ruffians, armed to the teeth, muttering curses and blasphemies to smother their remorse. It was the policy of these wretches to leave not one behind who might betray their deed; and all were commanded to march out of the gate, and take the steep path towards Tusculum.

Remonstrance seemed vain; but there was one sturdy lad, a farm-servant, not in the habit, who might have escaped, but would not. He had been there from boyhood, and loved the good hermits as his parents. He boldly argued with the marauders; he checked and reproved them; he insisted on the old, old men, and the infirm, being left behind; he made such hasty preparations of food as time permitted; he soothed and encouraged the more timid, and went forth with them. On the journey, he was a hand to the weak, and a foot to the weary; and feared not to expostulate with the freebooters.

Next morning, the early bell was silent; it was the clock of the neighbourhood, so the silence was ominous and inconvenient. Hour after hour went by;—was there no chaunt, no oblation, no sacred duty at Camaldoli? One may easily imagine the horror and consternation spread on every side,

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as the news travelled round, of the sacrilegious abduction of these unoffending, most respected, and most charitable men; from whose gate no poor man was ever known to depart unrelieved. The history was related by the two or three left, through necessity, behind, and by those who gradually escaped during the several days' march, or were allowed to return, as obstacles to the rapid movements soon required.

A large ransom was demanded for the few retained as hostages. It was the Government that was expected to pay it. A strong detachment of soldiers was sent instead. It overtook the brigands unprepared; volleys were fired on both sides, and in the affray all the religious escaped except one. A musket ball had broken his thigh, and he lay helpless on the ground. But the robbers were worsted, and he was saved. He belonged to the noble family of Altemps, whose palace, opposite to the church of Sant' Apollinare, was designed or decorated by Baldassare Peruzzi, and contains an apartment intact since it was occupied by St. Charles Borromeo. To this family residence he was conveyed, and there was attended for a long time, till at length cured. He was offered leave to retire from the monastic state, and remain as a priest in the world; but he declined, and returned, though to another Camaldoli.

To the sight and to the ears, our Tusculan hermitage underwent a change. The fold required better guarding. The low walls between the gardens on our side, were built up to a formidable height, and slashed with rows of loopholes, so as to be defensible by the fire-arms of secular servants. The beautiful prospect of the valley and the campagna beyond was shut up to the tenants of the border cottages; the square bit of the heavens over their gardens was all now left them. While we could see this change we could hear another. The deep bay of enormous and fierce ban-dogs echoed through the night, more unceasing than the bell. They were kept chained up all day; at night they were let loose, and woe to any one who should have presumed to ap-

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proach them without the Camaldolese habit. It was the only thing they respected. The faithful servant put it on; and often have I seen him, and spoken to him of his robber adventure, while he discharged, as an edifying lay-brother, the duties of porter.

It will be easily imagined how this daring attack upon aged and poor religious was calculated to awaken some uneasiness in a smaller ecclesiastical body, only separated by a narrow valley, and occupying a corresponding situation opposite; and moreover having the fatal reputation of being rich, and of belonging to a nation of fabulous wealth. This occurrence certainly brought the idea of danger near home; but there had been an occurrence which had brought it nearer self. On the 16th of October, 1819, being, for the first time, in the enjoyment of the delights of villeggiatura in our country-house, we made, in a considerable body, our first visit to the ruins of Tusculum. Our worthy rector was there, and of the party was the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Roman College, afterwards the Cardinal Ostini. We were immersed in the pit of the little Roman theatre, and entangled in the brambles and underwood that now cushion its seats, when suddenly there came upon the stage a party of most unexpected actors. About eighteen or twenty men made their appearance, as though they had sprung up from some secret trap, or from a cavern in the wood around us. Whether purposely, or accidentally, they hemmed us in, standing above the party. The looks of terror imprinted on the countenances of one or two of our body are not easily to be forgotten. The men had most of the external attributes by which banditti are to be recognised on and off the stage; conical hats with hawks' feathers stuck in them, jackets, leggings or sandals, gay sashes, and carbines, carried, not on the back but in the hand, with a jaunty ease that showed an amiable readiness to let them off. Every one tried to get as far away as possible; the writer was dragging through the bushes a spitefully restive *cavalcatura*, and remained last. "Are you the English College?" asked

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the chief, with a stern countenance. "No," cried out one of the strangers in our party. Now our very accent would have betrayed us, if deceit could have been thought of, even to banditti. "Yes," was the reply, from a quarter still nearer. Each rejoinder was true in the mouth of the speaker. "How many are you?" "Ten." This seemed still more ominous. But the next question left scarcely room for hope. "Have you seen the armed patrol of Frascati anywhere about?" A gasping "No" was the necessary answer. A pause of a few moments ensued. "Speak civilly to them," some one said, much in the way that Morton advised: "Speak them fair, sirs; speak them fair," when treating with Claverhouse's dragoons. But it was unnecessary. The pause was broken by the captain, saying civilly enough, "Buon giorno," and leading off his troop. The step from the sublime of terror to the ridiculous of courage was instantaneous. Of course no one had been frightened, and nobody had taken them for robbers. They were probably the patrol from some neighbouring village; for each was obliged to arm its youth, and scour the neighbouring woods. However, one had the opportunity of experiencing the feelings incident to falling among robbers with real fire-arms and imaginary fierce looks.

If this topic has been made prominent among the recollections of a memorable period, it is to show the desire to speak impartially, and not conceal blots. That immense energy was displayed by the Government to efface them, and great sacrifices were made, no one who recollects the period can fail to remember. Military law reigned in the infested districts, to this extent, that the principal banditti were condemned to death as outlaws, and their sentence published with descriptions of their persons: so that nothing more was required, when they were taken, than to identify their persons, and proceed to execution of the sentence. This was frequently done; and prices set upon their heads secured them to justice, if they descended from their haunts. It was proposed even to remove the inhabitants of districts that

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appeared incurable. Impunity was offered to such as delivered themselves up, on conditions somewhat analogous to our tickets of leave; and men used to be pointed out in Rome who had once been bandits, but were then leading a peaceful and industrious life. But there was evidently a moral obstacle to the eradication of this dreadful system of outlaw life. It becomes habitual to families and to tracts of country; where its horrors, its cruelties, and its wickedness are almost forgotten in the reckless and dashing exploits, the sure and enormous gains, and the very hair-breadth escapes that attend it. Hot blood easily leads to offence against the person; and one such crime drives its author to seek impunity, by war against the society that would justly punish him.

Let us, however, be always just. This great curse of Italy is impossible with us: we have no chains of Apennines, no rocky fastnesses, no mountain forests. But surely there have been lately here sufficient crimes, dark and cold, reaching to shedding of blood and to the heedless ruin of thousands, which may be reduced to classes, and are traceable to social and local diseases, from which Italy is exempt.

One further remark. Within these few years a system somewhat similar to that already detailed has revived; but more in the northern provinces. Again it is the fruit of a disturbance of public order, by revolution instead of by war. Again its seat is a border district, where the mountain boundary line is traced between Tuscany and the Papal States. And again this consequence of an abnormal condition is imputed to the normal; the legitimate sovereign is held responsible for the evils resulting from rebellion against him; and they who write to stimulate revolution, use as an argument in its favour, the necessity of repressing a mischief which revolution has engendered.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### CLOSE OF PIUS THE SEVENTH'S PONTIFICATE.

THE venerable Pope had nearly reached the years of Peter, which none of his successors has yet attained; though sincere is the hope in the hearts of many of us, that the charm may be broken by the ninth Pius. Twenty-four years is the term thus assigned, as the bourn which none may hope to pass; and Pius VII. had happily advanced far into his twenty-third. The sixth of July was the fourteenth anniversary of his seizure in the Quirinal palace by General Radet. On that day, in the year 1823, in the same place, the aged Pontiff, about six in the evening, being alone, rose from his chair, and leaning with one hand on the bureau before it, sought with the other a cord balustrade which went round his room. He missed it; his foot slipped, and he fell. He cried for help; his attendants rushed in and laid him on his bed. He complained of acute pain in his left side, and as soon as surgical aid was procured it was discovered that the neck of the femur was fractured—the very accident which has so lately befallen the veteran Radetzky.

For eight days the Pope was kept in ignorance of the gravity of his condition. When informed of it, he received the news with the serenity and fortitude which had distinguished him in the vicissitudes of his life. He lingered for six weeks, the object of affectionate solicitude to all Rome. A person intimately connected with our college was in the Pope's household, and brought us daily information of every variation in his health. It was while in this state of anxiety, that all Rome was startled one morning by news so melancholy, and so naturally connected with the august patient, that in ancient times it would have been considered a portent, beyond statues sweating blood in the Forum, or victims

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speaking in the temples. It was rumoured that the great basilica of St. Paul's beyond the walls was burnt down, and was already only a heap of smoking ruins.

It was too true, though it seemed hard to conceive how it was possible. The walls were of massive bricks, the pavement a patchwork of ancient inscribed marbles, the pillars of matchless Phrygian marble in the central, and of inferior marble in the lateral aisles, for it was a five-aisled church. There were no flues or fires at any time, let alone the dog-days. Like Achilles, these old churches have their one vulnerable point, though its situation is reversed. The open cedar roof, sodden dry, and scorched to a cinder, through ages of exposure, under a scanty tiling, to a burning sun, forms an unresisting prey to the destructive wantonness of a single spark. It was the usual story; plumbers had been working on that roof, and had left a pan of coals upon one of the beams. Every sort of rumour was, however, started and believed. It was confidently reported to be the work of incendiaries, and part of an atrocious plan to destroy the sacred monuments of Rome.

It was not till the afternoon that either the heat of the season or the occupations of the day permitted one to go far beyond the gates, though the sad news had penetrated into every nook of the city at sunrise. Melancholy indeed was the scene. The tottering external walls were all that was permitted to be seen, even from a respectful distance; for it was impossible to know how long they would stand. A clear space was therefore kept around, in which the skilful and intrepid fire-brigade—an admirably organised body—were using all their appliances to prevent the flames breaking out from the smouldering ruins. There, among others, was the enthusiastic Avvocato Fea, almost frantic with grief. He was not merely an antiquarian in sculptures and inscriptions, he was deeply versed in ecclesiastical history, and loved most dearly its monuments. St. Paul's was one of the most venerable and most precious of these. The very abandonment of the huge pile, standing in solitary grandeur on the banks of

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the Tyber, was one source of its value. While it had been kept in perfect repair, little or nothing had been done to modernise it and alter its primitive form and ornaments, excepting the later addition of some modern chapels above the transept; it stood naked and almost rude, but unencumbered with the lumpish and tasteless plaster, and encasement of the old basilica in a modern Berninesque church, which had disfigured the Lateran cathedral under the pretence of supporting it. It remained genuine, though bare, as St. Apollinaris in Classe at Ravenna,—the city, eminently, of unspoiled basilicas. No chapels, altars, or mural monuments softened the severity of its outlines; only the series of papal portraits, running round the upper line of the walls, redeemed this sternness. But the unbroken files of columns, along each side, carried the eye forward to the great central object, the altar and its "Confession;" while the secondary rows of pillars running behind the principal ones, gave depth and shadow, mass and solidity, to back up the noble avenue along which one glanced. Among the constant and bewildered cries of Fea was: "Save the triumphal arch!" He made light now apparently of the rest. The term is applied to the great arch, which, supported on two massive pillars, closes the nave, or rather separates it from the transept and apse beyond. Above this arch rises a wall, clothed in mosaic, now happily revived and perfected, of the Theodosian period. The triumphal arch of St. Paul's still towered nobly among the ruins, almost unscathed, as did the Gothic ciborium or marble cănopy over the altar. On the face of the arch remained the majestic figure of our Lord in glory; and round it a metrical inscription, in which the Empress Galla Placida recounted how, assisted by the great Pontiff Leo, she had finished the decorations of the church built by preceding emperors.

This mosaic was, in some sort, the very title-deed of the modern church, its evidence of identity with the imperial basilica. To preserve it just where it had stood for 1400 years would be almost to annul the effects of the conflagra-

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tion: it would make the new edifice a continuation of the old. This was attended to. One of the first steps taken was carefully to remove all that remained of the ancient mosaic, by the skilful hands of the Vatican workmen in that exquisite art; and one of the last was to restore it to its place over the rebuilt arch.

To return, not a word was spoken to the sick Pontiff on this dreadful calamity. At St. Paul's he had lived as a quiet monk, engaged in study and in teaching, and he loved the place with the force of an early attachment. It would have added a mental pang to his bodily sufferings, to learn the total destruction of that venerable sanctuary, in which he had drawn down, by prayer, the blessings of heaven on his youthful labour.

In this happy ignorance the revered patient lingered on. To reunite the fractured bone, at his age, was beyond the power of surgery; his feebleness increased, and he seemed to be slowly sinking; when, on the 16th of August, more active symptoms supervened, especially delirium. On the following day, the Holy Pontiff expressed his desire to receive the Viaticum, and it was administered to him by Cardinal Bertazzoli. Thus strengthened with the Bread of Angels, he awaited calmly his end. On the nineteenth he received Extreme Unction, and orders were sent to all the churches to recite in every Mass, the prayer "for the Pontiff at the point of death." While it was being said all through Rome, on the following morning, the venerable man closed his glorious pontificate, and fell asleep in the Lord.

Providence had given him in the latter years of his pontificate many soothing and cheering compensations. In 1819 the Emperor and Empress of Austria, with their daughter, visited Rome, attended by a numerous and brilliant suite. It was not an *incognito* affair: they came in their own imperial character; and right imperially were they received and treated. Without disturbing the Pope or his court, a splendid suite of apartments was prepared for the imperial party in the Quirinal Palace, and furnished in a style which strongly con-

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trasted with the severity of pontifical dwellings. Among the recollections of the period, there rise, distinct and vivid, the public *fêtes* given in honour of these illustrious guests. The King of Prussia visited Rome in 1822 in a more private manner, and afforded us an opportunity of seeing the Nestor of science, Humboldt. But in Rome, at that time, one became familiar with royal lineaments. The King of Naples visited it in 1821. King Charles IV. of Spain and his Queen had chosen Rome for their abode: in 1819 he went to Naples, to recruit his health, and there died, while she remained at home, sickened too and died. Neither ever learnt any news, on this side of the grave, of the other's illness or death. Charles Emanuel IV. of Savoy had also retired to Rome, old and blind. I can well remember seeing him kneeling before the altar of Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Day, feeble and supported by two attendants. This was on my first Christmas in Rome: he died the following year. Our own banished Queen sought refuge there for a time;[1] and it must have been a consolation to the meek and unresentful Pius to see his capital afford a shelter to the proscribed family of the Emperor from whom he had so much suffered. They were allowed to have their palaces, their estates, their titles, and their position, not only unmolested, but fully recognised. And no one surely lived more respected, or died more regretted, than the Princess Lætitia, the Emperor's honoured mother. This is truly a noble prerogative of Rome, to be the neutral territory on which the representatives of rival and even hostile royal houses may meet in peace, and with dignity; a place where enmities are forgotten, and injuries buried in oblivion.

And, in the same manner, one who resides at Rome may

[1] While there, a speech is attributed to her, which even those who will not consider it irreverent, will think undignified. She there heard that her name had been struck out of the prayers in the national liturgy, and remarked: "They have prayed a long time for me as Princess of Wales, and I am no better for it; perhaps now that they have given up praying for me, I may improve."—*MS. Journal.*



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hope to see many men celebrated for their genius or their industry, in every department of literature and science, as well as art. Several of these have been mentioned, to whom others might be added, either residents in Rome, or passing visitors of its treasures.

But far beyond all these extraneous glories, which shed an ennobling splendour round the old age and waning pontificate of Pius VII., was the steady and unvarying love and veneration of his subjects. Not a murmur jarred upon his ear, among the benedictions daily wished him, and returned by him with fatherly tenderness to all. One may doubt if there be an instance in history, where the judgment of posterity is less likely to reverse the verdict of contemporaries.

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# Part the Second.

# LEO THE TWELFTH.

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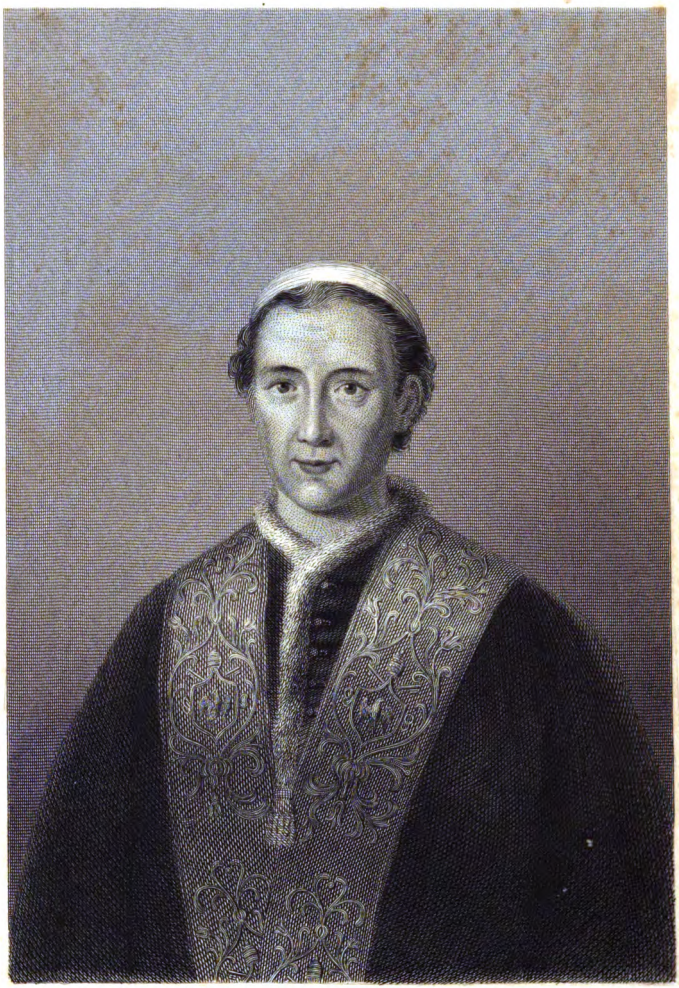

LEO XII.

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# LEO THE TWELFTH.

## CHAPTER I.

### HIS ELECTION.

THE interval between the close of one pontificate and the commencement of another is a period of some excitement, and necessarily of much anxiety. I remember being at Paris when Louis XVIII. died, and Charles X. succeeded to him. Chateaubriand published a pamphlet with the title, "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi." There is no interregnum in successive monarchy: and that title to a book consists of words uttered by some marshal or herald, at the close of the royal funeral, as he first points with his bâton into the vault, and then raises it into the air.

But in elective monarchy, and in the only one surviving in Europe, there is of course a period of provisional arrangements, foreseen and pre-disposed. Time is required for the electors to assemble, from distant provinces, or even foreign countries; and this is occupied in paying the last tribute of respect and affection to the departed Pontiff. His body is embalmed, clothed in the robes of his office, of the penitential colour, and laid on a couch of state within one of the chapels in St. Peter's, so that the faithful may not only see it, but kiss its feet. This last act of reverence to the mortal remains of the immortal Pius, the writer well recollects performing.

These preliminaries occupy three days: during which rises, as if by magic, or from the crypts below, an immense

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catafalque, a colossal architectural structure, which fills the nave of that basilica, illustrated by inscriptions, and adorned by statuary. Before this huge monument, for nine days, funeral rites are performed, closed by a funeral oration. For the body of the last Pope there is a uniform resting-place in St. Peter's,—a plain sarcophagus, of marbled stucco, hardly noticed by the traveller, over a door beside the choir, on which is simply painted the title of the latest Pontiff. On the death of his successor it is broken down at the top, the coffin is removed to the under-church, and that of the new claimant for repose is substituted. This change takes place late in the evening, and is considered private. I cannot recollect whether it was on this or on a subsequent occasion that I witnessed it, with my college companions.

In the afternoon of the last day of the novendiali, as they are called, the cardinals assemble in a church near the Quirinal palace, and walk thence in procession, accompanied by their conclavisti, a secretary, a chaplain, and a servant or two, to the great gate of that royal residence, in which one will remain as master and supreme lord. Of course the hill is crowded by persons lining the avenue kept open for the procession. Cardinals never before seen by them, or not for many years, pass before them; eager eyes scan and measure them, and try to conjecture, from fancied omens in eye, or figure, or expression, who will shortly be the sovereign of their fair city, and, what is much more, the Head of the Catholic Church from the rising to the setting sun. Equal they pass the threshold of that gate: they share together the supreme rule, temporal and spiritual: there is still embosomed in them all the voice yet silent, that soon will sound, from one tongue, over all the world, and the dormant germ of that authority which will soon again be concentrated in one man alone. To-day they are all equal; perhaps to-morrow one will sit enthroned, and all the rest will kiss his feet; one will be sovereign, the others his subjects; one the shepherd, and the others his flock.

This is a singular and a deeply interesting moment; a

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scene not easily forgotten. There pass before us men of striking figure, and of regal aspect. There is the great statesman of whom we have spoken, somewhat bowed by grief and infirmity, yet still retaining his brilliant gaze. There is the courteous, yet intrepid, Pacca; tall and erect, with a bland look that covers a sterling and high-principled heart: there, with snow-white head, and less firm step than his companion, is the truly venerable and saintly De Gregorio, lately a prisoner for his fidelity: Galeffi, less intellectual in features, but with a calm genial look that makes him a general favourite: Opizzoni, already and till lately Archbishop of Bologna, who had boldly asserted the claims of papal, over those of imperial, authority, in a manner that had gained him imprisonment; beloved and venerated by his flock, admired at Rome, dignified and amiable in look. Many others were there whose names have not remained inscribed so deeply in the annals of the time, or retained their hold on the memory of its survivors. But there was one who no doubt entered as he came out, without a flutter of anxiety, when he faced the gate on either side. This was Odescalchi, young still, most noble in rank and in heart, with saintliness marked in his countenance, and probably meditating already his retreat from dignity and office, and the exchange of the purple robe for the novice's black gown. Many who preferred holiness to every other qualification, looked on his modest features with hope, perhaps, that they might soon glow beneath the ponderous tiara. But God has said, "Look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature. Nor do I judge according to the look of men; for man seeth the things that appear, but the Lord beholdeth the heart."[1]

Perhaps not a single person there present noticed one in that procession, tall and emaciated, weak in his gait, and pallid in countenance, as if he had just risen from a bed of sickness to pass within to that of death. Yet he was one holding not only a high rank, but an important office, and

[1] 1 Reg. xvi. 7.

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necessarily active amidst the population of Rome. For he was its Cardinal Vicar, exercising the functions of Ordinary. Nevertheless, to most he was a stranger: the constant drain of an exhausting complaint not only made him look bloodless, but confined him great part of the year to his chamber and his bed. Only once before had the writer seen him, on a day and in a place memorable to him,—St. Stephen's feast, in the Papal chapel, in 1819.

Such was Cardinal Hannibal della Genga, whom a higher election than that of man's will had destined to fill the Pontifical throne.

His previous history may be briefly told. He was the sixth of ten children of Count Hilary della Genga, and Mary Louisa Periberti, and was born at the family seat of Della Genga, August the 20th, 1760. He received his early education in a College at Osimo, from which he passed to one established in Rome for natives of the province whose name it bore, the *Collegio Piceno*. Thence, having embraced the ecclesiastical state, he entered the *Academia Ecclesiastica*, an establishment already mentioned in the third chapter of our first book. The celebrated Cardinal Gerdil ordained him priest, on the 4th of June, 1783.

Pope Pius VI., visiting the house, and struck with his appearance, his manner, and the quickness of mind perceptible in his conversation, shortly took him into his household. In 1793, notwithstanding his youth and his strong remonstrances, he was consecrated Archbishop of Tyre, by Cardinal de York, in the cathedral of Frascati; and sent as nuncio to Lucerne, whence in the following year he went to succeed the illustrious Pacca, in the more important nunciature of Cologne.

In 1805, he became the subject of a grave contest between the Holy See and Napoleon. For the Pope named him extraordinary envoy to the German Diet, and the Emperor wished the Bishop of Orleans to be appointed. The Pope prevailed, and ordered the return of Monsignor Della Genga to Germany. He resided at Munich, and was there

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universally esteemed. In 1808, he was in Paris, engaged in diplomatic affairs on behalf of his sovereign; and, having witnessed, on returning to Rome, the treatment which he was receiving from his enemies, he retired to the abbey of Monticelli, which he held *in commendam*, and there devoted himself, as he thought for life, to the instruction of a choir of children, and the cultivation of music.

He was drawn from his obscurity at the restoration, and deputed to present to Louis XVIII., at Paris, the Pope's letter of congratulation. This circumstance led to differences between him and Cardinal Consalvi, nobly repaired on both sides, when the one had mounted the throne. But Della Genga returned from his mission of courtesy, with a health so shattered, and an appearance so altered, that people almost fled from him, and he thought seriously of once more returning to his abbey, where he had before prepared his sepulchre, and secured its personal fit, by lying stretched in its narrow cell.

However, in 1816, he was raised to the purple, and named Bishop of Sinigaglia. In 1820, he was appointed Vicar of Rome, and discharged the duties of his office with exemplary exactness, zeal, and prudence, till he occupied that highest place of which he had been the deputy.[1]

While we have been thus sketching, hastily and imperfectly, one of many who passed almost unnoticed in the solemn procession to conclave,[2] on the 2nd of September, 1823, we may suppose the doors to have been inexorably closed on those who composed it. The conclave, which formerly used to take place in the Vatican, was on this occasion, and has been subsequently, held in the Quirinal palace. This noble building, known equally by the name of Monte Cavallo, consists of a

[1] These details of Leo XII.'s earlier life are condensed from the "Histoire du Pape Léon XII.," by the Chevalier Artaud de Montor. 2 vols.

[2] English writers commit a common error by speaking of "the conclave," as meaning the body of cardinals assembled, on any occasion. The word is only applied to them when "locked up together," for election of the Pope. When assembled by him, they compose "a Consistory."

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large quadrangle, round which run the papal apartments. From this stretches out, along a whole street, an immense wing, its two upper floors divided into a great number of small but complete suites of apartments, occupied permanently, or occasionally, by persons attached to the Court.

During conclave these are allotted, literally so, to the cardinals, each of whom lives apart, with his attendants. His food is brought daily from his own house, and is examined, and delivered to him in the shape of "broken victuals," by the watchful guardians of the *turns* and lattices, through which alone anything, even conversation, can penetrate into the seclusion of that sacred retreat. For a few hours, the first evening, the doors are left open, and the nobility, the diplomatic body, and in fact all presentable persons, may roam from cell to cell, paying a brief compliment to their occupants, perhaps speaking the same good wishes to fifty, which they know can be accomplished in only one. After that all is closed; a wicket is left accessible for the entrance of any cardinal who is not yet arrived; but every aperture is jealously guarded by faithful janitors, judges and prelates of various tribunals, who relieve one another. Every letter even is opened and read, that no communications may be held with the outer world. The very street on which the wing of the conclave looks is barricaded and guarded by a picquet at each end; and as, fortunately, there are no private residences opposite, and all the buildings have access from the back, no inconvenience is thereby created.

While conclave lasts, the administrative power rests in the hands of the Cardinal Chamberlain, who strikes his own coins during its continuance; and he is assisted by three cardinals, called the "Heads of Orders," because they represent the three orders in the sacred college, of bishops, priests, and deacons. The ambassadors of the great powers receive fresh credentials to the conclave, and proceed in state, to present them to this delegation, at the *grille*. An address, carefully prepared, is delivered by the envoy, and receives a well-pondered reply from the presiding cardinal.

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In the mean time, within, and unseen from without, *fervet opus*. That human feelings, and even human passions, may find their way into the most guarded sanctuaries, we all know too well. But the history of conclaves is far from justifying the estimate made of them by many prejudiced writers. There will indeed be, at all times, diversities of opinion on matters of ecclesiastical and civil polity. For, in the former, there will be some who conscientiously desire things to be ruled with a strong hand, and corrected by severe measures, while others will be in favour of a more gentle pressure, and a gradual reform. Some will be inclined to yield more to the demands of the temporal power, and so prevent violent collisions; others will think it safer to resist every smaller encroachment that may lead to greater usurpations. It may even happen that a politico-ecclesiastical cause of division exists. These may consider Austria as the truest friend of religion, and best defender of the Church; while those may look on France as most earnest and powerful in attachment to the faith.

And it must, indeed, be further observed, that the election is of a prince as well as of a pontiff, and that serious diversities of opinion may be held, relative to the civil policy most conducive to the welfare of subjects and the peace even of the world.

Thus, upon the three great divisions of papal rule, the purely ecclesiastical, the purely civil, and the mixed, there may be held, by men of most upright sentiments and desires, opinions widely different; and when choice must be made of one who has to work out his own principles, it is most natural that each elector will desire them to be in harmony with his own. But it is equally in conformity with ordinary social laws, that, in spite of personal peculiarities of ideas, men should combine in the unity of certain general principles; and that some individuals, more energetic or more ardent than others, should become the representatives and leaders of all consentient with them, and so come to be reputed heads of parties, or even their creators.

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Such divisions in opinion will be more deeply marked, and more inevitably adopted, after violent agitations and great changes, such as had distinguished the pontificate of Pius. The Church and the State had needed almost to be reorganised, after such devastation as had completely swept away the ancient landmarks. New kingdoms had arisen which literally effaced the outlines of old ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and even what before had been a Catholic state had come under Protestant dominion. Conventual life and property had been annihilated in most of Europe; canon law had been abolished, church endowments had been confiscated; civil codes had been introduced at variance with ecclesiastical jurisprudence; the authority of bishops had been deprived of all means of enforcing its decrees; in fine, a state of things had been produced totally different from what the Catholic world had ever before seen.

Many still alive remembered well the epoch antecedent to these changes, and formed living links with what had been, and what was justly considered, the healthy condition of the Church. They deplored the alteration; and they believed that too much had been conceded to the changeable spirit of the times. This would be enough to form a serious and most deeply conscientious party, in the highest and best sense of the word. Others might just as conscientiously believe that prudence and charity had guided every portion of the late policy, and wish it to be continued under the same guidance. Without exaggeration, we may allow such conflicts of principle to have swayed the minds of many who entered the conclave of 1823; while there were others who had espoused no decided views, but had simply at heart the greatest general good, and reserved their final judgment to the period when they must authoritatively pronounce it. From such a condition of things it may happen that a papal election will appear like a compromise. The extreme views on either side must be softened; the intermediate party will do this. Two-thirds of the votes are required for a valid election. If this proportion could be commanded by

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one section, it would cease to be a party, and, therefore, where different opinions divide the body, a moderate view, more or less conciliatory, will prevail after a time; and the choice will probably fall on one who has lost the confidence of none, but who has not taken a prominent part in public affairs.

Such was, perhaps, the case in the election of Leo. That of the reigning Pontiff is an instance of unanimity and promptness almost without a parallel.

It is not to the purpose of this volume to describe the manner in which the business of the conclave is carried on. Suffice it to say, that twice a day the cardinals meet in the chapel contained within the palace, and there, on tickets so arranged that the voter's name cannot be seen, write the name of him for whom they give their suffrage. These papers are examined in their presence, and if the number of votes given to any one do not constitute the majority, they are burnt, in such a manner that the smoke, issuing through a flue, is visible to the crowd usually assembled in the square outside. Some day, instead of this usual signal to disperse, the sound of pick and hammer is heard, and a small opening is seen in the wall which had temporarily blocked up the great window over the palace gateway. At last the masons of the conclave have opened a rude door, through which steps out on the balcony the first Cardinal Deacon, and proclaims to the many, or to the few, who may happen to be waiting, that they again possess a sovereign and a Pontiff. On the occasion of which we treat, the announcement ran as follows:—

"I give you tidings of great joy; we have as Pope the most eminent and reverend Lord, Hannibal Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church Della Genga, Priest of the title of St. Mary's beyond the Tiber, who has assumed the name of Leo XII." [1]

[1] Although it is a well-known fact that a Pope on his accession takes a new name, by usage one already in the catalogue of his predecessors, it is not so generally known that, in the signature to the originals of Bulls, he retains his previous Christian name. Thus Leo XII. would continue to sign

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The news flew like electricity through the city, almost as quickly as the cannon's roar proclaimed it. This was on the 28th of September, after a short conclave of twenty-five days.

On the 5th of October the imposing ceremony of Leo's coronation took place. For the first time I then witnessed pontifical High Mass in St. Peter's. All was new: the ceremony, the circumstances, the person. As has been before observed, the infirmities of Pius VII. had prevented him from officiating solemnly; so that many of us who had already passed several years in Rome had not witnessed the grandest of pontifical functions. But strange to say, though some of our body had shortly before received in his private oratory holy orders from his hands, as I had not enjoyed that privilege, the countenance, from which later I had to receive so many benign looks, was all but new to me. And the peculiar moment in which he stands painted, clear as an old picture, in my memory, was one which can be passed once only in each pontificate. As the procession was slowly advancing towards the high altar of the Vatican basilica, it suddenly paused; and I was but a few feet from the chair of state, on which, for the first time, the Pontiff was borne. No other court could present so grand and so overpowering a spectacle. In the very centre of the sublimest building on earth, there stood around a circle of officers, nobles, princes, and ambassadors in their dazzling costumes; and within them the highest dignitaries of religion on earth, bishops and patriarchs of the western and of the eastern Church; with the sacred college in their embroidered robes, crowned by heads which an artist might have rejoiced to study, and which claimed reverence from every beholder. But above them, on his throne, was he whom they had raised there, in spite of tears and remonstrances. Surely, if a life of severe discipline, of constant suffering, and of long seclusion had

himself as "Hannibal," and the present Pope signs "John" at the foot of the most important ecclesiastical documents. The form is, "Placet Joannes."

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not sufficed to extinguish ambition in his breast, his present position was calculated to arouse it. If ever in his life there could be an instant of fierce temptation to self-applause, this might be considered the one.

And wherefore this pause in the triumphant procession towards the altar over the Apostles' tomb, and to the throne beyond it? It is to check the rising of any such feeling if it present itself, and to secure an antidote to any sweet draught which humanity may offer; that so the altar may be approached in humility, and the throne occupied in meekness. A clerk of the papal chapel holds up right before him a reed, surmounted by a handful of flax. This is lighted: it flashes up for a moment, dies out at once, and its thin ashes fall at the Pontiff's feet, as the chaplain, in a bold sonorous voice, chaunts aloud: "*Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*" "Holy Father, thus passeth away the world's glory!" Three times is this impressive rite performed in that procession, as though to counteract the earthly influences of a triple crown.

The Pope, pale and languid, seemed to bend his head, not in acquiescence merely, but as though in testimony to that solemn declaration; like one who could already give it the evidence of experience. His eye was soft and tender, moist indeed and glowing with spiritual emotion. He looked upon that passing flash as on a symbol which he deeply felt, as on the history of a whole pontificate—of his own—not long to read. But the calm serenity with which he seemed to peruse it, the sincere acceptance of the lesson stamped upon his features, allowed no suspicion of an inward feeling that required the warning. It seemed in most perfect harmony with his inmost thoughts.

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## CHAPTER II.

### CHARACTER AND POLICY OF LEO THE TWELFTH.

Years of suffering, by lowering illness, had robbed the Pope, already in his sixty-fourth year, of many graces which adorned his earlier life. He appeared feeble and fatigued; his features, never strongly marked, wore upon them a sallow tinge, though the marks of age were not deeply engraven on them. His eye, however, and his voice, compensated for all. There was a softness and yet a penetration in the first, which gained at sight affection and excited awe: which invited you to speak familiarly, yet checked any impulse to become unguarded. And his voice was courteously bland and winning; he spoke without excitement, gently, deliberately, and yet flowingly. One might hear him make severe remarks on what had been wrong, but never in an impetuous way, nor with an irritated tone.

On the occasion alluded to at the close of last chapter, that look which had been fixed with a mild earnest gaze upon the "smoking flax" swept over the crowd, as the procession moved on; and I should doubt if one eye which it met did not droop its lid in reverence, or feel dim before the brighter fire that beamed on it. This at least was the impression which actual experience in that moment suggested.

But besides these pleasing characteristics, there was another, which admirably became his exalted position. This was a peculiar dignity and gracefulness, natural and simple, in his movements, especially in ecclesiastical functions. Being tall in person, the ample folds, and even somewhat protracted length, of the pontifical robes gave grandeur to his figure, though his head might have been considered small; he stood conspicuous among his attendants; and he

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moved with ease, and yet with stateliness, from place to place. And then his countenance glowed with a fervent look of deep devotion, as though his entire being were immersed in the solemn rite on which he was intent, and saw, and heard, and felt nought else.

There were two portions of the sacred function to which I have alluded, that displayed these two gifts, differing immeasurably as they do in quality, but most admirably harmonising when combined. The first of these acts was the communion at that his first pontifical celebration, and the first ever witnessed by many. It is not easy to describe to one who has never witnessed it, this touching and overawing ceremonial. The person who has once seen it with attention and intelligence needs no description, he can never forget it.

In St. Peter's, as in all ancient churches, the high altar stands in the centre, so as to form the point from which nave, aisle, and chancel radiate or branch. Moreover, the altar has its face to the chancel, and its back to the front door of the church. Consequently the choir is before the altar, though, according to modern arrangements, it would look behind it. The papal throne is erected opposite the altar, that is, it forms the furthest point in the sanctuary or choir. Ample and lofty, it is ascended by several steps, on which are grouped, or seated, the Pontiff's attendants. On either side, wide apart, at nearly the breadth of the nave, are benches on which assist the orders of cardinals, bishops, and priests on one side, and deacons on the other, with bishops and prelates behind them; and then between them and the altar two lines of the splendid noble guard, forming a hedge to multitudes as varied in class and clan as were the visitors at Jerusalem, at the first Christian Whitsuntide. Then beyond rises truly grand the altar, surmounted by its sumptuous canopy, which at any other time would lead the eye upwards to the interior of St. Peter's peerless crown; the dome hanging, as if from heaven, over his tomb. But not now. At the moment to which we are alluding, it is the altar which rivets, which concentrates, all attention. On



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its highest step, turned towards the people, has just stood the Pontiff, supported and surrounded by his ministers, whose widening ranks descended to the lowest step, forming a pyramid of rich and varied materials, but moving, living, and acting, with unstudied ease. Now in a moment it is deserted. The High Priest, with all his attendants, has retired to his throne; and the altar stands in its noble simplicity, apparently abandoned by its dignified servants. And yet it is still the object of all reverence. There is something greater there than all that has just left it. Towards it all look; towards it all bend, or kneel, and worship. There stand upon it, alone, the consecrated elements, on the paten and in the chalice. The sovereign Pontiff himself is nothing in their presence: he is a man, dust and ashes, there, in the presence of his Lord and Maker.

The Cardinal Deacon advances to the front of the altar, takes thence the paten, elevates it, and then deposits it on a rich veil hung round the neck of the kneeling Sub-deacon, who bears it to the throne. Then he himself elevates, turning from side to side, the jewelled chalice; and descending the steps of the altar, slowly and solemnly bears it, raised on high, along the space between altar and throne. A crash is heard of swords lowered to the ground, and their scabbards ringing on the marble pavement, as the guards fall on one knee, and the multitudes bow down in humble adoration of Him whom they believe to be passing by.

But at this first celebration, and coronation of the new Pope, there was a circumstance connected with this part of the function, that gave it, in the eyes of many, a special interest. The first Cardinal Deacon, to whom of right it belonged to assist the Pontiff in his function, was the ex-minister Consalvi. People who were unable to estimate a strength of character formed by better than worldly principles, were keenly alive to this singular coïncidence. It was sufficiently known that the two had not agreed on important matters; it was confidently reported that Consalvi had opposed the election of Leo; it had been said, that before then,

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at the Restoration in France, sharp words had been addressed by the powerful minister to the prelate Della Genga; and the public, or the world, or whatever it is called, took it for granted that angry and even resentful passions must rankle in the hearts of both, and could not be concealed, even near the altar which represented the Calvary of reconciliation. The one considered by the common mind to have been trampled under foot, borne on the chair of triumph; he who had humbled him walking by him as his deacon,—what Lawrence was to Xystus;—surely this was a position trying to human infirmity in both. No doubt it would have been easy, had this been the feeling on either side, to have escaped from such mutual pain.

As it was, we are told by the biographer of Leo, who moved in a very different sphere from mine—in the diplomatic circle—that keen eyes and observant minds were bent upon the Pontiff and his deacon, to trace some, even casual, look of exultation, or of humiliation, in their respective countenances; but in vain. Even if they would have "suffered anything human" at another time, each felt himself now engaged in the service of a higher Master, and held his soul in full allegiance to it. Without retaining the slightest recollection of having for an instant looked at the sublime action of that moment with any such profane thoughts, memory faithfully represents its picture. Calm, dignified, and devout, abstracted from the cares of public life, forgetful of the world in which he had moved, and utterly unconscious of the gazing thousands of eyes around him, advanced the aged minister, now the simple deacon, with steady unfaltering step and graceful movement. The man whom kings and emperors had honoured with friendship; from esteem for whom the haughty and selfish George of England had broken through all the bonds of premunire and penal statutes, and the vile etiquettes of 300 years, by writing to him; who had glided amidst the crowds of courts unflurried and admired; now shorn of power and highest office, is just as much at home in his dalmatic at the altar, and moves along

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unembarrassed in his clerical ministry, with countenance and gait as becoming his place as though he had never occupied another. Many a one who had thought that Consalvi's natural post was the congress-hall of Vienna, or the banquet-room of Carlton House, would see in that hour that the sanctuary of St. Peter's was as completely his home. He looked, he moved, he lived that day, as those who loved him could have wished; just as one would himself desire to do on the last day of his public religious appearance.

But the Pope himself, as he first rose, and then knelt at the Deacon's approach, must have defied the sharpest eye that sought in his a gleam of human feeling. Deep and all-absorbing devotion imparted a glow to his pale features; and, however his person might be surrounded by civil pomp and religious magnificence, it was clear that his spirit was conscious of only one single Presence, and stood as much alone as Moses could be said to be, with One other only besides himself, on Sinai. From the hand of his humble minister he received the cup of holiest love; their cheeks met in the embrace of peace; the servant too partook, as is prescribed in the pontifical Mass, from the same chalice as the master. Who can believe that, in that hour, they were not together in most blessed union?

After this, the new Pontiff was borne to the *loggia*, or balcony, above the door of St. Peter's, and the triple crown was placed upon his head by the first Cardinal Deacon, the aged Albani. He then stood up to give his first solemn benediction to the multitudes assembled below. As he rose from his chair to his full height, raised his eyes, and extended his arms, then, joining his hands, stretched forth his right hand and blessed, nothing could exceed the beauty and nobleness of every motion and of every act. Earnest and from the heart, paternal and royal at once, seemed that action which indeed was far more; for every Catholic there—and there were few else—received it as the first exercise, in his favour, of vicarial power from Him whose hands alone essentially contain "benediction and glory, honour and power."

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The promises of the new reign were bright and spring-like. If the Pope had not taken any part in public affairs, if his health had kept him even out of sight, during previous years, he now displayed an intelligence, and an activity, which bade fair to make his pontificate one of great celebrity. But he had scarcely entered on its duties, when all the ailments of his shattered constitution assailed him with increased fury, and threatened to cut short at once all his hopeful beginnings. Early in December he was so ill as to suspend audiences; before the end he was considered past recovery. In the course of January, 1824, he began to rally, against all hope. On the 26th of that month, I find the following entry in the journal before me:—"I had my first audience of Leo XII. He was ill in bed, as pale as a corpse, and much thinner than last year, but cheerful and conversable. . . . . I said, 'I am a foreigner, who came here at the call of Pius VII., six years ago; . . . . my first patrons, Pius VII., Cardinals Litta, De Pietro, Fontana, and now Consalvi, are dead.' (Here the Pope hung down his head, shut his eyes, and put his hand on his breast with a sigh.) 'I therefore recommend myself to your Holiness's protection, and hope you will be a father to me, at this distance from my country.' He said he would," &c.

All Rome attributed the unexpected recovery to the prayers of a saintly bishop, who was sent for, at the Pope's request, from his distant see of Macerata. This was Monsignor Strambi, of the Congregation of the Passion. He came immediately, saw the Pope, assured him of his recovery, as he had offered up to Heaven his own valueless life in exchange for one so precious. It did indeed seem as if he had transfused his own vitality into the Pope's languid frame. He himself died the next day, the 31st of December, and the Pontiff rose, like one from the grave.

As he recovered, his character and his policy gradually developed themselves. In the first a great simplicity, in the second an active spirit of reform, were manifested. Of the first quality, as exhibited in his personal habits, there will be

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a better opportunity to say a few words. But it showed itself in other ways. His reign, even taking into account its brief duration, will appear less distinguished than those of his predecessors, or successors, from the want of great public works. This, however, is at least partly due to the quality just mentioned in his character.

A peculiar feature in monumental Rome is the chronicle which it bears on itself of its own history. Sometimes the foreigner is pleased to smile, or to snarl, as his temper may lead, at what he considers a pompous inscription on a trumpery piece of work: a marble slab, in a ponderous frame, to commemorate a spur or buttress in brick, reared against an ancient monument. And yet, in several ways, this has its uses. It is a traditional custom, which offers many advantages. How do we trace out the history of an ancient edifice so well as by the inscriptions found in, or near, its ruins, which preserve the names of its restorers, or of those who added a portico or fresh decorations? How do we recover its form and architecture so accurately, as from a medal on which it has been represented, by the Emperor, or family, that built, or repaired, or embellished it? How, again, should we trace out the dark history of mediæval monuments, their destruction by time or by fire, without the rude verses and cramped tablets that run along them, or hang upon them? And indeed little should we have known of catacomb life and story, had the early Christians been less talkative in marble, and disdained to scratch the names of the dead and the feelings of the living on plaster or stone.

It is, therefore, the tradition of Rome to transmit "sermons in stone;" and as we are now thankful for the annals thus handed down to us from ancient times, let us be glad likewise that recent epochs have prepared similar advantages for remote posterity. The style, too, of such inscriptions follows the variations of taste, as decidedly as do the monuments on which they are carved. They are, in fact, themselves artistic monuments. It saves, moreover, much trouble to the visitor of a great city to see at once, written in large

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capitals upon the front of each lofty building, its name, age, founder, and use. He cannot mistake an hospital for the war office, nor an exchange for a court of justice. He learns to what saints a church is dedicated; and, if it possess an historical name, he at once seizes it.

Were London ever again to become a ruin, a few fragments of plaster might disclose the whereabouts of a dissenting chapel; and a queer old tablet might tell of some humble almshouses, founded by an eminent merchant. The remaining inscriptions would be the debris of shop-fronts and *facias* (whatever that means); with a few brass plates bearing the names of a dentist or a drawing-master; or, what Lord Macaulay's sketchy New-Zealander might consider a leave for admission to some congenial fancy sports of cudgel or fist,—"Knock and Ring."

But, whether the practice be good or bad, Leo XII. certainly did not adopt it. It was generally understood that he would not allow his name to be placed on any of his works. It was even said that, having visited some machinery on the roof of St. Peter's for raising water thither, and being shown by Galeffi, the Cardinal archpriest of the church, an inscription recording that it was done in his pontificate, he desired it to be removed.

Some great works, indeed, were undertaken in his reign, but not finished; so that the glory which mankind usually awards to success is associated with other names. Yet should he be denied the merit of having commenced them? and after all, the daring required to plan and begin on a noble scale contains in it, or rather is, the germ of the untiring patience required to accomplish. One of these vast enterprises was the rebuilding of the great Ostian basilica, consumed by fire in the last days of his predecessor. It was soon discovered that no single portion of the edifice was secure, that not a fragment of wall could be allowed to stand. Many were for merely covering the centre altar and tomb with a moderately-sized church, and leaving the ample nave to be a Palmyra in the wilderness. But the Holy Father took a more

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generous view. In spite of an exhausted treasury, and of evil times, he resolved to begin the work of reconstruction on the original scale of the immense edifice which bore the name, in golden mosaic, of his holy patron, St. Leo the Great. He appealed, indeed, to the charity of the faithful throughout the world, and he was generously answered. But the sums thus collected scarcely sufficed for preliminary expenses:[1] those who, like myself, can remember the endless shoring up and supporting of every part of the fire-eaten walls, and the magnificent scaffolding that for strength would have borne an army, and for ease and security of access would not have imperilled a child, can easily imagine what treasures were spent before a stone was laid upon the ground. But, in the mean time, the crow-bar and the mine were dislodging huge masses from Alpine quarries—the blocks of granite which were to form the monolith shafts of the giant columns for the nave and aisles in all four rows, besides the two, still more colossal, which the Emperor of Austria gave to support the triumphal arch leading to the sanctuary. Each, when shaped on the mountain-side, had to be carried down to the sea, embarked in a vessel of special construction, brought round Sicily into the Tiber, and landed in front of the church. But what the subscriptions, however generous, did not reach, the munificence of succeeding pontiffs has amply supplied. The work is now finished, or nearly so; and the collections that were made form but a very secondary item in the budget of its execution.

Another great and useful work, not fully completed till the reign of his second successor, was the repression of the ravages committed by the Anio at Tivoli. That beautiful river, which every traveller eagerly visits, to admire it, not in tranquil course, but as broken and dashed to pieces in successive waterfalls, used to gain its celebrity at the expense of the comfort and prosperity of the town through which it rushed. The "*præceps* Anio" often forgot its propriety, and refused to do as Thames was bid, "always keep between

[1] Fr. 1,600,000.

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its banks." As it pushed headlong toward the spot where the traveller expected it, in the Sibyl's cave, boiling and torturing itself with deafening roar, it would at times swell and burst its bounds, sweeping away the houses that bordered it, with road, wall, and bridge, not only hurling them below, but bearing them into a huge chasm, in which it buried itself under-ground. In the mean time, above the deep cold dell into which you dive to see these mysteries of Anio's urn, towers, like a pinnacle projected on the deep blue sky, the graceful temple of the Sibyl; raised high on a pedestal of sharply cut rock, and seated as on a throne of velvet verdure; —that most exquisite specimen of art crowning nature, in perfect harmony of beauties. One of those traitorous outbreaks of the classical stream occurred in November, 1826. It was more than usually destructive; and the ravages committed, and the damage inflicted, on the neighbouring inhabitants were beyond the reach of local resources. The Pope gave immediate orders for effectual repairs, on such a scale as would give security against future recurrence of the calamity. A great deal was done; and, in the October of the following year, he went, according to his practice, without giving notice, to inspect the progress of his works. It may well be imagined what delight this unexpected visit caused to the inhabitants of that poor, though industrious and beautiful, city. They crowded around him, and accompanied him to the cathedral, where, after the usual function of benediction, he received in the sacristy the clergy and people of the place.

Later, it was found necessary to take a bolder and more effectual measure,—that of cutting a double and lofty tunnel through the hard travertine rock; and diverting the main stream before it reaches the town. These *cunicoli*, as they are called, form one of the grandest works of Gregory the Sixteenth's pontificate. They are worthy of Imperial Rome, bold, lofty, airy, and perfectly finished. Instead of having diminished the natural beauties of Tivoli, they have enriched it with an additional waterfall of great elevation;

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for they pour their stream in one sheet into the valley beyond; and when time shall have clothed its border with shrubs, and its stones with moss, it will not be easy to discern in the work the hand of man, unless a well-timed and well-turned inscription records its author. One of the annual medals of Gregory's pontificate not only records but represents it.

Here are instances of important undertakings on which the name of Leo might have been inscribed, had he so wished it. Nor was he behind his predecessors in attending to the usual and characteristic progress of whatever relates to art. The library, the museum, excavations, and public monuments, were as studiously attended to, and as steadily improved or carried on, as at any other time; so that his pontificate was by no means a stagnant one; though records of its works may be sought in vain. Proofs of this will not be wanting as we proceed.

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## CHAPTER III.

### CONTINUATION.

THE policy of the Pope manifested an active spirit of reform. This pervaded every part of his public government, from general administration to minute details. He placed the finances of the state under rigid administration, and brought them into such a condition, that he was early able to diminish taxation to no inconsiderable degree. Immediately after his coronation, he abolished several imposts; in March 1824, and January 1825, still further reductions were made in taxes which pressed unequally on particular classes. If I remember right, some of these abolitions affected materially the private revenues of the Pontiff. What rendered the reductions more striking was, that they were made in the face of considerable expenses immediately expected on occasion of the Jubilee. But so far from these having disturbed the equilibrium of the financial system, the Pope found himself able, at its close, that is, on January 1, 1826, to reduce the property-tax 25 per cent. throughout his dominions.

As it was the heaviest and principal of all the taxes affecting land and whatever exists upon it, this measure was the removal of an universal burthen, and a relief to every species of industry and of capital.

It was generally understood that the Pope had another most highly beneficial measure in contemplation; and that, by the rigid economy of which his treasurer Cristaldi was the soul, he had nearly put by the whole sum requisite for its completion. This was the repurchase of the immense landed property in the Papal States, settled, with equity of redemption, by the Congress of Vienna, upon the family of Beauharnais. All this land, which had belonged to religious

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corporations, including many large and noble monastic edifices, in several fertile provinces of the north, had been given as a dotation to Prince Eugene, with remainder to his family. The inconveniences and evils resulting from this most arbitrary arrangement were numerous and manifest. Not only was a gigantic system of absenteeism established perpetually in the heart of the country, and a very large income carried abroad which otherwise would have been laid out on the spot; but an undue influence was created over a very susceptible population, by means of the widely-scattered patronage held by the administrators of the property. In every greater town some spacious building contained the offices of the *Appannaggio*, as it was called; with a staff of collectors, clerks, overseers, land-surveyors, and higher officers; and in almost every village was a branch of this little empire, for managing the farms, and even smaller holdings, of former communities. Many of the employed were, moreover, foreigners, whose religion was in declared antipathy to that of the natives, and whose morals neither edified nor improved the population.

To get rid of such an unnatural and anomalous state of things could not but be desirable for all parties. To the Papal government, and to the inhabitants of those provinces, it was a constant eye-sore, or rather a thorn in the side. An immense bulk of property, inalienable except in mass, mixed up with the possessions of natives, checked the free course of speculation in land by exchange or purchase; and kept up the competition of resources, which were overwhelming, though far from well applied in cultivation and management. To the holder of the property, its tenure must have been very unsatisfactory. Situated so far from his residence and his other estates, it had to be managed by a cumbrous and complicated administration, scattered over a broad territory; which, no doubt, swallowed up a considerable share of profits.

It was, therefore, one object of Leo's financial economy to redeem this valuable portion of his dominions from the

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hand of the stranger. Had his reign been prolonged a few years, he would probably have succeeded; but his successor occupied the throne for a period too brief to accomplish much; and the revolution, which broke out at the very moment of Gregory's accession, soon absorbed the contents of the treasury, and threw into confusion the finance of the country for many years.

Still, at a later period (1845), he was able to accomplish this work. Under the papal sanction a company was formed at Rome, in which the highest nobility took shares and direction, to repurchase the entire Apanage. Sufficient means were soon raised; the predetermined sum was paid; the country was cleared of the stranger power; and the property was easily sold to neighbouring or other proprietors, on equitable conditions. Gradual liquidation for the land and the stock on it was permitted, and thus many families have greatly increased their former possessions.

Besides improving so materially the financial state of his dominions, the Pope turned his attention to many other points of government. Soon after his accession he published a new code, or digest of law. This was effected by the *Motu proprio* of October 5, 1824, the first anniversary of his coronation. It is entitled *Reformatio Tribunalium;* and begins by mentioning that Pius VII. had, in 1816, appointed a commission, composed of able advocates, to reform the mode of procedure; and that, on his own accession, he had ordered a thorough revision to be made of their labours. After great pains taken to correct and perfect it, it had been submitted to a congregation of Cardinals, and approved by them. The Pope adds, that he had been particularly anxious for the reduction of legal fees and expenses, and that he was ready to make any sacrifice of the public revenues, necessary to secure "cheap justice" to his subjects.

Education, in its highest branches, was another object of his solicitude. The Papal States contained several universities, besides other places of education which partook of the nature and possessed the privileges of such institutions.

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By the Bull "*Quod Divina Sapientia*," published August 28, 1824, Leo reörganised the entire university system. The universities of Rome and Bologna composed the first class. Ferrara, Perugia, Camerino, Macerata, and Fermo had universities of an inferior grade. Those of the first class had each thirty-eight, those of the second seventeen, chairs.

To take Rome as the example of the first class; it was composed of theological, medical, legal, and philosophical faculties, or colleges, as they are called in Italy; to which was added another with the title of the philological; and these were completely reconstructed. The philosophical college comprehended not only every branch of mathematics, but chemistry and engineering. A youth could offer himself for examination and receive degrees in this faculty. And so in the philological department, degrees could be taken in all the languages of which chairs exist there;—that is, in Greek, Hebrew, Syro-Chaldaic, and Arabic. The members of the faculties were not merely professors of the university, but men eminent in the pursuits which they represented, in other institutions of the city, or even in private life.

A special congregation was created for the supervision of studies throughout the Papal States, under the title of "The Congregation of Studies;" to which belongs the duty of approving, correcting, or rejecting, changes suggested by the different faculties; of filling up vacancies in chairs; and watching over the discipline, morals, and principles of all the universities and other schools.

It is certain that a new impulse was given to study by this vigorous organisation. Scholars from every part of Italy, and from other countries, not content with obtaining the annual prizes, studied for the attainment of degrees, which, besides being reputed honourable, formed a valuable qualification for obtaining chairs, or other preferment, at a distance. Among his former auditors, within the compass of two years, the writer can now reckon a Patriarch of Jerusalem, a Bishop, a Vicar-General of a distinguished See, four professors in universities, and one at least in a great

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public institution. These he has come across or heard of since; others, from their sterling qualities, he has no doubt have advanced to high positions also.

But a more important improvement was made by this constitution. With the exception of a few theological professorships possessed, from a long period, by religious orders, all the chairs were thrown open to public competition.[1] On a vacancy by death or superannuation, notice was to be given, and a day appointed for examination in writing of such competitors as had sent in satisfactory testimonials of character. The only ground of exception and preference, was the having published such a work on the matter of the class, as might well stand in the place of a mere examination paper, and such as proved the author's competency for the professorship to which he aspired.[2] And, in addition to this, the Pope made the emoluments of the chairs better objects of ambition, by considerably increasing them. Indeed, he was most generous in providing means for the higher education of his subjects, lay and clerical. While he restored to the Society of Jesus the schools of the great Roman College, which had been carried on by the secular clergy since the time of Clement XIV., he founded and endowed classes under the superintendence of the latter at the old German College; where education begins almost with its very rudiments and reaches the highest point of ecclesiastical erudition.

It will not be uninteresting to add, that Leo XII. ordered the works of Galileo, and others of a similar character, to be removed from the Index, in the edition published during his pontificate.

Speaking of church matters, it would be unjust to the memory of this Pope, not to mention other improvements, which were the fruits of his reforming spirit. He made a new adjustment of the parishes of Rome. There, as elsewhere, great inequalities existed in the labour, and in the remuneration, of parish priests. The richer quarters of the

[1] "Professores in posterum deligantur per concursum." Tit. v. No. 53.
[2] Tit. v. No. 70.

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city, of course, were comparatively more lucrative than where all was misery; and yet the calls of charity were most urgent in the latter. Leo made a new division of parishes; of seventy-one existing parish churches he suppressed thirty-seven, some very small, or too near one another, and retained thirty-four. To these he added nine, making the total number forty-three.[1] He moreover equalised their revenues; so that wherever the income of the parish priest did not reach a definite sum, considered necessary for a decent maintenance, this was made up from other sources guaranteed by the Government. Every one must approve of this just reform. But it is only fair to add, that nothing approaching to riches was thus provided. Ecclesiastical wealth is unknown in Rome, and the maintenance secured to a rector of a Roman parish would be treated as a sorry provision for a London curate.

There was an anecdote current at Rome, when this new circumscription was going on. The Pope, in his plans, intended the Chiesa Nuova to be a parish church. This belongs to the Fathers of the Oratory, founded, as all the world now knows, by St. Philip Neri. It was said that the superior of the house took, and showed to the Holy Father, an autograph memorial of the Saint to the Pope of his day, petitioning that his church should never be a parish. And, below it, was written that Pope's promise, also in his own hand, that it never should. This Pope was St. Pius V. Leo bowed to such authorities, said that he could not contend against two saints, and altered his plans.

Another ecclesiastical change introduced by him affected religious corporations. Besides the greater houses of different orders, there were several small communities of branches from them which seemed dying out, and in which it was difficult to maintain full monastic observance. These he took measures gradually to suppress, by allowing the actual members to incorporate themselves with similar or cognate establishments; or, by receiving no more novices, gradually to be

[1] Bull 'Super Universum," Nov. 1, 1824.

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dissolved. Such a measure had of course its disapprovers; but certainly it was undertaken in a sincere spirit of enforcing, to the utmost, religious observance.

It may interest many readers but little to learn the full extent which the reforming spirit of this Pontiff contemplated. Yet even those who affect indifference to whatever concerns Rome and its sovereign bishops, will not refuse evidence which proves, in one of them, the sincere and efficacious desire to amend abuses, even in matters apparently trifling.

Some of these reforms, certainly, were not inspired by any desire of popularity. They were decidedly unpopular, both with strangers and with natives.

For instance, he suppressed, for ever, one of the most singular and beautiful scenes connected with the functions of Holy Week. On the evenings of Thursday and Friday, the church of St. Peter used to be lighted up by one marvellous cross of light, suspended from the dome. This artificial meteor flung a radiance on the altar, where all other lights were extinguished, and even round the tomb of the Apostles, where, on one evening, certain rites are performed; it illuminated brightly the balcony under the cupola, from which venerable relics are exhibited; and it sent a flood of light along every open space, tipping every salient point and coigne with radiance, and leaving sharp-cut shadows beyond. It was such an effect of chiaro-oscuro—the most brilliant *chiaro* and the densest *oscuro*—as every artist loved to contemplate. But it was over-beautiful: it attracted multitudes who went only to see its grand effects. While pilgrims from the south were on their knees crowded into the centre of the church, travellers from the north were promenading in the wondrous light, studying its unrivalled effects; peeping into the darksome nooks, then plunging into them to emerge again into a sunshine that had no transition of dawn. And, doing all this, they talked, and laughed, and formed chatting groups; then broke into lounging, sauntering parties, that treated lightly all intended to be most solemn. It made one sore and irritable to witness such conduct; nay ashamed of one's



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home manners, on seeing well-dressed people unable to defer to the sacred feelings of others; bringing what used to be the behaviour in old "Paule's" into great St. Peter's.

Unhappily for generations to come, it was considered impossible to check this disorder, except by removing its cause. The illuminated cross, which was made of highly burnished copper plates studded with lamps, disappeared, at the beginning of Leo's reign, by his orders; and, except when once renewed as a profane spectacle by the Republican leaders, it has been allowed to lie at rest in the lumber-rooms of the Vatican.

In the two papal chapels raised seats had been long introduced, for the special accommodation of foreign ladies, who could thence follow the ceremonies performed at the altar. The privilege thus granted had been shamefully abused. Not only levity and disrespectful behaviour, not only giggling and loud talking, but eating and drinking, had been indulged in within the holy place. Remonstrance had been vain, and so had other precautions of tickets and surveillance. One fine day, the ladies on arriving found the raised platform no more; the seats were low on the ground, sufficient for those who came to pray and join in the services, quite useless for those who came only to stare in wilful ignorance, or scoff in perverse malice.

This respect for God's house, the Pope extended to all other churches. In each he had a Swiss placed, to keep it in order, prevent artistic or curious perambulations at improper times, and assist in repressing any unbecoming conduct. Modesty of dress was also inculcated, and enforced in church.

These were not popular measures, and they made Pope Leo XII. no favourite with travellers, who claimed "a right to do what they liked with" what was not "their own." But far beyond the suppression of what was generally popular, like the luminous cross, went another measure, in exciting angry feelings among the people. Though, compared with other nations, the Italians cannot be considered as unsober, and the lightness of their ordinary wines does not so

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easily produce lightness of head as heavier potations, they are fond of the *osteria* and the *bettola*, in which they sit and sip for hours, encouraged by the very sobriety of their drink. There, time is lost, and evil conversation exchanged; there, stupid discussions are raised, whence spring noisy brawls. the jar of which kindles fierce passions and sometimes deadly hate. Occasionally even worse ensues: from the tongue, sharpened as a sword, the inward fury flies to the sharper steel lurking in the vest or the legging; and the body, pierced by a fatal wound, stretched on the threshold of the hostelry, proves the deadly violence to which may lead a quarrel over cups.

To prevent this mischief, and cure the social and domestic evils to which the *drink-shop*, whatever it may sell, everywhere leads, the Pope devised the plan of confining them to what this word more literally means. Wine was allowed to be *sold* at the *osteria*, but not allowed "to be drunk on the premises." Immediately within the door was a latticed partition, through which wine could be handed out, and money taken in; but there was no convenience allowed for sitting, and but little for standing. This, it was hoped, would have induced men to take their refreshment home, and share it with their families. And so no doubt many did; while an end was put to drinking bouts, and the incentive of conversation to continue them; as well as to much strife and passion. It threw a portion of the crowd outside, instead of their being sheltered within; and created gatherings round the shop-door; but a sultry sun, or a sharp shower, or a cold winter's night, easily thinned them; and time would soon have soothed the first resentment which there gave itself vent. Nothing, however, could exceed the unpopularity of this measure, of establishing the *cancelletti*, as they were called; so that they were abolished immediately after the Pope's death.

These examples will show how little he valued the pleasant breeze of popular favour, in doing his duty. Some

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other actions of his will show how this sternness, in remedying or preventing the vices of the poor, was accompanied by kindness and charity. Soon after his accession, he had one evening finished his audiences, when he asked one of his domestic prelates, who lived out of the palace, and is now a cardinal, if his carriage was below. On his replying in the affirmative, the Pope said he would go out in it: put a cloak about him, descended by a private staircase, and accompanied by his noble attendant, drove to the School of the Deaf and Dumb, where an examination was being held. Such an event had never been before known, and we may imagine the delight and gratitude of pupils and teachers at this most unexpected surprise. He attended to the examinations, and then, with his own hands, distributed the prizes which he had brought with him.

This first instance was often repeated; but it was carried further, even to the lowest depths of misery. He visited the prisons; not only to inspect great improvements which he introduced into them, but to converse with their unfortunate inmates, and relieve their sufferings. In this manner he suddenly appeared at the debtors' prison in the Capitol, inquired personally into cases of hardship, and discharged several prisoners, whose debts he took upon himself. The hospitals were unexpectedly visited, and their inmates consoled by the benign presence and soothing words of their holy Pontiff.

Anxious, however, to provide for the just and efficient administration of charitable funds, many of which were misspent on worthless objects or wasted in the driblets of separate distributions, he appointed a Commission of high ecclesiastics and irreproachable laymen, to consolidate all the alms-funds of Rome, and see to their equitable distribution. This noble institution, known as the "Congregazione dei Sussidj," was organised by a Decree dated February 17, 1826. It is followed by a beautiful instruction to parochial committees, acting under this board, headed by a gentleman

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and a "lady of charity," from among the parishioners. Nothing can be more sensible or more full of tender charity to the poor, than this truly episcopal and paternal address.

There was a community of Franciscan nuns, exceedingly edifying by their strict observance, miserably lodged in a steep narrow street behind the Quirinal, unable to keep enclosure from having no external church. The clergy of the English and Scotch colleges often ministered to their spiritual wants; and it has been the writer's privilege to do so. One day, in the very heat of a summer's afternoon, when every one, nuns included, was taking the short repose of the time of day, the rough pavement of the lane quaked and rattled under the unusual dash and crash of horses and carriages. An impatient ring of the bell informed the community, who could not see into the street, that all this hubbub was on their account. "What is the matter? Who wants anything at this hour?" asked the aroused portress. "The Holy Father is come to see you," was the answer. No doubt the Pope quietly enjoyed the fright, and joy, all in one, the amazement and confusion of the poor sisters, at this most unexpected proof of paternal care. He examined the house himself, and saw its inadequacy; and after familiarly and kindly conversing with them, departed, leaving them full of consolation.

There was an excellent and ample convent then unoccupied, near the beautiful fountain familiar to travellers by the name of the Tartarughe, that is, Tortoises. It had every requisite for an enclosed community, and was attached to an elegant church, dedicated to St. Ambrose, and supposed to occupy the site of his abode. This Leo had put into thorough repair and order; and when all was prepared, and the day was fixed for taking possession, the good nuns were waited upon by a number of ladies of the Roman nobility, —always ready for such good actions,—and taken in their carriages to the Vatican, where a sumptuous collation, as it appeared to them, was laid out for them; and they received the Pope's benediction, and enjoyed his amiable conversation for a considerable time. They were then driven to their

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new home, whither their furniture had been removed. It was amusing to hear the nuns describe that day;—their bewilderment in going through the streets after years of seclusion; their bedazzlement and awe in the Vatican, and its church, which they visited; their delight at finding themselves in so spacious and convenient a house; their relief after a day harassing and toilsome to them, when their kind visitors had all left, and they closed their doors for ever to the outer world; then, lastly, their dismay at finding themselves without a morsel of food, sick and faint as they were, and unable, as they had been, through their confusion and reverence, to partake of the papal refreshments. This alone had been overlooked; and only one nun, who surely deserved to take her place among the five wise Virgins of the parable, had brought a small basket of homely provisions, which she willingly shared with her famishing companions.

In this way did Pope Leo love to do good. He liked to take people by surprise, and see for himself; sometimes, it used to be said, with a very different result from that in the instance quoted.[1]

Before closing this chapter, it may be well to throw together a few more actions, which are connected with its subject, at least remotely, and which could not, perhaps, be so well introduced elsewhere.

Having mentioned his attention to the progress of art, as in harmony with the conduct of all his great predecessors, it may not be amiss to specify one or two instances. The Vatican library is indebted to him for very valuable additions. The principal one, perhaps, is the Cicognara collection of

[1] A story used to be current, the truth of which cannot here be vouched for, of his driving, at the same unreasonable hour, to the church of a religious community of men, supposed to be not well kept. He was in it before the members of the house were roused, and knelt at the plain bench or *genuflessorio*, before the altar. He then entered the house, and conversed affably as usual. As he left, a delicate request was made for some memorial of his visit. He replied that he had left one where he had knelt. On going thither they found LEO XII. written on the dust which covered the prie-dieu.

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works relative to art. The nobleman, whose property it was, is well known for a magnificent history of sculpture; a work which unites his name with those of Winkelmann and Agincourt. For the compilation of this book, he had naturally collected most valuable and expensive works on every department of art. At his death, this collection was for sale. It was purchased by the Pope, and given to the Vatican library. Besides this, he added many thousands of volumes to its rich stores, so that new rooms had to be incorporated in its immense range. The classical department particularly was increased.

It was during this pontificate also that the germ of the now splendid Etruscan museum was formed; for the excavations and study of the cities of tombs, which still remain on the borders of Tuscany, belonging to the old Etruscan towns, were peculiarly carried on under this Pope.

He showed himself, indeed, quite as great a patron of art as any of his predecessors; but he was most anxious that morality should not be compromised by it. A group of statues in the new gallery erected by his predecessor disappeared after his first visit, as did gradually other pieces of ancient sculpture offensive to Christian modesty. When a magnificent collection of engravings representing Canova's works had been prepared, he purchased the plates at an immense cost, I believe at Florence; that he might suppress and destroy such as were not consistent with delicacy of morals.

Among his works must not be forgotten one which is commemorated on one of his annual medals,—the beautiful baptistery which he added to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, adorned with the richest marbles, and constructed with exquisite taste.

And in conclusion, as illustrative of his good nature and kindness, I will mention a singular visit which he one day unexpectedly received. It is well known that ladies are not admitted into the portion of the palace occupied by the Pope. He leaves his apartment for the museum or library when he

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receives them. During hours of general audience the anterooms present an appearance of considerable state. Each of them has its body of guards, more for becoming appearance than for any effectual services; and chamberlains, clerical and lay, are in attendance in the inner chambers, as other classes of officers are in the outer. But soon after twelve all this formal court disappears; silence and solitude reign through the papal apartments. Still the person of the sovereign is not quite so badly or weakly guarded as that of Isboseth, the son of Saul, whose only portress used to nod over the tray of corn which she was cleaning. Below, indeed, there is a guard of Swiss, which might allow any one to pass: but at the foot of the staircase of the palace is a sentinel, and in the great royal hall is a small guard in attendance. This would be the difficult pass; for the next room is the first of the pontifical apartments, occupied only by a few servants, who, in the warm hours of day, might easily be dozing.

Be all this as it may; certain it is, that one afternoon it was announced to the Pope, that a lady had made her way past the guard and had penetrated far, before she was discovered, into the penetralia of the palace. She had of course been stopped in her progress, or she might have found herself suddenly in the presence chamber, or rather in the study usually occupied by the Pontiff at that hour. What was to be done with her? was asked in dismay. Such an act of presumption had never before been known; there was a mystery about her getting in: and this was all the more difficult of solution, because the intruder could not speak Italian, and it could only be collected that she desired to see the Pope. Let it be remembered that secret societies were then becoming alarmingly rife, and that domestic assassination of persons in high places had been attempted, occasionally with success. The Pope apprehended no such danger, and desired the adventurous lady to be admitted at once. He gave her a long audience, treating her with his usual kindness. She was an American woman, who had been seized with a strong charitable desire to convert the Pope from what she considered

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his errors, and had thus boldly and successfully attempted to obtain a conference with him. That she did not change the Pope is certain ; but that her opinion of him was changed there can be no doubt. For she must have been charmed with the gentleness and sweetness, as well as nobleness and dignity, of his mien and speech.[1]

[1] It was from Cardinal Pacca at the Villa Clementina that we heard this anecdote; and he mentioned that the Pope asked her if she had not believed him to have a cloven (or ox's) foot; but she, halting between her courtesy and her truthfulness, hesitated to answer, especially as she had given furtive glances towards the hem of the papal cassock. On which the Pope good-naturedly convinced her that he was clearly shod on human and Christian principles. The Cardinal added that, in his travels, some Protestant in conversation with him did not deny his belief in that pious and orthodox tradition; upon which Pacca wittily observed, "If you believe the Pope to be graced with a goat's foot, you must naturally expect us cardinals to be garnished with a kid's. This, you see, is not my case."

Leo had in his apartments a faithful companion, in the shape of a most intelligent little dog. After his death, it was obtained by Lady Shrewsbury, with whom many will remember it.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE JUBILEE.

THE great event of this pontificate undoubtedly was the Jubilee of 1825. The first historical celebration of this festival was in 1300; though it was then said that a vague tradition recorded a similar observance, of the first year in the preceding century. It seems as if a spontaneous rush of pilgrims to Rome took place at the beginning of 1300; for the Bull by which it was regulated was not issued till the 21st of February. Boniface VIII. decreed that this should be a centenary feast; Clement VI., in 1342, reduced the interval to fifty years; then it was further brought down to twenty-five. On this plan it was regularly continued for three centuries, till 1775, when Pius VI. celebrated the Jubilee proclaimed by his predecessor the year before.

The regularity of period naturally produced a systematic mode of proceeding, and regular provisions for its good order. Accordingly, the practice has been, that on Ascension Day of the preceding year, the Pope promulgates the Holy Year, or Jubilee. On Christmas Eve, he proceeds in state to the great portico of the Vatican basilica; which, though only a vestibule, must needs be of great dimensions, to afford a place for such ceremonials, and the thousands who flock to witness them.

The visitor of Rome may easily have noticed, that, of the five great doors opening from the porch into the church, the one nearest to the palace is walled up, and has a gilt metal cross upon it, much worn by the lips of pilgrims. On inquiry, he will be told that it is the *Porta santa*, or "Holy Gate," like the "King's Gate" at Jerusalem,—never to be opened except for most special entrance. Only during the year of Jubilee is this gate unclosed; and it is for the pur-

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pose of opening it, as symbolical of the commencement of the Jubilee, that the Pope has descended to the vestibule. The immense church is empty, for the doors have been kept closed all day; an innumerable multitude, beginning with royal princes and descending to the poorest pilgrims from Southern Italy, eagerly wait in the portico and on the steps without. After preliminary prayers from Scripture singularly apt, the Pope goes down from his throne, and, armed with a silver hammer, strikes the wall in the door-way, which, having been cut round from its jambs and lintel, falls at once inwards, and is cleared away in a moment by the active Sanpietrini.[1]

The Pope, then, bare-headed and torch in hand, first enters the door, and is followed by the cardinals and his other attendants to the high altar, where the first vespers of Christmas Day are chaunted as usual. The other doors of the church are then flung open, and the great queen of churches is filled. Well does the ceremonial of that day remain impressed on my memory; and one little incident is coupled with it. Among the earliest to pass, with every sign of reverence and devotion, through the holy gate, I remember seeing, with emotion, the first clergyman who in our times had abandoned dignity and ease as the price of his conversion. He was surrounded, or followed, by his family in this pilgrim's act, as he had been followed by them in his "pilgrimage of grace." Such a person was rare in those days, and indeed singular: we little thought how our eyes might become accustomed, one day, to the sight of many like him.

Some reader may perhaps ask, in what, after all, consists the Jubilee? what are its duties, and what its occupations? A Catholic easily understands it. It is a year in which the Holy See does all it can to make Rome spiritually attractive,

[1] These are a body of workmen of "every arm," retained in regular pay by St. Peter's, and wearing a particular dress. They keep the church in its perfect repair and beautiful condition almost without external help. Their activity and intelligence are quite remarkable.

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and spiritually only. The theatres are closed; public amusements suspended; even private recreation pressed within the bounds of Lenten regulations. But all that can help the sinner to amendment, or assist the devout to feed his faith and nourish his piety, is freely and lavishly ministered. The pulpit is occupied by the most eloquent preachers, awakening the conscience or instructing ignorance; the confessionals are held in constant possession by priests who speak every language; pious associations or confraternities receive, entertain, and conduct from sanctuary to sanctuary the successive trains of pilgrims; the altars are crowded by fervent communicants; while, above all, the spiritual remission of temporal punishment for sin, known familiarly to Catholics under the name of an Indulgence, is more copiously imparted, on conditions by no means over easy. Rome, during that year, becomes the attracting centre of Catholic devotion; the magnet which draws it from every side. But it does not exhaust it, or absorb it; for multitudes go back full of gratitude to Heaven and to the Holy See for the blessings which they feel they have received, and the edifying scenes in which they have been allowed to partake.

However, before endeavouring to recall to memory a few of these, it may be well to describe some of the preparations for them. To the Pope's own resolute and foreseeing mind, perhaps, alone was due the Jubilee of 1825. There should naturally have been one held the first year of the century. But the calamities of the times, and the death of Pius VI., had effectually prevented its observance. Leo intimated his intention to proclaim it in due course, for its proper year; and met only opposition on every side.

At home, his Secretary of State feared the introduction into the provinces and into Rome of political conspirators and members of secret societies; who, under the cloak of the pilgrim's scalloped cape, might meet in safety to plot destruction. The Treasurer was terrified at the inroad which extra expenses would make into his budget, and protested against financial embarrassments that he foresaw would en-

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sue. Yes, reader! marvel not; you who have possibly been taught that a Jubilee is one of the happiest devices of Roman astuteness for filling an exhausted exchequer; a sort of wholesale barter for temporal goods, of those spiritual goods, which are usually dealt in retail only! If such has been the doctrine taught you, and believed by you, may you, if nothing else will undeceive you, live till next Jubilee, and have heart to visit it, and satisfy yourself with your own eyes, whether Rome be the giver or the receiver; on which side turns the balance of the accounts between the prodigality of her charity and the indigence of her clients. But we shall see.

From abroad, innumerable difficulties were raised. Naples was naturally the power most interested in the coming festival, both from proximity of place, from traditional feelings, and from the easy propensity of its population to abandon home, either in quest of labour or for pilgrim purposes. Its minister was instructed to raise every difficulty, and even to engage the representatives of foreign powers in active opposition. Austria, still under the influence of Josephine ideas, was at the best cold: and the German Protestant powers declared open hostility. Yet in the face of all these obstacles, Leo's only answer was, "Nevertheless the Jubilee shall be!" And it was.

On Ascension Day he issued the Bull of preparation, clear, bold, and cheering, as a silver clarion's note. Seldom has a document proceeded even from the Holy See more noble and stately, more tender and paternal. Its language, pure, elegant, and finely rounded, flows with all the greatness of Roman eloquence; yet in tone, in illustration, and in pathos, it is thoroughly Christian, and eminently ecclesiastical. It speaks—as only a Pope could speak, with a consciousness of power that cannot fail, and of authority that cannot stray. Its teaching is that of a master, its instruction that of a sage, its piety that of a saint. The Pope first addresses every class of men who recognise his spiritual sovereignty; entreating kings to put no hindrance in the

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way of faithful pilgrims, but to protect and favour them, and the people readily to accept his fatherly invitation, and hasten in crowds to the banquet of grace spread before them. Then, after having warmly exhorted those who, in addition, recognise his temporal dominion, he turns to those who are not of his fold, those even who had persecuted and offended the Holy See; and in words of burning charity and affectionate forgiveness he invites them to approach him and accept him as *their* father too; and his words bring back the noble gesture with which he threw open his arms, when he gave his first public benediction, and seemed to open a way to his heart for all mankind, and then press them to it in a tender embrace.

From the moment this decisive document was issued, some preparations were begun, and others were more actively pursued.

The first class of these preliminaries were of a religious character. *Missioni*, or courses of stirring sermons, calling on sinners to turn from their evil courses, were preached, not merely in churches but in public squares—for the churches did not suffice—so to cleanse the city from sin, and make it a holy place for those who should come to seek edification there. In the immense and beautiful square known to every traveller as Piazza Navona, a concourse of 15,000 persons was said to be present, when the Pope, on the 15th of August, went to close these services by his benediction. It required stentorian lungs to address such a crowd, and be audible; fortunately these were to be found, in contact with a heart full of goodness and piety, in the breast of the Canonico Muccioli. When this zealous man died, still young, a few years later, hundreds of youths belonging to the middle classes, dressed in decent mourning, followed in ranks their friend to his sepulchre. The same tribute of popular affection was exhibited later still, in 1851, to the amiable and edifying Professor Graziosi.

But to return; the Pope took many by surprise, when they saw him, opposite, listening, from the apartments of

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the Russian embassy in the Pamphili palace, to the Canon's closing sermon. Thence he descended, accompanied by his heterodox host and admirer, the Chev. Italinski, to a throne erected for him in the open air.

In addition to this spiritual preparation, material improvements were not forgotten. A visitation of churches, oratories, and all religious institutions had been begun, in virtue of which all irregularities in their arrangements were corrected, dilapidations were repaired, ornaments restored, and old or decayed objects renewed. Considerable expense was thus incurred by some of the greater, and older, basilicas.

But more serious still were the preparations necessary to lodge and feed the crowds of pilgrims who were expected. To prevent any alarm on this head, on the part of foreign princes, the Pope sent word to the embassies that he did not wish them to make any provision for their poor countrymen, as he took upon himself this duty of hospitality. He observed that he would rather pawn the church plate of Rome, than be wanting in its discharge.

There is in Rome a large house, attached to a Church of the Holy Trinity, expressly established for the charitable entertainment of pilgrims. Hence it is called *La Trinità dei pellegrini*. It is divided into two sides, one for men and the other for women. The ground floor is laid out in immense refectories, above which are dormitories equally vast. During the Holy Week there is a certain amount of activity in the house; as a considerable number of pilgrims then arrive, perhaps half a refectory, and half a dormitory, may be occupied. During the rest of the year, the establishment sends a huge carriage, now rather modernised, to the hospitals, to bring away all discharged patients; to whom, under the title of convalescents, it gives three days' hospitality, and, often, leisure to look out for some occupation.

The revenues of the house, the fruit of charity, are tolerably abundant; and it used to be said that, in the interval between two jubilees, they were employed, the first half of

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the time in paying off the liabilities incurred, and the second in accumulating for the coming celebration. But, in addition to the accommodation permanently secured at home, the charity provided immense lodging room along the wide and airy corridors of religious houses. In the month of November, our confraternity of the Holy Trinity, to which many English belong, lodged and fed for three days 23,090 men and 15,754 women, in all 38,844 persons; besides 350 members of branch confraternities. From this some idea may be formed of the scale on which hospitality was exercised during the entire year.

The order observed was the following. The pilgrim, on his arrival at the house, had his papers of pilgrimage examined, and received his ticket of hospitality. In the evening the new comers were brought into a hall surrounded by raised seats, and supplied with an abundant flow of hot and cold water. Then, after a short prayer, the brothers of the confraternity, or the sisters in their part of the house, washed their feet, way-worn and sore by days or weeks of travel; and the ointment of the apothecary, or the skill of the surgeon, was at hand, to dress wounds and bandage sores. This was no mere ceremony, no symbolical rite; but one saw and felt how in olden times "to wash the feet of the saints," when they asked for a night's harbour, was a real act of charity worthy of the Christian widow. It was evidently an exquisite relief to the jaded wayfarer.

Thus refreshed, the pilgrims joined the long procession to supper. A bench along the wall, and a table before it, railed off to prevent the pressure of curious multitudes, were simple arrangements enough; but the endless length of these, occupied by men of every hue, and many languages, formed a striking spectacle. Before each guest was his plate, knife, fork, and spoon, bread, wine, and dessert. A door in each refectory communicated with a roomy hall, in which huge cauldrons smoked with a supply of savoury soup sufficient for an army. This was the post of honour; a cardinal or nobleman, in the red coarse gown and badge of the brotherhood,

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with a white apron over it, armed with a ladle, dispensed the steaming fluid into plates held ready; and a string of brothers, at arm's length from one another all round the refectory, handing forward the plates with the alacrity of bricklayers' labourers, soon furnished each hungry expectant with his reeking portion. Two additional rations were served out in the same manner. The guests fell to with hearty good will, and generally showed themselves right good trencher-men. Opposite each stood a serving man, who poured out his wine, cut his bread, changed his portions, and chatted and talked with him. Now these servitors were not hired, but all brethren of the confraternity; sometimes a royal prince, generally some cardinals, always bishops, prelates, noblemen, priests, gentry, and artificers. Then, occasionally, a sudden commotion, a wavy movement through the crowd, would reach from the outer door along the passage to the lavatory, just as prayers were beginning. All understood what it meant. The Holy Father was coming without notice. Indeed none was required; he came simply to do what every one else was going to do; only he had the first place. He knelt before the first in the line of pilgrims, taking his chance of who it might be. If any priest were in the number, he was naturally placed first; and he would probably feel more sensitively than a dull uneducated peasant, the honour, not unmixed with humiliation, of having so lowly an office discharged, in his person, by the highest of men on earth. And then, he would find himself waited on at table, by that master who coming suddenly in the night upon his servants, and finding them watching, knows how to gird himself, and passing along ministers to them.

It was said that among the poor pilgrims came in disguise persons of high rank, who, after they had passed their *triduum* of charity among the poorest, faring as they, and receiving the cup of water as disciples in Christ's name, resumed their place in society, and remained in Rome as visitors, without any indelicate recognition. It was whispered that one couple, a German and his wife, were of even higher blood. In-



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deed, I remember one used often to remark, that the elegant language, the polished manners, and the half-easy, half-embarrassed air of some pilgrims, bespoke a different class from that of the general run. But one thing was very noticeable on this as on other occasions—the naturalness, and absence of embarrassment (so well expressed in Italian by *disinvoltura*), with which these poor people received the attentions of persons whom they knew to be of such superior station, civil or ecclesiastical. While they allowed all menial services to be performed for them, without awkward bashfulness, or any attempts to prevent it, they accepted them with an humble thankfulness and a natural grace that showed how clearly they appreciated the motive which prompted their being rendered. They manifestly understood, that not merely to them, but to Him also whom the poor represent, were they offered.

Supper ended, and its baskets of fragments for the morrow's breakfast put by, the long file proceeded up-stairs to bed singing one of the short religious strains in which all Italians can join; a sort of simultaneous yet successive chorus, winding along, stunning to your ears at the spot where you chanced to stand; alternately swelling and fading away, as it came from one or other side of the stairs; then dying away in the deep recesses of the dormitory above, yet seeming to be born again and grow at the beginning of the line still unemerged from the supper hall.

During the day, the pilgrims were conducted in bands from sanctuary to sanctuary; were instructed at stated times; were directed to the performance of their higher religious duties, by frequenting the Sacraments; and at the close of the three days were dismissed in peace, and returned home, or remained in the city at their own charge.

The Holy Father was the soul of all this work. To see him, and carry back his blessing, was of course one of the most highly coveted privileges of a pilgrimage to Rome. Hence he had repeatedly to show himself to the crowds, and bless them. They were instructed to hold up whatever they wished to have blessed; and certainly scarcely ever did Rome

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present a more motley crowd, arrayed in every variety of costume, from the sober, and almost clerical, dress of the German peasant, to the rainbow hues of the Abruzzi or Campania. But the Pope manifested his hearty sympathy in his Jubilee by a more remarkable proof than these. He daily served in his own palace twelve pilgrims at table; and his biographer tells us that he continued this practice throughout his reign.[1] To his accompanying them I well remember being an eye-witness. For one of such delicate health and feeble frame it was no slight undertaking to walk from the Vatican to the Chiesa Nuova; but to perform this pilgrimage barefoot, with only sandals on his feet, was more than any one was prepared for. He was preceded by the poor, surrounded and followed by them. Tears flowed on every side, and blessings were uttered deep and warm. His look was calm and devout, and abstracted from all around. It reminded every one forcibly of St. Charles at Milan, humbling himself by a similar act of public devotion, to appease the Divine wrath manifested in the plague.

It must not be thought that the celebration of the Jubilee completely monopolised the attention of the Pope. No year of his reign was more actively occupied than this with important affairs, especially abroad. But one great and beneficial improvement within may be traced to this "holy year." The Pope was determined that the roads should be safe for his poor pilgrims, and took such active measures, in concert with neighbouring states, that the system of brigandage was completely extinguished. The last act, however, of its destruction deserves recording. A good old priest, the Abbate Pellegrini, Archpriest of Sezze, ventured alone to the mountains which formed the head-quarters and stronghold of the banditti, unauthorised and uninvited. Without pass-word except the expression of his charity; without a pledge to give, that his assurances would be confirmed; without any claim, from position, to the fulfilment of his promises, he walked boldly into the midst of the band, and preached to them repent-

[1] Chevalier Artaud, vol. ii. p. 48.

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ance and change of life. They listened: perhaps they knew that active measures were being planned for their extermination; more probably the very simplicity and daring of the feeble unarmed peace-maker touched their rude natures, and they wavered. But they were among the most dreaded of their race, nay, the most unpardonable, for some of them had been the assassins of the Terracina students. One of them was their chief Gasparone, who owned to the commission of many murders. What hope could they entertain of pardon? The old man took upon himself to give his priestly word that their lives would be spared: they believed that word, and surrendered to him at discretion. The city of Sezze was astonished at beholding this herd of wolves led in by a lamb. All admired the heroic action, the self-devoting charity of this worthy ecclesiastic, who sought no reward, and who might have received a bullet or a stab for his first welcome from those desperadoes, but who had done in a few hours what troops and statesmen, in combined action, had not been able to effect in years. His word was respected, his promise fulfilled; and these brutal men are dying out their lives of expiation in the fortress of Civita Vecchia.

Before closing this chapter it may not be out of place to add a few words on a subject connected with the Jubilee. The college, so long the writer's home, where he gathered the recollections embodied in this volume, owed its existence to this religious institution. It is true that the Saxon King Ina had opened a home to his countrymen visiting the shrine of the apostles; and this was continued in after ages. Still nothing like an *hospice* for English pilgrims existed till the first great Jubilee, when John Shepherd and his wife Alice, seeing this want, settled in Rome, and devoted their substance to the support of poor palmers from their own country.[1] This small beginning grew into sufficient importance

[1] In this Jubilee several English pilgrims are supposed to have perished by an accident on the bridge of St. Angelo. A mule kicking in the crowd, caused a pressure against the wooden parapets, which gave way, and a great number of persons were precipitated into the river and drowned.

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for it to become a royal charity; the King of England became its patron, and named its rector, often a person of high consideration. Among the fragments of old monuments scattered about the house by the revolution, and now collected and arranged in a corridor of the college, is a shield surmounted by a crown, and carved with the ancient arms of England, lions or lionceaux, and fleur-de-lis, quarterly. This used formerly to be outside the house, and under it was the following quaint inscription, the original of which is lost. A copy, however, of it has been obtained from old transcripts, and is painted under the arms, in the original character—

"Haec conjuncta duo,
Succeſſus debita legi,
Anglia dant, regi,
Francia ſigna, ſuo."

"Laurentius Chance me fecit
m.cccc.xij."

Which may be rudely translated—

"These arms, whose award
From succession springs,
France with England brings
To their common Lord."

"Laurence Chance executed me
1412."

In the archives of the college are preserved the lists of the pilgrims who, from year to year, visited Rome; and as the country or diocese from which they came is recorded, they are valuable documents, consulted for local or family history. Many of the pilgrims were youths of good connections, students at Bologna, who, in their holidays or at the close of their course, chose to visit Rome as pilgrims *in formâ pauperum*, and received hospitality in the "English hospital of St. Thomas." This was extended to a longer period than is granted to Italian pilgrims. Many other nations had also

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their "hostelries" to receive their countrymen, especially at those periodical seasons

> "Whan longan folks to gon on pilgrimages,
> And palmeres for to seken strange strondes."

The rupture of Henry VIII. with the Holy See put an end to the influx of pilgrims from England to Rome; and arrivals pretty nearly ceased under Elizabeth. In the mean time three different English establishments had been united,—those of the Holy Trinity, of St. Thomas, and of St. Edward,—on the spot where our present college stands; and a church had been built, the great altarpiece of which, yet preserved, commemorated the formation of this coalition. A bishop, and several other refugees for the faith, lived there, till Gregory XIII., in 1579, converted the hospital into a college, as then more needed, with the condition that should the religious position of England ever change, the institution should return to its original purpose. May the happy omen be accomplished, but without any necessity for its proposed consequence!

The mention of this place naturally awakens recollections, in which it is associated with the principal subject of this work. The English College and Leo XII. blend together in pleasing harmony among the remembrances on which the writer can look back most gratefully.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE POPE AND THE ENGLISH COLLEGE.

THE recollections of this volume commenced in 1818; the great event of the Jubilee brings us down to 1825. This is a long interval in the spring of life. The obscure and noiseless duties of youth must, during such an interval, work a change in mind, in feeling, in habits, perhaps in state. So it was here. The aim of years, the goal of long preparation, the longed-for crown of unwavering desires, the only prize thought worthy of being aspired to, was attained in the bright Jubilee spring of Rome. It marks a blessed epoch in a life, to have had the grace of the priesthood superadded to the exuberant benedictions of that year. And it was not in usual course; it came of lingering and lagging behind others. Every school-fellow had passed on, and was hard at his noble work at home; was gaining a crown in heaven, to which many have passed; and the loiterer was enjoying, simply enjoying, the fulness of that luxury, spiritual and intellectual, which he and they, so far, had only sipped.

The life of the student in Rome should be one of unblended enjoyment. If he loves his work, or, what is the same, if he throws himself conscientiously into it, it is sweetened to him as it can be nowhere else. His very relaxations become at once subsidiary to it, yet most delightfully recreative. His daily walks may be through the field of art; his resting-place in some seat of the Muses; his wanderings along the stream of time, bordered by precious monuments. He can never be alone; a thousand memories, a thousand associations accompany him, rise up at every step, bear him along. There is no real loneliness in Rome, now any more than of old, when a thoughtful man could say that "he was never less alone than when alone." Where

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would one seek solitude more naturally than in the very cemetery of a cemetery, where the tombs themselves are buried, where the sepulchres are themselves things decayed and mouldering in rottenness? Now in Rome such places exist, yet are peopled still, thronged as streets elsewhere are. That heap of mould contains as yet a whole family, many generations of it, the Nasones, for instance, to which Ovid belonged, or an entire tribe, like the Freedmen, the Liberti of Augustus; slaves gathered from all climates and moulded into one household, provided not only with board and lodging in life, but also with cinerary accommodation after death, —with amphoræ in the one, and with urns in the other,— or, one might say, with *ollæ* in both. Or there, in that labyrinth under ground, still in a small space lie crowded the great band of noble Scipios, the founders of Rome's transmarine empire, and preparers of her higher civilisation, who thought it a glory to crown the sepulchral inscriptions which recorded the highest titles of conquest abroad by the bust of Ennius, the gentle father of poetry at home. As Cicero was invited to hear them speak the wisest of heathen morality, the kindliest whisperings of an unhoping consolation, so will they not allow us to be lonely whom a higher law teaches to pity them, yet not to disdain to learn from them. How easily, indeed, does the mind rise here to a higher thought. If these monuments show that the greatest men considered it the greatest glory to have inscribed on their sepulchral slabs, not the name of their own country to distinguish them, but titles derived from distant regions which they conquered; if Scipio cared more to be called the Spanish, or the African, than the Roman; and if, after him, generals and emperors coveted the surnames of the Parthic, the Germanic, or the British; what must be the higher glory of him who not only absorbed all these titles in himself, but crowned them all by that of the Empire itself, which, deemed invincible, as it was, by those conquerors, he subdued? Such was the Galilean fisherman, who gained the title of "the Roman," the true "Pontifex Maximus;" which title he has so transmitted to his suc-

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cessors, that "Roman Pontiff" and "Successor of Peter" have become synonymous.

But to return: the student at Rome so peoples his thoughts with persons, fills his memory with things seen and heard, that his studies are, or ought to be, turgid with the germs of life, rich as the tree in early spring in the assurance of future bloom and fruit. On the darkest page of abstruse theology there will shine a bright ray from an object perhaps just discovered; but on the lighter one of history and practical doctrine there literally sparkle beams of every hue—like flowers reflected in a running stream—from every monument and every record of the past there present; so as to make it truly an illuminated page. The very portrait of every heathen and every Christian emperor is distinct before the mind from numerous effigies; the Rome of his time is traced in ruins, sometimes in standing edifices; his actions often are written on arch or pillar; and many spots are signalised as having been the scenes of some special occurrences connected with his reign. Then the whole of Christian life and history—legible still, even to the traditional portraiture of apostles, martyrs, and their Head, traced from catacomb to basilica and cloister—makes the history of the Church, her dogmas, practices, and vicissitudes, as vivid to the eye as any modern illustrated book can make a record of the past. Indeed, the monumental Church history, by the learned Bianchini, in tables of each successive reign or age, is a volume well known to the learned, as compiled upon this principle.

If such be the student's enjoyment of Rome, exclusive of what art and other resources can supply, and indeed confined to the sphere of his own pursuits, what must be the golden opportunities of one who, freed from the yoke of a repressive discipline, and left to follow the bent of his own inclinations, may plunge into the depths over the surface of which only he had been allowed to skim, and drink long deep draughts from the fountains which hitherto he could only taste? The recollection of them will come back, after many years, in images of long delicious strolls, in musing loneliness, through

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the deserted ways of the ancient city; of climbings among its hills, over ruins, to reach some vantage-ground for mapping the subjacent territory, and looking beyond on the glorious chains of greater and lesser mountains, clad in their imperial hues of gold and purple; and then perhaps of solemn entrance into the cool solitude of an open basilica, where your thought now rests,—as your body then did, after the silent evening prayer,—and brings forward from many well-remembered nooks, every local inscription, every lovely monument of art; the characteristic feature of each, or the great names with which it is associated. The Liberian speaks to you of Bethlehem and its treasured mysteries; the Sessorian of Calvary and its touching relics. Baronius gives you his injunctions on Christian architecture inscribed, as a legacy, in his title of Fasciola; St. Dominic lives, in the fresh paintings of a faithful disciple,[1] on the walls of the opposite church of St. Xystus; there stands the chair, and there hangs the hat of St. Charles, as if he had just left his own church, from which he calls himself, in his signature to letters, "The Cardinal of St. Praxedes;" near it, in a sister church, is fresh the memory of St. Justin Martyr, addressing his Apologies for Christianity to heathen emperor and senates, and of Pudens and his British spouse; and, far beyond the city gates, the cheerful Philip is seen kneeling in St. Sebastian's, waiting for the door to the Platonia to be opened for him, that he may watch the night through, in the martyrs' dormitory.

Thus does Rome sink deep and deeper into the soul, like the dew, of which every separate drop is soft and weightless, but which still finds its way to the root of everything beneath the soil, imparting there, to every future plant, its own warm tint, its own balmy fragrance, and its own ever rejuvenescent vigour. But this is only in its outward life. It would be difficult to describe what may be learned by one who will search its inward being, its innumerable repositories of art, its countless institutions of charity, its private,

[1] Père Besson.

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as well as public, resources for mental culture, in libraries, in museums, in academies, in associations for every object, from the discussion, bi-weekly, of theological themes, to the hebdomadal dissection of a line of Dante.[1] Who has remained in Rome for his intellectual cultivation, and does not remember quiet hours in one of the great public libraries, where noiseless monks brought him, and piled around him, the folios which he required; and he sat as still amidst a hundred readers as though he had been alone?

But there is an inner apartment in this great house; and he who may have penetrated into it, the very *penetrale*, will look back upon the time with a pleasurable regret. Imagine him seated alone in the second hall of the Vatican library, round which are ranged now empty desks—for it is vacation time;—while above is a row of portraits of eminent librarians, many distinguished for their learning more than for the purple. A door opposite gives a view of the grand double hall beyond, divided by piers. The cases round them and along the walls are the very treasure-shrines of learning, containing only gems of manuscript lore. Above, all is glowing with gold and ultramarine, as airy and brilliant as the Zuccari could lay them. The half-closed shutters and drawn curtains impart a drowsy atmosphere to the delicious coolness, which gives no idea of the broiling sun glaring on the square without. Imagine, however, no idler—for such a one could not obtain access there at such a season,—but an assiduously plodding, perhaps dull-looking, emaciated student, in whose hand crackles the parchment of some old dingy volume, whose turn has come of the many around him, to be what is called collated, a verb that has no connection with its analogous substantive. Perhaps, at the moment of a delightful discovery;—that the dusky membranaceous document has, in a certain spot, a preposition or even a letter different from three companions;—there enters silently a man of middle age, with lofty brow, and deep-set eyes, happy

[1] There used to be, perhaps there still is, a select literary society, meeting weekly to read papers exclusively on Dante.

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in the loose drapery of home in summer—for he lives among books—and sits him down beside the solitary learner. Kind and encouraging words, useful practical information, perhaps a discussion on some interesting point, make a quarter of an hour's diversion from the "weight of the day and the heat;" but—coming from or shared with the discoverer of Cicero and Fronto, of Isocrates and Dionysius—they may become the beginning of a long-cherished and valued friendship. Hours like these, often repeated, pass not away lightly from the memory. Spent under the very shadow of the great dome, they endear Rome by the recollection of solid profit thus gained, and garnered for the evil days of busier life. Any one, surely, whose years of mental cultivation can thus associate themselves, must retain a happy and a grateful impression on mind and heart.

Thus far, the chapter has been very rambling, and possibly it will continue somewhat of the same character. The difficulty, in fact, of the present task increases most sensibly at this point, where arise personal contact and more familiar intercourse with those of whom we treat; and where a hitherto distant and reverential acquaintance with their qualities matures into close observation, actual experience, and sensible enjoyment. The circumstances under which these qualities were learned and felt come so thoroughly home to their recorder, that he must shrink from the undue prominence into which he is obliged to thrust himself to give them reality; and hence there is no alternative but that of suppressing what would be most life-like, because most confidential. To explain this, it may be briefly stated, that this short Pontificate formed the decisive æra in the writer's life, that pivot on which its future, long or short, was to turn. Every one has such a date to look back upon; so there is nothing wonderful in this. It merely happened in the writer's case that, having finished his studies at an early period, he was found to be at hand in 1826, when some one was wanted for the office of Vice-Rector, and so was named to it. And in 1828, when the

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truly worthy Rector, Dr. Gradwell, was appointed Bishop, he was, by almost natural sequence, named to succeed him.

These official positions necessarily gave rise to more frequent opportunities, and an occasional obligation, of approaching the person of the Sovereign. For in Rome such access is easy, and almost indispensable for persons holding an ecclesiastical situation of responsibility. And in the instance alluded to, there is attached to the headship of the college an agency of English ecclesiastical affairs, which, though mainly conducted through ministerial channels, involves from time to time good reason for addressing the Pope in person. As a general recollection of these frequent audiences, it may be simply stated, that they were uniformly condescending, fatherly, and most amiably conducted in look and speech. It required some restraint on oneself not to be too familiar. However insignificant the occasion or the person, there was always the same benignant interest shown, as if both had been invested with a much higher character.

Let us take a trivial example; one alluded to in our second chapter. A student has reached the conclusion of his studies, and is thought by his superiors—for it can never be a matter of personal choice—able to claim his degree by public challenge against all comers who dare impugn any of his propositions. To the honour of the English College be it said, that, from time to time, one or other of its sons has hung up his shield, and stood bravely against his adversaries. Let us take for an example one of these; and probably to many readers of this sketchy narrative an account of the proceedings may be new. The youth selected will have ordinary power of application and memory, will not be too bashful or timid, must possess a fair amount of tact, and a readiness, if possible a fluency, in the use of the Latin language, not merely in its classical construction, but also in its scholastic and more barbaric technologies. He prints in a goodly quarto his *thesis*, which must not contain fewer than a hundred points, but which probably his professors may carry up to four times that number, embracing the entire field of Ca-

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tholic theology. This little volume is circulated among friends, and an invitation is sent to every ecclesiastical establishment in Rome; day and hour and place being specified, with the usual clauses, that in the morning "datur omnibus," all may attack; while in the afternoon the same liberty is granted only after three well-selected champions shall have broken their lances.

When the time comes, the respondent finds himself, he hardly knows how, seated behind a table at the end of an immense hall, which it requires a sustained voice to fill, supported by his professors, who may edge in a word at his ear in case of possible straits. A huge oval chain of chairs stretches down the room, on either side, and soon begins to be occupied by professors, doctors, and learned men, of whom he has heard perhaps only in awe; each of whom receives a copy of the thesis, and cons it over, as if to find the weak point between the plates of mail, into which he will later try to thrust his spear. I remember well, in the particular instance before my eye, that a monk clothed in white glided in and sat down in the inner circle; but though a special messenger was despatched to him by the professors, he shook his head, and declined becoming an assailant. He had been sent to listen and report. It was F. Cappellari, who in less than six years was Pope Gregory XVI. Not far from him was seated the Abbé de la Mennais, whose works he so justly and so witheringly condemned. Probably it was the only time that they were ever seated together, when they thus listened to an English youth vindicating the faith, of which one would become the oracle, and the other the bitter foe.

Well, now some one rises, and in measured language, eloquently addresses a few encouraging sentences to his young competitor, whose heart is beating in anxious uncertainty on what side he will be assailed; till a period is rounded off, by the declaration of the number in his propositions about to be impugned. A crackling sound of stiff paper turning simultaneously in every hand through the hall filled with students, religious, and auditors lay and clerical, announces uni-

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versal eagerness to see the selected theme, and relieves the tension of the pilloried youth, who, for the first time in his life, finds himself painfully conspicuous, and feels the weight of past labour and of future responsibility both pressing on his head.

Of course he has prepared himself thoroughly; and his wretchedness must be double, if he have left a vulnerable spot in his armour, or if it be not all of proof. Of course he knows that no assailant can "travel out of the record," or put such questions to him as Sir T. More did to the disputant "*in omni scibili et de quolibet ente*," whom he stumbled upon somewhere abroad, and thoroughly nonplussed by a most lucid query of English law; to wit, "*Utrum averia carucæ in vetito namio capta sint irreplegiabilia.*" [1] Still there are subjects on which one is better got up than others; and there are some more interesting, more full of detail, and more suitable for a lively illustration. However there is no remedy; drily or unctuously, logically or eloquently, he must leave nothing unnoticed; he may turn the flank of something new, if it come unexpectedly before him; but, on the whole, he must show that he has overlooked no point worth answering. The assailants are keen practised gladiators, who, if they are satisfied of the defendant's prowess, will give him fair opportunity for its display. To this the writer must plead guilty; he has done his best to try the mettle of such young combatants striving to win their spurs. But when he has had such men as the Archbishop of Dublin or of Thyana,[2] or the Bishops of Pittsburg or Clifton, to attack, he has had no occasion to repent having well tempered his weapons, and weighted his blows.

After some hours of this digladiation comes a pause for refection and repose, for every one but the champion of the day; who is probably crushed by a leaden sick-headache, in which his past performance looks a wretched failure, and his

[1] In vernacular: "Whether beasts of the plough, taken in withernam, are capable of being replevied."—*Blackstone*, iii. 9.

[2] Mgr. Barrili, just consecrated, and named Nuncio to Madrid.

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coming one a dark and dismal uncertainty. It arrives, however, and he is, this time, perched up in a tall pulpit, with his professors low in front of him, hopelessly beyond reach for rescue and succour. He is in the centre of one side of the nave of a lofty church, which not only adds solemnity and even religious awe to his position, but makes it necessary that his voice should ring clearly, in an almost declamatory tone, to reach the opposite side; where, on a dais, in a chair of state, sits the Cardinal who has accepted the dedication of the disputation. It had been intended, in the case before us, to request the Sovereign Pontiff to bestow the honour of his patronage; but, at the last moment, this idea was abandoned. However, the inner circle was sufficiently formidable; one patriarch, four archbishops, at least half a dozen bishops, about twenty prelates, not a few of whom have since reached the highest honours of the Church, nearly as many professors, abbots, and rectors, and an immense crowd of persons even of equal rank, out of full dress; which, being required in the inner circle, gives it the appearance almost of a synod.

Now, when this is over, what is the great reward looked forward to by the young athlete, beyond the title of the theological doctorate obtained, but in Rome not borne? It is to proceed next day, with a suitably bound copy of the "Thesis," to the Sovereign Pontiff, and lay it at his feet. Not only does he receive a loving paternal blessing; but his cheeks glow and his heart beats as he bends beneath the expressions of the kindest encouragement, and even words of praise. He will find the common father of little as of great, already informed of the proceedings of yesterday, of any peculiar incident, some clever hit, some blundering objicient's courteous overthrow—whatever had been characteristic in manner or in method. And then he is exhorted to persevere in study, and to cultivate to His glory the gifts which God has given him. Perhaps even more is said;—a particular direction is pointed out, resulting from the success of the preliminary specimen; to study assiduously Holy Scripture, or the Fathers, or the questions of the day. All this used to

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be done by Leo, with a sweetness and emboldening graciousness, which would compensate to a youth any amount of labour undergone, for enrolment in such a prince's spiritual and theological army. It raised him above himself and his own pusillanimous thoughts; made him, for the first time, hope that he might live to do some good; and opened his eyes to the brighter and more cheerful side of his own insignificant existence. Such looks, such words, such a scene, are not easily forgotten; and who knows for how much of sterling worth, and enduring work, the Church may be indebted to a single quarter of an hour thus bestowed on the tender, warm, and impressionable mind of a youth, accompanied by a benediction full of grace, and proceeding from one whom he reveres and deeply honours, as God's very representative on earth? The seal is set and pressed deep upon the wax, just at the moment that it is the warmest and the softest; it would be wonderful if the impression were not sharp and lasting. In the tempering of steel, after much manipulation, it is said that all the finest blades pass through the hands of one superior workman; who, by some secret skill and consummate tact, with a few strokes imparts a finish and delicacy that prepare them for the keenest edge. And so, after years of study and secret toil, a patient student may, in a few moments, receive what Milton calls "a touch of celestial temper," from the master-hand in the ecclesiastical armoury.

To have witnessed more than once such scenes has certainly left a strong impression, and confirmed all that has already been said in this volume, of the particular kindness with which Leo XII. always treated those of our college who approached him, especially in connection with study. There will be further occasion to exemplify this assertion.

One demonstration of his interest in that establishment is but little known. He had conceived a plan similar to that lately carried out by the present large-minded and munificent Pontiff, of extending the English College, and making it a place of prolonged education for students who might wish to attend the higher courses of the University.



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Annexed to the house is a large *Palazzo*, or residence let out in apartments, and built mainly by Cardinal Howard. The Pope commissioned Monsignor Nicolai, well known among the learned for a magnificent folio on St. Paul's Basilica, and a very able practical work on the drainage of the Pontine marshes which he had superintended, quietly to inspect these buildings, and ascertain the rent which they yielded, and the necessary outlay to be incurred by the proposed plan; also the additional funds requisite for an endowment, to carry it out permanently. For he desired that no loss should fall upon the college, but that rather it should reap complete advantage. However, death came prematurely to prevent the execution of these generous intentions, which were afterwards learned from Nicolai himself.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CONTINUATION.

THE instance of great interest and kindness alluded to, towards the close of the last chapter, was one which afforded the writer many opportunities of noting the undeviating goodness of heart which characterised this Pontiff. It so happened, that a person connected with the English College was an aspirant to a chair in the Roman University. He had been encouraged by his professors to compete for it on its approaching vacancy. Having no claims of any sort, by interest or connection, he stood simply on the provision of the papal Bull, which threw open all professorships to competition. It was but a secondary and obscure lectureship at best, one concerning which it was supposed few would busy themselves, or come forward as candidates. It was, therefore, announced that this rule would be overlooked, and a person every way qualified, and of considerable reputation, would be named. The more youthful aspirant unhesitatingly solicited an audience, at which I was present. He told the Pope frankly of his intentions, and of his earnest wish that the recent enactments of His Holiness should be carried out in his favour. Nothing could be more affable, more encouraging, than Leo's reply. He expressed his delight at seeing that his regulation was not a dead letter, and that it had animated his petitioner to exertion. He assured him that he should have a fair chance, "a clear stage and no favour," desiring him to leave the matter in his hands.

Time wore on; and as the only alternative given in the Bull was, proof, by publication of a work, of proficiency in the art or science that was to be taught, he quietly got a

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volume through the press—probably a very heavy one, but sprightliness or brilliancy was not a condition of the Bull. When a vacancy arrived, it was made known, together with the announcement that it had been filled up. All seemed lost, except the honour of the Pontiff, to which alone lay any appeal. Another audience was asked, and instantly granted, its motive being of course stated. I was again present, and shall not easily forget it. It was not necessary to restate the case. "I remember it all," the Pope said most kindly. "I have been surprised. I have sent for C——, through whom this has been done; I have ordered the appointment to be cancelled, and I have reproved him so sharply, that I believe it is the reason why he is laid up to-day with fever. You have acted fairly and boldly, and you shall not lose the fruits of your industry. I will keep my word, and the provisions of my constitution." With the utmost graciousness he accepted the volume, now treasured by its author, into whose hands the copy has returned, acknowledged the right to preference which it had established, and assured its author of fair play.

The Pope had, in fact, taken up earnestly the cause of his youthful appellant; instead of annoyance, he showed earnestness and kindness; and those who had passed over his pretensions with contempt were obliged to treat with him, and compromise with him on terms that satisfied all his desires. Another audience for thanksgiving was kindly accorded, and I witnessed the same gentle and fatherly temper, quietly cheerful, and the same earnest sympathy with the feelings of him whose cause had been so graciously carried through. If this young client gained no new energies, gathered no strength from such repeated proofs of interest and condescension, if these did not both direct and impel, steer and fill the sails of his little bark, through many troubled waters,—nay, if they did not tinge and savour his entire mental life, we may write that man soulless and incapable of any noble emotions.

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The kindness, however, of Pope Leo XII. for our national establishment was not confined to considerate acts towards individuals; but he gave us all an unexpected proof of his singular condescension. I have already described the villa of the college, where the vintage season is passed, half urban, half rural, unpretending in its size and accommodation, still more so in its architecture; for it is only a conglomeration of small houses. In fine, chiefly the view and position, in addition to the pleasant things there done, render it the very delight, the centre-point of affections, of every Roman student. Certes, if one who commands free choice wished to spend the day in that neighbourhood, there are stately villas, and noble convents, all round the place, to tempt him to them.

Leo, still afflicted with many infirmities, never went far into the country. He had fitted up a small villa, what one might call, if not irreverent, "a box," three or four miles from Rome, whither he used to retire with his attendants, to pass a few hours in the vineyard that surrounds it. He had loved innocent sporting when a young man; and it used to be said that the quiet enjoyment of his old recreation was sometimes agreeable to him. Be that as it may, no recent Pontiff has been so completely a stay-at-home as he; and the papal villa at Castel Gandolfo was never, I believe, occupied by him. It could not, therefore, have been a mere love of excursion, or of locomotion, that would have drawn him into the Tusculan hills.

It was in the autumnal vacation of 1827, that certain preparations, of ominous import, attracted the attention of the students: loads of collegiate attire, furniture, and hangings arrived mysteriously, and were put aside; cleansing and painting commenced vigorously at a most inconvenient period; and then a supply, apparently superfluous, of gallinaceæ, cackling and gobbling, arrived, no one knew whence, with a truly fatted calf from the great Borghese farm of Pantano, which, it was whispered, had been bespoken some time before by an officer of the royal buttery. Rumours

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began to be afloat; yet no one dared to expect so unusual an honour as they bespoke for the little village. Only two persons were in the secret, the Rector and his Vice-rector, besides those engaged in the preparations. But secrecy was strictly enjoined and faithfully kept, till it was necessary to give orders for repairing the roads, cleaning the streets, erecting triumphal arches, and hanging out tapestries; in which arts of adornment Italian villages are singularly expert. In fact, illuminations, fire-works, and a balloon, were added quickly to our preparations.

The culinary department was transferred from the simpler dispensations of the college cook to the more scientific operations of a courtly manipulator; and a banquet began to be prepared, the provider of which could no longer remain concealed. Yet, so strict were the precautions taken to observe secrecy, and prevent any concourse of people, that the highest officers of the household were kept in complete ignorance of the Pope's intentions. For, early on the 29th of October, there drove up to the house the Maggiordomo and Maestro di Camera (afterwards Cardinals Marazzani and Barberini), who asked why they had been sent thither? They had merely been told to drive in the morning to the Lateran gate, where they received a note directing them to proceed to the English villa at Monte Porzio. Great was their astonishment at learning that His Holiness was expected in a few hours. And, in like manner, we were under strict injunctions to admit no one into the house, and invite no guest, as the visit was strictly to the college. Indeed this the Pope again and again repeated, when deputations wished to approach him.

The morning was wet, and caused us much uneasiness, till, towards ten, the sun shone brightly, the clouds rolled away, and every eye was intent on the road from Frascati, the Roman approach. Leaning over the garden wall, one saw into the deep valley along which it ran, now in long straight avenues, now diving and turning through dells,

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almost smothered in the vineyards, till the olive garden of the lordly but desolate palace of Mandragone cut short the view on earth and sky. Suddenly, at the farthest point of vision, some one declared that he had seen a gleam of helmet or of sword, through the elms, and was hardly believed; till another and another flashed on many straining eyes. Then the tramp of many horses, at full speed, was heard; and at last along one of the level reaches of the road came into sight the whole *cortége*,—noble guards and dragoons galloping hard to keep up with the papal carriage and its six smoking sable steeds. Soon all was lost to eye and ear, as the cavalcade wound round and up the steep acclivity on which we were placed; then it rolled for a moment through the gateway of the village, and finally, after rattling through its narrow streets, pulled up before the house. The Pope alighted, gave his blessing to all around him, then walked to the public church, and made his prayer of adoration. He thence proceeded on foot to a neat house in the little square, from the balcony of which he blessed the assembled inhabitants; and where he received most affably the more respectable villagers.

After this, we had him all to ourselves: for dinner-time soon arrived. By strictest etiquette, the Sovereign Pontiff never has any one to dine with him in his palace. Not even a Sovereign is ever admitted there to hospitality. During the genial month of October, there is so far a relaxation from this rule, that entertainments are given by the Pope out of the papal apartments, sometimes in an elegant pavilion in the Vatican garden; and during that season of the year the Pope visits monasteries or other institutions out of Rome, where on account of distance, a repast is prepared for him, of which the inmates partake. But, even so, the rule is observed of his dining alone. A small table is placed at the head of the guests' table, raised just perceptibly above its level, by means of a low step, at which he sits alone, though scarcely removed from the rest of the party.[1]

[1] A short time ago, when the Pope was at Florence, the English Min-

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It was thus that Leo XII. was situated, on the memorable day of his visit to Monte Porzio. The table was laid for him with elegance and simplicity; there was no display, no plate, no attempt to be more than things and persons were. We were in a college refectory, we were simple English superiors and students. The rest of the table was covered with the plain requisites for the meat and drink which supplied our ordinary repast. The refectory was a low oblong room, at the end of which, opposite the Pope, a large window opened to the ground, and was filled up, as though it had been a glowing picture, by a green sloping mountain, with vineyard below, chesnut and cypress above, and rich green pasture joining them to the azurest of skies. The first observation which the Pope made was one not a little flattering to his English guests. "It is seldom," he said, "that a poor Pope can enjoy the pleasure of sitting down to dinner with such a fine set of young men." And truly the party did no dishonour, either by complexion, by stature, or by sinewy build, to the bracing air which they first breathed on earth. How are they now scattered, above the earth and beneath it! Several worthily fill episcopal chairs; many are labouring, with meritorious industry, in the ecclesiastical field; a large proportion have reached their hour of rest. However, on that day all were blithe and happy, joyful and jocund, under their Father's smile and kindly looks. For the Pope ate scarcely anything,

ister left it, and returned home suddenly. There was sufficient obvious reason for this in the serious illness of a brother, whose dying hours he was summoned to attend. This, however, was not a satisfactory reason for a newspaper correspondent, who assigned as the true motive, that our envoy had been insulted by not being placed at the same table as the Pope. Perhaps the custom mentioned in the text may explain the *fact*, which the writer got hold of, and manufactured into one of those stories supplied by such persons to throw discredit on the glorious progress of the Pontiff through Italy. Both he and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany are as incapable of offering a gratuitous insult to a foreign envoy, as Lord N. is of considering himself insulted by the observance of established court rules. At any rate, we have heard no more of this great diplomatic case.

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and barely tasted drink. But he would employ his leisure in carving, and sending down the dishes from his own table; while his conversation was familiar, and addressed to all. He told us how he spent his day, partly by way of apology for seeming to partake so sparingly of the fare before him. He rose very early, perhaps at five; and spent the first part of the day, as any other Catholic ecclesiastic does, in those religious duties which have to consecrate its actions,—meditation, prayer, and the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, followed always, in the Pope's diary, by assisting at a second mass "of thanksgiving" said by a chaplain. A cup of coffee, or a basin of broth, with no solid food, was all the sustenance which he took till his hour of dinner. He went through the morning work of audiences, from eight, at latest, till twelve; then retired for private occupation, rested, devoted an hour to prayer (as we learned from others), drove out, and resumed public business till ten, when he took his first and only meal. To say that it was frugal would be little; nor could we wonder at the accredited report that he would not allow his personal expenses to exceed a dollar a day, when we heard from his own lips that the dry Newfoundland stock-fish, the *baccalà* of Italy, was his very ordinary and favourite food.

This abstemiousness enabled Leo to go through functions which no other Pope in modern times has attempted, such as singing mass at Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Eve, which involved fasting from the previous midnight—at least three and twenty hours;—then going to St. Anastasia's Church, the "Station" for the mass at dawn; after saying which, he sang the third mass at St. Peter's on the day itself.

To proceed, however; after our cheerful meal, the Pope retired into the Rector's bed-room, where he reposed for a short time; then came into his modest sitting-room, where we again gathered around him, in familiar conversation, till the hour of his departure. He would not sit on the gold

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and damask chair prepared for him, but took possession of an ordinary one, with a rush seat, where he gave audience also to the good clergy of the village, able though plain, and certainly most disinterested, men; who, living chiefly on their own patrimonies, performed well the subsidiary duties which a solitary rector could not have adequately fulfilled. I remember well the questions which he asked, and some peculiar advice which he gave of quite a local nature.

The simple events of that day may appear trifling to many readers, who are accustomed to look upon the Pope as only an object of a peculiar class of feelings veering between the bitter and the sour. They forget that he is, at any rate, a sovereign; and one may presume that, if there existed an English "educational establishment" connected with Protestantism in even a small state, such as Baden or Sardinia, and the ruler of that state were to go and give the boys a day to themselves, dining in their hall, it would be considered a very gracious act, and perhaps a national compliment; at least, a mark of his respect for the people to which it belonged. The ecclesiastical Sovereign of Rome, too, is considered, popularly, as living in almost inaccessible state, and not easily drawn into familiar contact with others. Surely, then, it is no wonder that such an act of condescension endeared Leo to those who experienced it, unasked from him;—foreigners though they were, and of a nation which had shown little of that sympathy with him which it had lavished on his predecessor. But to their eyes such a visit was much more than one from a lesser sovereign. His ecclesiastical elevation, his spiritual principality, his religious character, render his worldly position only secondary, and give him a precedence in the hierarchy of monarchs, which the possessors of wider territories and of heavier budgets will not deny. An act of paternal condescension from one so considered, such as has been described, could not fail to remain engraven on the hearts of all who witnessed it, or rather experienced it. They wished their successors also to

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keep it before their minds; and therefore had the memory of this kindness graven upon something less perishable than those fleshly tablets;—upon two handsome marble slabs, one in the college, and one in the hall so highly honoured, varying only in the designation of place. The following is a copy of the first:—

HONORI
LEONIS. XII. PONT. MAX.
OPTIMI . ET . INDVLGENTISSIMI . PRINCIPIS
QVOD IV. KAL. NOV. AN. MDCCCXXVII.
ALVMNOS . COLLEGII . ANGLORVM
PORTIODVNI . RVSTICANTES
LIBENS . INVISERIT
IN . CONVIVIVM . ADHIBVERIT
OMNIQVE . COMITATE . COMPLEXVS . SIT
ROBERTVS . GRADWELL . RECTOR . COLLEGII
ET . IIDEM . ALVMNI
V.E. FLACIDO . ZVRLA . CARD. PATRONO . SVFFRAGANTE
DEVOTI . GRATIQVE . ANIMI . MONVMENTVM
DEDICAVERVNT

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ENGLISH CARDINALATE.

ALTHOUGH it was his successor Pius VIII. who first, in modern times, created an English Cardinal, the idea of doing so arose in the mind of Leo XII. under circumstances of a peculiar nature. It is a common practice for a cardinal, on being raised to the pontifical chair, to "restore the hat," as it is called, by raising to the dignity, from which he has himself just risen, some member of the family of the Pope who had elevated him to that honour. And if that Pontiff had belonged to a religious body, it would be, or might be, restored to his order.

Now Leo XII. had been created Cardinal by Pius VII., who was a member of the Benedictine order; and he wished to discharge his duty of gratitude towards that venerable corporation. In the winter of 1826 there arrived in Rome the Right Rev. Dr. Baines, Bishop of Siga, and Coadjutor of the English Western District. He came in a state of almost hopeless illness, with an interior abscess working on an enfeebled frame and constitution, apparently unable to expel it from the system. He came merely as a visitor, with some private friends who had kindly accompanied him, in hopes that change of climate might do more than medicines or their administrators. They were not deceived. The mild climate, the interesting recreation, and perhaps, more still, the rest from the labour and excitement in which he had lived, did their duty; at some due period, the interior enemy capitulated, in that Englishman's stronghold of misery and pain—the liver; and a visible change for the better was observable by spring. A delightful summer spent between Assisi and Porto di Fermo completed the task; and he used to recount, on his return, the astonishment of the simple

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rustics among whom he had lived, at receiving payments by a strip of paper, with a few lines upon it—as illegible to them as a doctor's prescription is to more educated people—which, upon being presented at a certain palazzo in the neighbouring city, they found, to their amazement, unhesitatingly converted into the exact amount due to them, in clearly ringing coin.

By degrees the reputation which he had acquired in England began to spread in Rome; several noble families in which he had been intimate at home were in Rome, and gave many others the opportunity of becoming acquainted with him; and he had a power of fascinating all who approached him, in spite of a decided tone and manner which made it difficult to differ from him in opinion. He had sometimes original views upon a certain class of subjects; but on every topic he had a command of language, and a clear manner of expressing his sentiments, which commanded attention, and generally won assent. Hence his acquaintances were always willing listeners, and soon became sincere admirers, then warm partisans. Unfortunately, this proved to him a dangerous gift. When he undertook great and magnificent works, he would stand alone: assent to his plans was a condition of being near him; any one that did not agree, or that ventured to suggest deliberation, or provoke discussion, was easily put aside; he isolated himself with his own genius; he had no counsellor but himself; and he who had, at one time, surrounded himself with men of learning, of prudence, and of devotedness to him, found himself at last almost alone, and fretted a noble heart to a solitary death.

At the period, however, to which this chapter belongs, these faults could scarcely show themselves to any great disparagement of his higher and better powers. In the course of the ensuing winter he was able, though contrary to the opinion of his friends, to appear in the English pulpit, which, as we shall see, Leo XII. opened in Rome. The church, which was nearly empty when preachers of inferior mark occupied it, was crowded when Bishop Baines was announced as the ora-

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tor. Many people will remember him. He was happiest in his unwritten discourses. The flow of his words was easy and copious, his imagery was often very elegant, and his discourses were replete with thought and solid matter. But his great power was in his delivery, in voice, in tone, in look, and gesture. His whole manner was full of pathos, sometimes more even than the matter justified; there was a peculiar tremulousness of voice, which gave his words more than double effect, notwithstanding the drawback of a provincial accent, and occasional dramatic pronunciations. In spite of such defects, he was considered, by all that heard him, one of the most eloquent and earnest preachers they had ever attended.

Such was the person destined, in the mind of Leo, to be the first English cardinal. The fact was, that Dr. Baines was a Benedictine, brought up in the Abbey of Lambspring, and before his episcopal promotion Prior of Ampleforth in Yorkshire. We were informed by Monsignor Nicolai, that the Pope had called him, and said to him, "that he had been casting his eyes around him for a member of the Benedictine body, on whom to bestow the hat of restitution; many worthy men in it were too aged and infirm, others too young; so that he had fixed upon the English monk, if, on inquiry, his character should prove equal to the proposed elevation." Such inquiries were made, in good measure amongst us, without their object being communicated. The result was, that the bishop was desired to remove from the private apartments in the Palazzo Costa, where he had been living with his English friends, to the Benedictine monastery of San Callisto, and to wear the episcopal habit of his order.

Pius VIII., I have been assured on good authority, renewed the offer, which the Bishop now declined, and then only selected a very old Benedictine Abbot, Crescini, from Parma, to receive the hat which he, as well as Leo, owed to Pius VII. It was, indeed, given, but not enjoyed; for the good religious, who was quite worthy otherwise of his honours, died either on his journey, or immediately on his arrival at home.

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It is evident, however, that Dr. Baines would have been made a Cardinal, not on national grounds, but as a Benedictine. Still the thought of travelling so far to find a fitting member of that body for the dignity, was generous and broad in Leo. And, besides, there can be no doubt, that this intention was made the basis of the nomination of an English Cardinal in the ensuing Pontificate.

Gladly would this subject be ended here; it is not a matter of choice, but almost of necessity, to pursue it further. While it is matter of absolute certainty, that Leo had made up his mind to name Bishop Baines a member of the cardinalitial college, had he ever turned his thoughts towards another of our countrymen, so far as outward manifestations can warrant us in saying so? Such an act would have exhibited nothing unreasonable in itself; though certainly the sudden creation of two English cardinals might have been unexpected. Leo XII. was not the man to mind that; and if Dr. Baines had been created as the representative of the Benedictine body, Dr. Lingard might well have been so, on his own high merits, and as a reward for his splendid history. Indeed, no one will venture to say, that in the whole range of modern literature, or in the annals of the British clergy, there is a name that could have been more worthily inscribed, or would have shone more brightly, on the roll of Roman dignitaries, than that of Lingard. An acquaintance begun with him under the disadvantage of ill-proportioned ages,—when the one was a man and the other a child,—had led me to love and respect him; early enough to leave many years after in which to test the first impressions of simpler emotions, and find them correctly directed, and most soundly based. Mr. Lingard was vice-president of the college which I entered at eight years of age, and I have retained upon my memory the vivid recollection of specific acts of thoughtful and delicate kindness, which showed a tender heart mindful of its duties, amidst the many harassing occupations just devolved on him, through the death of the president, and his own literery engagements; for he was reconducting his first

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great work through the press. But though he went from college soon after, and I later left the country, and saw him not again for fifteen years, yet there grew up an understanding first, and by degrees a correspondence and an intimacy between us, which continued to the close of his life. Personally, there was much kind encouragement in pursuits, and in views of public conduct; then—what is a more valuable evidence of regard—the mooting occasional points of difference for discussion, and from time to time "notes and queries" for information to be obtained, often formed the peculiar links of epistolary communication between us. Then, no one could approach him and not be charmed by the prevalent temperament of his mind. A buoyancy, a playfulness, and a simplicity of manner and conversation; an exquisite vein of satirical and critical humour, incapable of causing pain to any reasonable mind; a bending and pliant genius, which could adapt itself to every society, so as to become its idol, made him as much at home with the bar of the Northern Circuit, in the days of Brougham and Scarlett,[1] as with the young collegian who called to consult him at Hornby on some passage of Scripture or a classic. But a soundness of judgment and a high tone of feeling, united to solid and varied learning, strong faith, and sincere piety, supplied the deep concrete foundation on which rested those more elegant and airy external graces. Such was Lingard to all who knew him, sure to be loved, if only known. Hence, though he never aspired to ecclesiastical honours at home, and his friends respected him too highly to thrust them upon him against his desire, it will never be known till his life is really written, and his correspondence published, how great a share he had in the direction of our ecclesiastical affairs in England, and how truly he was almost the oracle which our bishops consulted in matters of intricate or delicate importance. His works alone, however, will secure him his true place with posterity.

[1] The Bar presented him, by subscription, with his own portrait.

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That such a man should have received the highest honours, should have been placed and have stood on a level with a Mai or a Gerdil, a Baronius or a Norris, could not have astonished the literary or ecclesiastical world. It would have been "plaudente orbe" that he would have received his elevation. And it is most certainly true, that had mere merit always to decide relative positions, he *ought* to have been what others were or are; but we must say of this lesser dignity what the gentle Metastasio makes one of his heroes, rather impertinently we must own, proclaim of the imperial state to his liege lord, not used to brook such sayings:

"se
Regnasse sol chi è di regnar capace,
Forse Arbace era Serse, e Serse Arbace."

This, however, is not our question. Of Dr. Lingard's deserts there is no second opinion. Nor is it at all necessary to throw doubts upon what is stated in the only meagre biography yet published of him, that Leo XII. proposed to him to settle in Rome, nor on the inductions drawn from the conversation.[1] Of the first it is quite evidence enough, if Dr. Lingard wrote it himself to a friend. But the question, strange as it may sound, is really—"*Was* Dr. Lingard actually a cardinal?"

In the biography alluded to is the following passage: "At a creation of cardinals in the following year, (Leo) informed the Consistory that among those whom he had reserved *in petto* for the same dignity was one, 'a man of great talents, an accomplished scholar, whose writings, drawn *ex*

[1] A conversation, related as having taken place between the Pope and the historian, in Fordyce's "History of the County Palatine of Durham," may be fairly put down as legendary at the best. Again, the Pope gives gold medals to many besides cardinals. The present Pope sent a gold medal to Mrs. Chisholm, to mark his sense of her great services to emigrants, and three medals to Canova (see Weekly Register, June 5, 1858). On this subject also I can speak from experience; this mark of honour to Dr. Lingard had no specific meaning.



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*authenticis fontibus*, had not only rendered great service to religion, but had delighted and astonished Europe.' In Rome this was generally understood to refer to the historian of England."

When the Pope made this speech it must have been in this form: "Moreover, *we create* a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, 'a man of great talents, etc.,' whom, however, we reserve *in pectore*." He cannot reserve the creation of a person, but only his promulgation; and this is so truly the case, that if, ten years later, the Pontiff publishes a person as cardinal, declaring him to be the person so reserved, his cardinalate dates from the first epoch, and he takes at once precedence of all created in the interval. If, therefore, Dr. Lingard was the person meant by the Pope on the occasion referred to in the foregoing extract, the English historian was truly and really created a cardinal.

If so, what prevented his proclamation? The biography goes on to say that Dr. Lingard took steps to prevent it. Is this possible? Is it consistent with his delicate modesty and sensitive abhorrence of praise even from a child, to imagine that he at once took to himself this description of the reserved cardinal? But the fact is, that such reservation is a matter of the strictest secresy, truly confined to the papal breast; not even the person who "draws up the allocution" has an inkling of it more than others, who can judge of the person by the qualities or actions attributed to him. These are often definite. The idea, however, of "Monsignor Testa," or any one else about the Pope, presuming to decide whom he meant, and trying to "divert him from his purpose," is a simple impossibility. We may depend upon it that, if our historian was really created and reserved, he could not have got off thus easily. Either, therefore, the Pope changed his mind, or death prevented his carrying out his intentions, though he lived more than two years afterwards; or, what was the fact, it was not to Dr. Lingard that the Holy Father alluded. But "in Rome it was generally understood to refer to him." Here lies the mistake. I well remember

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the day, the allocution, and its application. It was a notable address when Leo emphatically intimated that in the creation of future cardinals he would not be guided by routine or court usages, but would select men of great gifts, and who had rendered signal services to the Church.[1] It breathed fully the spirit of Leo. At its conclusion came the mysterious reservation of a cardinal belonging to this highly qualified class. I well remember the excitement and delight with which our president, the old and affectionate friend of Dr. Lingard, on coming home told us of the speech, saying, as from his own conjecture, that the characteristics assigned could possibly apply only to him. And so he repeated to others, friends of both, who, no doubt, assented, as we did, to his interpretation. But beyond this circle, where Dr. Lingard was known and appreciated, it certainly was not so; a very different person was then, and ever afterwards, and is still considered to have been the subject of the Pope's reservation.[2]

[1] It was said that, on occasion of this declaration, a well-known cardinal, kind and good-natured, but whose career had been civil rather than ecclesiastical, and who had no pretensions to great acquirements in learning, turning to his neighbour, said, "It is well that I am already a cardinal, or I should now stand no chance."

[2] It is not natural to expect a writer, however great, to be much known out of his own country without translations. Now, indeed, many people learn foreign languages, and travel far from home; but, at the period in question, there were in Rome very few Italians who read English, or could translate it. Lingard's reputation was made abroad by his great "History." His "Anglo-Saxon Church" and his "Tracts" had never been translated; and the version of his "History," made by a Signor Gregorj, was dragging its slow length along, through the hand-press, and through a heavy lawsuit on the meaning of hot-pressing, till the translator's mental powers gave way, and the work was completed by the quicker and more elegant pen of Signor (afterwards Father) Mazio. Till this was done the name of Lingard was known only to higher scholars. Take, for instance, the following extract from the Journal often before quoted:—"Aug. 3rd, 1821. Had private audience of the Pope. Presented petitions for Mr. Lingard, Archer, and Fletcher, to be made Doctors. The Pope granted the petition with pleasure. *I related their several merits.* He told me to take the petitions to Mgr. Cristaldi, rector of Sapienza. . . . I desired it might

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This was the celebrated Abbé de la Mennais.

As has been said, he had been to Rome in 1824, and had been received with the most marked distinction by the Pope. He was then in all the splendour of his genius, arrayed on the side not only of faith, but of the highest Roman principles. The boldness of his declarations on doctrine, the independence of his tone in politics, the brilliancy of his style, and the depth of thought which it clothed, put him at the head of religious champions in France. He had undauntedly assaulted the flying rear of the great revolution—the indifference which lingered still behind it, by his splendid "Traité sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion;" he had next endeavoured to beat back from reöccupying its place—what he considered had led to that fatal epoch and its desolating results,—a kingly Gallicanism. This he had done by a treatise less popular, indeed, but full of historical research and clearness of reasoning: "La Doctrine de l'Eglise sur l'Institution des Evêques."

It was to this work that Pope Leo was considered to allude. The text of the allocution is not accessible; but it was thought to refer to this work with sufficient point. So matter-of-fact was the book, so completely the fruit of reading and study, rather than of genius and intellectual prowess, that it has been attributed to a worthy brother, who survives the more brilliant meteor now passed away, in a steady and useful light. He is the founder of an immense body of religious brethren, who have their head-quarters at Ploërmel, but are scattered all through Northern France, devoted to the education of the poor.

Be this as it may, the more celebrated brother has his name on the title-page, and had wellnigh won its honours. And then he was gathering round him an earnest band, not only of admirers but of followers, so long as he cleaved to truth. Never had the head of a religious school possessed

be done by complimentary briefs. The Pope assented. Dr. Gradwell was added to the number. He and Dr. Lingard received the degree of LL.D. in addition to that of D.D.

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so much of fascinating power to draw the genius, energy, devotedness, and sincerity of ardent youth about him; never did any one so well indoctrinate them with his own principles as to make these principles invincible by even his own powers. He was in this like Tertullian, who, when sound of mind, "prescribed" medicines too potent for the subtle poisons which he dealt out in his heterodox insanity. Both laid their foundations too deep, and made them too strong, to be blasted even by their own mines.

How he did so mightily prevail on others it is hard to say. He was truly in look and presence almost contemptible; small, weakly, without pride of countenance or mastery of eye, without any external grace; his tongue seemed to be the organ by which, unaided, he gave marvellous utterance to thoughts clear, deep, and strong. Several times have I held long conversations with him, at various intervals, and he was always the same. With his head hung down, his hands clasped before him, or gently moving in one another, he poured out, in answer to a question, a stream of thought, flowing spontaneous and unrippled as a brook through a summer meadow. He at once seized the whole subject, divided it into its heads, as symmetrically as Fléchier or Massillon; then took them one by one, enucleated each, and drew his conclusions. All this went on in a monotonous but soft tone, and was so unbroken, so unhesitating, and yet so polished and elegant, that, if you had closed your eyes, you might have easily fancied you were listening to the reading of a finished and elaborately corrected volume.

Then, everything was illustrated by happy imagery, so apt, so graphic, and so complete. I remember his once describing, in glowing colours, the future prospects of the Church. He had referred to prophecies of Scripture, and fulfilments in history, and had concluded that, not even at the period of Constantine, had perfect accomplishment of predictions and types been made; and that, therefore, a more glorious phase yet awaited the Church than any she

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had yet experienced. And this, he thought, could not be far off.

"And how," I asked, "do you think, or see, that this great and wonderful change in her condition will be brought about?"

"I cannot see," he replied. "I feel myself like a man placed at one end of a long gallery, at the other extremity of which are brilliant lights, shedding their rays on objects there. I see paintings and sculpture, furniture and persons, clear and distinct; but of what is between me and them I see nothing, the whole interval is dark, and I cannot describe what occupies the space. I can read the consequence, but not the working of the problem."

On another occasion his answer was more explicit. He had been discoursing eloquently on England, and what had to be done there in our religious struggles. He had described the ways in which prejudices had to be overcome, and public opinion won over. He was asked—

"But what, or where, are the instruments with which such difficult and great things have to be wrought?"

"They do not exist as yet," he answered. "You must begin there by making the implements with which your work has to be performed. It is what we are doing in France."

And glorious, indeed, were the weapons that came from that armoury, of finest temper and brightest polish; true as steel, well-balanced and without flaw, were the instruments that issued from that forge; Montalembert, Rio, Cœur, Lacordaire, Cornballot, and many others, who have not failed in the work for which they had been destined by a higher power than that of an earthly teacher.

But in de la Mermais there was long a canker deeply sunk. There was a maggot in the very core of that beautiful fruit. It was only in 1837, when he finished his ecclesiastical career by his "Affaires de Rome," that the worm had fully writhed itself out, and wound itself, like the serpent of Eden, round the rind. But it had been there all along.

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During his last journey to Rome, to which that book referred, he is said to have exclaimed to a companion, setting his teeth, and pressing his clasped hands to his heart: "I feel in here an evil spirit, who will drag me one day to perdition." That day soon came. It was the demon of pride and disappointed ambition. Often has one heard good men say in Rome, what a happy escape the Roman Church had experienced from one who had turned out so worthless! And others have thought, that, if Leo's intentions had been carried out, the evil spirit would have been thereby exorcised, and, the dross being thus removed, the gold alone would have remained. But when ever was a passion cured by being humoured or satisfied?

It is easy to account for Leo's abandonment of his intentions in favour of this wretched man. But how nobly does the character of our Lingard contrast with his, whom the necessity of our task and topic has compelled us to consider by his side! How sterling and manly, unselfish and consistent, does he appear throughout! For there can be no doubt that, under the assurance of its being made to him, he earnestly recoiled from the offer of that high dignity, which no one surely would accept without shrinking; though his mind might balance between the examples of a Philip playfully rejecting, and a Baronius obediently receiving.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### CLOSE OF LEO'S PONTIFICATE.

THERE is an act of this papal reign which deserves record, as characteristic of the Pontiff himself, and as illustrating the practical working of the supremacy under complications otherwise insoluble. South America had thrown off the Spanish rule, and enjoyed an independence of some years' duration. On the 21st of May, 1827, the Pope addressed the cardinals in Consistory assembled, on the ecclesiastical position of that continent. Spain had refused to recognise the independence of its many states, although it had ceased effectually even to disturb them. It claimed still all its old rights over them; and, among them, that of episcopal presentation. The exercise of such a power, if it existed, would have been contradictory to its object, and therefore self-defeating. Bishops are intended to feed a flock; and of what use would bishops have been, who could never even look upon their sees or be heard by their people? For it would have been quite unreasonable to expect that the free republics would acknowledge the jurisdiction of the country which declared itself at war with them.

On the other hand, there had been no formal ecclesiastical treaty or concordat between these commonwealths and the Holy See, by which previous claims had been abrogated, and new rights vested in their present rulers. It was just a case for the exercise of the highest prerogative which both parties acknowledged to be inherent in the supremacy, however galling its application might be to one of them. In the allocution alluded to, the Pope announced, that, not feeling justified in longer permitting those sees to remain vacant, and those immense populations to wander like sheep without a shepherd, he had provided them with worthy pastors, with-

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out the intervention of either side, but in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority. The Court of Madrid was angry, and refused to admit the Papal Nuncio, Tiberi; and a little episode in the life of the present Pontiff arose from this passing coolness.[1]

The last recollection which shall be recorded of this good and amiable man may be considered too personal; but it relates to a public expression of his interest in our countrymen. On some occasion or other, it happened that the author accompanied the Rector to an audience of the Pope. This was in 1827. After transacting other business, His Holiness remarked, that there being no English Church in Rome, Catholics who came there had no opportunity of hearing the word of God, and even others who might desire to hear a sermon in their own language had no means of gratifying their wish. It was therefore, he said, his intention to have, during the winter, in some church well situated, a course of English sermons, to be delivered every Sunday. It was to be attended by all colleges and religious communities that spoke our language. One difficulty remained; where was the preacher to be found? The Rector, justly approving of the design, most unjustly pointed to his companion, and suggested him; though, with the exception of such juvenile essays as students blushingly deliver before their own companions, he had never addressed an audience.

[1] Pius VII., at the request of Cienfuegos, envoy from Chili, sent as envoy to that republic Mgr. Muzi, and as his assistant the Ab. Mastai, now Pius IX. The Pope dying before the expedition had sailed from Genoa, it was confirmed by Leo XII., who, in his brief, declares that the Count Mastai had been originally appointed by his desire, describing him as "Nobis apprime charus." The commissioners sailed Oct. 11th, 1823, but were driven by stress of weather into Palma, the capital of Majorca. Upon ascertaining from their papers who were the ecclesiastics on board, and what their mission, the governor had them arrested, kept them four days in a common prison, subjected them to an ignominious examination in court, and was on the point of sending them to banishment in an African *presidio*, when common sense prevailed, and they were restored to liberty. See a full account in the "Dublin Review," vol. xxxiv. p. 469.

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However, the burthen was laid there and then, with peremptory kindness, by an authority that might not be gainsayed. And crushingly it pressed upon the shoulders: it would be impossible to describe the anxiety, pain, and trouble which this command cost for many years after. Nor would this be alluded to, were it not to illustrate what has been kept in view through this volume,—how the most insignificant life, temper, and mind may be moulded by the action of a great, and almost unconscious, power. Leo could not see what has been the influence of his commission, in merely dragging from the commerce with the dead to that of the living, one who would gladly have confined his time to the former,—from books to men, from reading to speaking. Nothing but this would have done it. Yet, supposing that the province of one's life was to be active, and in contact with the world, and one's future duties were to be in a country and in times where the most bashful may be driven to plead for his religion or his flock, surely a command, over-riding all inclination, and forcing the will to undertake the best and only preparation for those tasks, may well be contemplated as a sacred impulse, and a timely direction to a mind that wanted both. Had it not come then, it never more could have come; other bents would have soon become stiffened and unpliant; and no second opportunity could have been opened, after others had satisfied the first demand. One may therefore feel grateful for the gracious severity of that day, and the more in proportion to what it cost; for what was then done was spared to one at a later period. The weary task to preacher and audience was lightened by the occasional appearance in the pulpit, before alluded to, of the eloquent Dr. Baines, whose *copia fandi* and finished address prevented perhaps the total blight, in its infancy, of the Pope's benevolent plan.

He made it, in fact, his own. He selected a church of most just proportions for the work, and of exquisite beauty, that of Gesù e Maria in the Corso; he had it furnished at his expense each Sunday; he ordered all charges for adver-

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tisements and other costs to be defrayed by the palace, or civil list; and, what was more useful and considerate than all, a detachment of his own choir attended, to introduce the service by its own peculiar music. Its able director, Canonico Baini, the closest approximator in modern times to Palestrina and Bai, composed a little motett with English words, for our special use. After this Pontificate the papal choir ceased to afford us help, and a falling off, no doubt, took place in this portion of our offices; except at times, as when we had the coöperation of a nobleman, then minister at Florence, whose music, under his own direction, was there heard by many with admiration.

An affectionate blessing, and a case containing a gold and a silver medal, were a sufficient reward to the first preachers, at the close of Lent; but the Pope on Easter Eve sent to the college the materials of a sumptuous feast, of which, immediately on release from penitential discipline, a large and noble party of our countrymen partook.

Fatigued, and almost broken down by new anxious labours and insomnium, I started next day for Naples and Sicily; travelled round that island when it had yet only twelve miles of carriage road in it; ascended not only Vesuvius, but to the crater of Etna; encountered only trifling but characteristic adventures sufficient to amuse friends; and returned with new vigour home, to find our dear and venerable Rector appointed Bishop, and about to leave Rome for ever.

On the 6th of December, 1828, I received the last mark of kindness and confidence from our Holy Pontiff, in the nomination to the vacated office, and had subsequently my last audience of thanks, fatherly and encouraging as usual. On the table stood, as I had often noticed it, a paper-weight of marble with a silver lion upon it; which caught attention from the trifling circumstance that the back of the noble animal was saddled with several pairs of spectacles, no doubt of different powers. It became interestingly connected with what shortly ensued.

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The Pope went through his Christmas duties, and even officiated on the 2nd of February, 1829, the Feast of the Purification, when a *Te Deum* is sung in thanksgiving for escape from a dreadful earthquake in 1703. But between the two festivals he had given intimations of a consciousness of his approaching end. He took leave of Monsignor Testa, his Secretary of Latin Briefs to Princes, at the last weekly audience he had, saying, most affectionately: "A few days more, and we shall not meet again." He gave up the ring usually worn by the Pope to the custody of the Maggiordomo, or High Steward of the Household, telling him, as he hesitated to receive it, that he was its proper guardian, and that it might easily be lost in the confusion of an event which was shortly to ensue. But the most striking proof of presentiment was the following. Monsignor Gasperini, his Secretary of Latin Letters, went to his usual audience one evening. After despatching his business, Leo said to him, in his ordinary calm and affable manner: "I have a favour to ask of you, which I shall much value."

"Your Holiness has only to command me," was the natural reply.

"It is this," the Pope continued, placing before him a paper. "I have drawn up my epitaph, and I should be obliged to you to correct it, and put it into proper style."

"I would rather have received any commission but that," said the sorrowful secretary, who was deeply attached to his master. "Your Holiness, however, is I trust in no hurry."

"Yes, my dear Gasperini, you must bring it with you next time."

It must be observed that in Italy, and particularly in Rome, much importance is attached to the peculiar purity of style in monumental inscriptions. The "lapidary"[1] style, as it is called, is a peculiar branch of classical composition, confined to a few choice scholars. It differs from ordinary

[1] From the Italian word *lapide*, which means an inscribed or monumental tablet.

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writing, not merely in the use of certain symbols, abbreviations, and set phrases, but much more in the selection of words, in their collocation, and in the absence of all rounded period and expletives; for which clearness, terseness, simplicity of construction, and the absence of a superfluous phrase or word, must compensate. Some inscriptions lately proposed for public buildings in this country offend against every rule of the lapidary style; will sound ridiculous to foreign scholars, as they are almost unintelligible to natives; are long, intricate, and almost Teutonic, rather than Latin in construction,

> "One half will not be *understood*,
> The other not be read."

Among those who were considered in Rome the most practically acquainted with the lapidary style was Monsignor Gasperini, first Professor of Belles-lettres, then Rector of the Roman Seminary, and finally Secretary of Latin Letters to the Pope. To this obliging, amiable, and learned man many had recourse when they wanted an inscription composed or polished. He was the author of most put up in our college. At his next week's audience, he laid the corrected inscription before Leo, who read it, approved highly of it, thanked him most cordially, folded, and placed it under the lion-mounted slab, where it remained, till sought and found, a few days later, after his death. He transacted his business with his usual serenity; and, in dismissing him, thanked his secretary with an earnestness that struck him as peculiar. They never saw one another again upon earth.

On the 6th of February, after having descended by a private staircase to the apartments of the Secretary of State, Cardinal Bernetti, and held a long conference with him, he returned to his own closet, and resumed his work. He was there seized with his last illness; and it was generally believed that an operation unskilfully performed had aggravated instead of relieving its symptoms. He bore the torturing pain of his disease with perfect patience, asked for the last rites of

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the Church, and expired, in calm and freedom from suffering, on the tenth.

He was buried temporarily in the sarcophagus which had enshrined for a time the remains of his predecessors, and then in a vault constructed in front of St. Leo the Great's altar; where, in the centre of the pavement, corresponding by its lines with the small dome above, was inlaid in brass the following inscription, alluded to as composed by himself. No one can read it and fail to be touched by its elegant simplicity.

LEONI . MAGNO
PATRONO . COELESTI
ME . SVPPLEX . COMMENDANS
HIC . APVD . SACROS . EIVS . CINERES
LOCVM . SEPVLTVRAE . ELEGI
LEO XII.
HVMILIS . CLIENS
HAEREDVM . TANTI . NOMINIS
MINIMVS

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# Part the Third.

# PIUS THE EIGHTH.

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PIUS VIII.

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# PIUS THE EIGHTH.

## CHAPTER I.

### HIS ELECTION AND PREVIOUS HISTORY.

A PONTIFICATE which commenced on the 31st of March, in 1829, and closed on the 1st of December of the following year, limited thus to a duration of twenty months, cannot be expected to afford very ample materials for either public records or personal recollections. Such was the brief sovereignty in Church and State of the learned and holy Pius VIII.

The election to this high dignity, and the succession to this venerable name, of Cardinal Francis Xavier Castiglioni cannot be said to have taken Rome by surprise. At the preceding conclave of 1823 he was known to have united more suffrages than any of his colleagues, till the plenary number centred suddenly on Cardinal della Genga; nor had anything occurred since to disqualify him for similar favour, except the addition of some six years more to an age already sufficiently advanced. In fact the duration of the conclave was evidence of the facility with which the electors arrived at their conclusion. Leo XII. died, as has been stated, February 10. On the 23rd the cardinals entered the conclave; and fresh arrivals continued for several days. Indeed it was not till the third of March that the Cardinal Albani, accredited representative of Austria in the conclave, and charged with the *veto* held by the Emperor, entered within the sacred precincts.



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On the 31st of that month, he was the first to break through them, and from the usual place announce to the assembled crowds, that Cardinal Castiglioni was elected Pope, and had taken the name of Pius VIII. It will be naturally asked, what were the qualities which secured to him this rapid nomination. His short pontificate did not allow time for the display of any extraordinary powers; nor would it be fair, without evidence of them, to attribute them to him. But there was all the moral assurance, which a previous life could give, of his possessing the gifts necessary to make him more than an ordinary man in his high elevation.

In an hereditary monarchy, the successor to the throne may be known for many years to his future subjects, and he may have been, during the period, qualifying himself for his coming responsibility. He may have manifested symptoms of principles completely opposed to those of his father, or of his house; and given promises, or thrown out hints, of a total departure from domestic or hereditary policy. Or, he may have been a loose and abandoned crown-prince; a threat, rather than a promise, to the coming generation. Perhaps the young Prince Hal may turn out a respectable King Henry; or, more likely, Windsor Castle may continue, on a regal scale, the vices of Carlton House. The nation, however, rightly accepts the royal gift, and must be content. For in compensation, the advantages of succession to a throne by descent are so great and so manifest, that the revival of an elective monarchy in Europe would be considered, by all who are not prepared to see it lapse into a presidency, as a return to times of anarchy and revolution. The quiet subsidence of an empire by election into one of succession, within our own days, proves that—even in a country which violent changes have affected less than they would have done any other—the best safeguards to peace and guarantees of order are most certainly found in the simple and instinctive method of transmitting royal prerogatives through royal blood. How much of Poland's calamities and present condition are due to perseverance in the elective principle!

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But there is one, and only one, necessary exception to this rule. The sovereignty of the Church could not, under any circumstances, be handed down in a family succession; not even did it not enforce the celibacy of its clergy. The head of the Church is not the spiritual ruler of one kingdom, and his office cannot be an heirloom, like crown-jewels. His headship extends over an entire world, spiritually indeed, yet sensibly and efficaciously: kingdoms and republics are equally comprised in it; and what belongs to so many must in fact be the property of none. At the same time it is evident that the duties of this sublime functional power, running through every problem of social polity, can only be discharged by a person of matured age and judgment: there could be no risk of regencies or tutorships, of imbecility or hereditary taints, of scandalous antecedents or present vices. Only an election, by men trained themselves in the preparatory studies and practices of the ecclesiastical state, of one whose life and conversation had passed before their eyes, could secure the appointment of a person duly endowed for so high an office. They look, of course, primarily to the qualities desirable for this spiritual dignity. It is a Pope whom they have to elect for the ecclesiastical rule of the world, not the sovereign of a small territory. His secular dominion is the consequence, not the source, of his religious position. Certainly it cannot be doubted that in later times the electors have been faithful to their trust. What Ranke has shown of their predecessors is incontestable of more modern Pontiffs; that not only none has disgraced his position by unworthy conduct, but all have proved themselves equal to any emergency that has met them, and been distinguished by excellent and princely qualities.

That those characteristics which determine the choice of the electors do not first manifest themselves in conclave, but have been displayed through years of public life, in legations, in nunciatures, in bishoprics, or in office at home, must be obvious. Hence men of accurate observation may have noted them; and a certain indefinite feeling of

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anticipation may be general, about the probable successor to the vacant chair. In Cardinal Castiglioni many qualities of high standard had been long observed; such as could not fail to recommend him to the notice and even preference of his colleagues. To say that his life had been irreproachable would be but little: it had been always edifying, and adorned with every ecclesiastical virtue.

Though born (November 20, 1761) of noble family, in the small city of Cingoli, he had come early to Rome to pursue his studies, and had distinguished himself in them so much, that in 1800, when only thirty-nine years old, he had been raised to the episcopal dignity in the See of Montalto near Ascoli. Here he had signalised himself by his apostolic zeal, and had consequently drawn upon his conduct the jealous eye of the French authorities. He was known to be staunch in his fidelity to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to the rights of the Church: consequently he was denounced as dangerous, and honoured by exile, first to Milan, and then to Mantua. We are told that those who had charge of him were astonished to find, in the supposed firebrand, one of the gentlest and meekest of human beings. In all this, however, there was much to recommend him to those who had met to elect a shepherd, and not a hireling, for Christ's flock.

But in this proof of his constancy there had been testimony borne to another, and if not a higher, at least a rarer, quality. This was ecclesiastical learning. Of his familiarity with other portions of this extensive literary field, there will be occasion to speak later. But the branch of theological lore in which Cardinal Castiglioni had been most conspicuous was Canon law. Some readers may not be willing to concede any great importance or dignity to such a proficiency, the value of which they may have had few opportunities of estimating. Canon law is, however, a system of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, as complex and as complete as any other legislative and judicial code: and since it is in force at Rome, and has to be referred to even in transactions with

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other countries where ecclesiastical authority is more limited, a person solidly grounded in it, and practically versed in its application, naturally possesses a valuable advantage in the conduct of affairs, especially those belonging to the highest spheres. We would not allow a foreigner the right to despise that peculiar learning which we think qualifies a lawyer of eminence for the woolsack; especially if from his ignorance of our unique legal principles and practice, he may not have qualified himself to judge of it. However, the attainments of Cardinal Castiglioni rose even higher than these. He had been originally the scholar of the first Canonist of his day, and had become his assistant. The work which stands highest among modern manuals on ecclesiastical law is Devoti's Institutes: and this was the joint work of that prelate and Castiglioni. Indeed, the most learned portion of it, the notes which enrich and explain it, were mainly the production of the pupil. Now it so happened, that when the relations between Pius VII. and the French Emperor became intricate and unfriendly, and delicate questions arose of conflicting claims and jurisdictions, it was to the Bishop of Montalto that the Pope had recourse, as his learned and trusty counsellor in such dangerous matters. He was found equal to the occasion. His answers and reports were firm, precise, and erudite; nor did he shrink from the responsibility of having given them. It was this freedom and inflexibility which drew upon him the dislike of the occupying power in Italy. Surely such learning must possess its full value with those who have seen its fruits, when they are deliberating about providing a prudent steersman and a skilful captain for the bark of Peter, still travailed by past tempests, and closely threatened by fresh storms.

When the Pope was restored to his own, Castiglioni's merits were fully acknowledged and rewarded. On the 8th of March, 1816, he was raised to the cardinalitial dignity, and named Bishop of Cesena, the Pope's own native city. He was in course of time brought to Rome, and so became Bishop of Tusculum, or Frascati, one of the episcopal titles in the Sa-

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cred College. He was also named Penitentiary, an office requiring great experience and prudence. He enjoyed the friendship of Consalvi as well as the confidence of their common master, and thus his ecclesiastical knowledge was brought most opportunely to assist the diplomatic experience and ability of the more secular minister. In fact, it might be said that they often worked in common, and even gave conjointly audience to foreign ministers, in matters of a double interest. And such must often be transactions between the Holy See and Catholic Powers. Again, we may ask, was it not more than probable that such experience in ecclesiastical affairs of the very highest order, and such results of its application, should carry due weight with persons occupied in the selection of a ruler over the Church, who should not come new and raw into the active government of the whole religious world?

Such were the qualifications which induced the electors in conclave to unite their suffrages in the person of Cardinal Castiglioni; and it is not wonderful that he should have selected for his pontifical name, PIUS THE EIGHTH. Indeed, it has been said that the Holy Pontiff, to whom he thus recorded his gratitude, had long before given him this title. For, on some occasion when he was transacting business with him, Pius VII. said to him with a smile, "Your Holiness, Pius the Eighth, may one day settle this matter."[1]

Such auguries being seldom told till after fulfilment,—for without the modesty that would conceal them, there would not be the virtues that can deserve them,—they are naturally little heeded. To tell the truth, one does not see why, if a Jewish High Priest had the gift of prophecy for his year of office,[2] one of a much higher order and dignity should not occasionally be allowed to possess it. In this case, however, the privilege was not necessary. As it has been already intimated, the accumulation of merits in the Cardinal might strike the Pope even more, from his closer observation, than they

[1] D'Artaud, Life of Pius VIII. [2] John xi. 2.

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would the electors; and the good omen might only be the result of sagacity combined with affection. In like manner, a natural shrewdness which Pius possessed might have guided him to a similar prediction, if true as reported, to his intermediate successor, Leo XII. It used to be said that when Monsignor della Genga was suddenly told to prepare for the nunciature, and consequently for episcopal consecration, and was therefore overwhelmed with grief, he flew to the feet of Pius to entreat a respite, when the holy man said to him; "It is the white coif[1] that I put upon your head." The many noble gifts which showed themselves in the youthful prelate—sufficient to induce the Pope at once to send him abroad as his representative in troublesome and dangerous times—may have carried his penetrating eye beyond the successful fulfilment of that mission, to the accomplishment of one higher and more distant.

But it is more difficult to account for other auguries, where there can be no recourse to prophecy or to shrewdness. All history is full of them: some we throw aside to the score of superstition, others we unhesitatingly give up to fiction; an immense amount we make over to what we call singular or happy coincidences; while a residue is allowed to remain unappropriated, as inexplicable or devoid of sufficient evidence to be judged on, as too slight to be believed, yet too good not to be repeated. In the first book of this volume, a little incident was told of a coachman's good-natured omen to the young Benedictine monk, afterwards Pius VII., and the authority was given for it; only one remove from the august subject of the anecdote. Another, and more strange one, recurs to mind, and rests upon exactly the same authority. I received it from the venerable Monsignor Testa, who assured me that he heard it from the Pope. When he was a monk in Rome, he used often to accompany his relation Cardinal Braschi in his evening drive. One afternoon, as they were just issuing from his palace, a man, apparently an artisan, without a coat and in his apron, leaped

[1] The zucchetto, worn white only by the Pope.

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on the carriage step (which used then to be outside), put his head into the carriage, and said, pointing first to one and then to the other: "Ecco due papi, prima questo, e poi questo." "See two popes, first this and then this." He jumped down and disappeared. Had any one else witnessed the scene from without, he might have been tempted to ask: "Are all things well? Why came this madman to you?" And the two astonished inmates of the carriage might have almost answered with Jehu; "Thus and thus did he speak to us; and he said, Thus saith the Lord, I have anointed you kings over Israel."[1] The Pope added that, after the fulfilment of the double prophecy, he had ordered every search and inquiry to be made after the man, but had not been able to find him. There had, however, been ample time for him to have finished a tolerably long life; for Braschi, as Pius VI., reigned nearly the years of Peter.[2]

[1] IV. Reg. ix. 11, 12.

[2] This anecdote brings to mind another concerning a very different person, which I do not remember to have seen published. A gentleman, who, though he differed materially in politics and in religion from the illustrious Daniel O'Connell, enjoyed much of his genial kindness, and greatly admired his private character, told me that he received the following account from him of his first great success at the Bar. He was retained as counsel in an action between the city of W——— and another party respecting a salmon-weir on the river. The corporation claimed it as belonging to them; their opponents maintained it was an open fishery. Little was known of its history further than that it was in the neighbourhood of an ancient Danish colony. But it had always been known by the name of "the *lax* weir," and this formed the chief ground of legal resistance to the city's claim. Able counsel was urging it, while O'Connell, who had to reply for the city, was anxiously racking his fertile brains for a reply. But little relief came thence. Lax, it was argued, meant loose; and loose was the opposite of reserved, or preserved, or guarded, or under any custody of a corporation. The point was turned every way, and put in every light, and looked brilliant and dazzling to audience, litigants, and counsel. The jury were pawing the ground, or rather shuffling their feet, in impatience for their verdict and their dinner; and the nictitating eye of the court, which had long ceased taking notes, was blinking a drowsy assent. Nothing could be plainer. A *lax* weir could not be a *close* weir (though such reasoning might not apply to corporations or constituen-

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The new Pope chose for his secretary of state the Cardinal Albani, a man vigorous in mind, though advanced in years, whose views no doubt he knew to coincide with his own, and whose politics were of the school of his old colleague, Consalvi. The house of Albani, too, was one of the most illustrious and noble in Italy, boasting even of imperial alliances. In the Cardinal were centred its honours, its wealth, and what he greatly valued, the magnificent museum of which mention has before been made. He died in 1834, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

cies); and no weir could have borne the title of lax, if it had ever been a close one. At this critical conjuncture some one threw across the table to O'Connell a little screwed up twist of paper, according to the wont of courts of justice. He opened, read it, and nodded grateful thanks. A change came over his countenance: the well-known O'Connell smile, half frolic, half sarcasm, played about his lips; he was quite at his ease, and blandly waited the conclusion of his antagonist's speech. He rose to reply, with hardly a listener; by degrees the jury was motionless, the lack-lustre eye of the court regained its brightness; the opposing counsel stared in amazement and incredulity, and O'Connell's clients rubbed their hands in delight. What had he done? Merely repeated to the gentlemen of the jury the words of the little twist of paper. "Are you aware that in Danish *lachs* means salmon?" The reader may imagine with what wit and scorn the question was prepared, with what an air of triumph it was put, and by what a confident demolition of all the adversary's *lax* argumentation it was followed. Whether there was then at hand a Danish dictionary (a German one would have sufficed), or the judge reserved the point, I know not; but the confutation proved triumphant: O'Connell carried the day, was made standing counsel to the city of W———, and never after wanted a brief. But he sought in vain, after his speech, for his timely succourer: no one knew who had thrown the note; whoever it was he had disappeared, and O'Connell could never make out to whom he was indebted.

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## CHAPTER II.

### PERSONAL CHARACTER.

THE appearance of Pius VIII. was not, perhaps, so prepossessing at first sight as that of his two predecessors. This was not from any want either of character or of amiability in his features. When you came to look into his countenance, it was found to be what the reader will think it in his portrait, noble and gentle. The outlines were large and dignified in their proportions; and the mouth and eyes full of sweetness. But an obstinate and chronic herpetic affection in the neck kept his head turned and bowed down, imparted an awkwardness, or want of elegance, to his movements, and prevented his countenance being fully and favourably viewed. This, however, was not the worst; he seemed, and indeed was, in a state of constant pain, which produced an irritation that manifested itself sometimes in his tone and expression. One of his secretaries mentioned to me an instance: when, on his giving a good-natured reply, it immediately drew from the Pope the blandest of smiles, and a most condescending apology on account of his infirmities.

Another effect of this suffering was, that many of the functions of the Church were beyond his strength. For example, the *Miserere* in Holy Week, one of the most splendid of musical performances, from being exactly suited in its character to its circumstances, was obliged to be curtailed, because the Pope could not kneel so long as it required. This was indeed but a trifle; for, notwithstanding his constant pain, he was assiduous in his attention to business, and indefatigable in the discharge of every duty.

Being himself of a most delicate conscience, he was perhaps severe and stern in his principles, and in enforcing

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them. He was, for example, most scrupulous about any of his family taking advantage of his elevation to seek honours or high offices. On the very day of his election, he wrote to his nephews a letter in which he communicated to them the welcome news of his having been raised, by Divine Providence, to the Chair of Peter, and shed bitter tears over the responsibilities with which this dignity overburthened him. He solicited their prayers, commanded them to refrain from all pomp and pride, and added; "let none of you, or of the family, move from your posts." During his pontificate it was proposed to bestow on the great St. Bernard the title of Doctor of the Universal Church, in the same manner as it is held by St. Augustine or St. Jerome. It was said that some one engaged in the cause, by way of enlisting the Pope's sympathies in it, remarked that St. Bernard belonged to the same family; since the Chatillons in France and the Castiglioni in Italy were only different branches of the same illustrious house. This remark, whether in the pleadings or in conversation, sufficed to check the proceedings; as the Pontiff, jealous of any possible partiality or bias on his part, and fearful of even a suspicion of such a motive having influenced him, ordered them to be suspended. They were afterwards resumed and brought to a happy conclusion under his pontificate.

In speaking of this Pope's literary accomplishments, his superior knowledge of Canon Law was singled out. But this was by no means his exclusive pursuit. To mention one of a totally different class, he possessed a very rare acquaintance with numismatics. His French biographer bears witness to his having held long conferences with him on this subject, which formed one of his own favourite pursuits, while Castiglioni was yet a cardinal. He says that, when closeted with him for a long time, people in waiting imagined they were engaged in solemn diplomatic discussions, while, in truth, they were merely debating the genuineness or value of some Vespasian or Athenæ.

Biblical literature, however, was his favourite pursuit;

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and the writer can bear witness to his having made himself fully acquainted with its modern theories, and especially with German rationalistic systems. Very soon after the Pope's accession, he obtained an audience, in company with the late most promising Professor Allemand, who occupied the Chair of Holy Scripture in the Roman Seminary, and had collected a most valuable library of modern biblical works in many languages. The Pope then gave formal audiences on his throne, and not in his private cabinet, so that a long conversation was more difficult. Still he detained us long, discoursing most warmly on the importance of those studies, in which he encouraged his willing listeners to persevere, and gave evidence of his own extensive and minute acquaintance with their many branches. He had, however, supplied better proof of this knowledge than could be given in a mere conversation.

It is well known to every scholar, how thoroughly, for more than a generation, the Bible in Germany had been the sport of every fancy, and the theme for erudite infidelity. The word "rationalism" gives the key to the system of stripping the sacred volume of the supernatural; explaining away whatever transcends the ordinary powers of nature or of man, whether in action or in knowledge, and reducing the book to the measure of a very interesting ancient Veda or Saga, and its personages to that of mythic characters, Hindoo or Scandinavian. Till Hengstenberg appeared, most Protestant scriptural literature ran in the same channel, with more or less of subtlety or of grossness; now refined and now coarse, according to the tastes or characters of authors. More diluted in Michaelis or Rosenmüller the younger; more elegantly clothed in Gesenius; more ingenious in Eichhorn, and more daring in Paulus, the same spirit tainted the whole of this branch of sacred literature from Semler to Strauss, who gave the finishing stroke to the system, by the combination of all the characteristics of his predecessors, mingled with a matchless art that seems simplicity. Perhaps from this concentration of the poison of years arose the counter-

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action in the system or constitution of religious Germany, manifested by a return to a more positive theology.

This growing evil had manifested itself, up to a certain point, only in Protestant divinity; and the universities of Heidelberg and Halle, Jena and Leipsig, were among the principal seats of this new infidelity. It was the more dangerous, because it had discarded all the buffoonery and mockery of the grinning *philosophe*, and worked out its infidelity like a problem, with all the calm and gravity of a philosopher. But at length there appeared a man whose works, professedly Catholic, were tainted with the neology of his countrymen, and threatened to infect his readers and his hearers with its creeping venom. This was Jahn, professor of Scripture in the University of Vienna; a hard scholar, who used to say that no one need hope to push forward his art or science a step without studying eighteen hours a day; a really learned man, and of sound judgment, except on the one point on which he went so lamentably astray.

He published two principal works, an Introduction to the Old Testament, and a Biblical Archæology: both most valuable for their erudition, but both dangerously tinged with the principles of infidelity, especially in the very first principles of biblical science. These were both large works; so he published compendiums of them in Latin, each in one volume, for the use of students. But even into these the poison was transfused. Perhaps Jahn was soured and irritated by the treatment which he received from his theological opponents, one in particular, immensely his inferior in learning, though sound in principle; and he certainly replied with acrimony and biting sarcasm. However, his works were justly prohibited, and in the end withdrawn from the schools.

It was a pity that they should be lost; and accordingly a remedy was proposed. This consisted of the republication of the two Introductions, cleansed of all their perilous stuff, and appearing under the name of a new author. This idea was either suggested, or immediately and warmly encouraged,

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by Cardinal Castiglioni. The undertaking was committed to the learned Dr. F. Ackermann, professor also at Vienna, and a friend of Dr. Jahn's. The sheets of the volumes were forwarded to Rome, and revised by the hand of the Cardinal. I cannot remember whether it was he who mentioned it himself at the audience alluded to, or whether I learned it from Dr. Ackermann, with whom I then had the advantage of maintaining a profitable correspondence. His Commentary on the Minor Prophets proves the learning and ability of this excellent man to have been equal to much more than mere adaptations of the works of others.

But, at the same time, the part taken by Pius in this useful undertaking is evidence of his zeal, and of his accomplishments in the most essential branch of theological learning. Further evidence will not be wanting.

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## CHAPTER III.

### FRENCH AND ENGLISH CARDINALS.

THE short duration of Pius's reign did not give opportunity for making any great addition to the Sacred College; nor indeed would this subject be considered of sufficient interest for general readers, were there not some peculiar circumstances here connected with it.

There is certainly no dignity in Europe more thoroughly European than the cardinalate; and there is no reason why it should not have, one day, its representatives in America, or Asia, or even Australia. It is indeed an ecclesiastical distinction, though admitted to possess civil rank throughout the Continent; but every other dignity is similarly confined to a particular class. A civilian cannot hope to be a general, or an admiral, or a lord-chancellor; nor can an ecclesiastic be in the House of Commons, nor can a lawyer obtain the Victoria Cross. Every honour has its narrow approach; every elevation its steep and solitary path. But each is limited to its own country. A Wellington may have a galaxy of stars twinkling in diamonds from the azure velvet of his pall; and a few crosses may be exchanged between allied nations. But there is no military power that flecks the uniform of the valiant—whether scarlet, blue, or white—with a badge of honour; no "Republic of letters" which places laurel crowns on the brows of the learned and the scientific, in whatever language they have recorded their lore; no bountiful Caliph, or Lord of Provence, to whom the gentle minstrel of every nation is a sacred being, entitled to good entertainment and respect. In fine, no secular power affects either to look abroad among foreign nations for persons whom to honour, as of right, or to ex-

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pect other sovereigns and states to solicit for their subjects its peculiar badge of generally recognised dignity.

But the Church, being universal in her destinies, makes no national distinction, and the honours which she bestows are not confined to any country: but, on the contrary, they receive an acknowledgment, which in some may, indeed, be merely courteous, but in most is legally assured. The Code Napoleon, wherever it prevails, has this provision. As a matter of course, where there is good understanding between any government and the Holy See, the distribution of such a dignity is matter of mutual arrangement; and it must be the fault of the government if such amicable relations do not exist. There is consequently a recognised right in the four great Catholic Powers, to propose a certain number of their ecclesiastical subjects for the cardinalitial dignity. Formerly when a general promotion, as it was called, took place, that is, when a number of particular persons holding certain high offices were simultaneously invested with the purple, the privileged Courts had a claim to propose their candidates. This usage may now be considered almost obsolete; and indeed the reigning Pontiff has dealt most liberally in this respect, by naming many more foreigners than ever before held place in that ecclesiastical senate.

To illustrate the different principles on which such an addition may be conducted, we may mention two of those whom Pius VIII. invested with this high position, one French, the other English.

The first was of the noble family of Rohan-Chabot, which under the first of these designations belongs equally to Germany and to Bohemia, as a princely house; and in France traces descent from St. Louis, and has infused its blood by marriage into the royal House of Valois. Its armorial motto has embodied in a few lines as strong a consciousness of all but regal claims, as such a distilled drop of family haughtiness could well enclose:

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"Roi ne peux,
Prince ne veux,
Rohan suis."

No one could have a higher right by birth to aspire to the Roman purple, than had the Abbé Louis Francis Augustus, of the Dukes of Rohan-Chabot, Prince of Leon, who had embraced the ecclesiastical state. Moreover, he was distinguished by piety, sufficient learning, and unimpeachable conduct. In 1824, an effort was made to obtain for him the hat from Leo XII. The Pope replied, that France must be content to abide by its usage, of only proposing for this honour its archbishops and bishops. The French ambassador, whose relation the young Duke was, made every exertion for him; but when, in his absence, his *chargé d'affaires*, in an audience, proposed the subject, the Pope, in his sweetest manner, replied by a Latin verse,

"Sunt animus, pietas, virtus; sed deficit ætas."

The applicant was rather surprised at this ready and complete reply, which did full justice to both sides of the question. However, he was compelled, by fresh instances, to make a new appeal to the kindness of the Pope. He hinted at the matter in an audience, and saw, as he informs us, by Leo's quietly mischievous look, that he was not to be taken by surprise. Varying his former hexameter, but coming to the same conclusion, he replied,

"Sunt mores, doctrina, genus; sed deficit ætas."

He added, that he had an ample record in his mind of the merits, virtues, qualities, and claims of the Abbé de Rohan, arranged there in good verses, but that every one of them ended by the same dactyl and spondee.

It was well known, however, that he would willingly have introduced into the Sacred College the venerable Bishop of Hermopolis, Monseigneur Frayssinous, had not his modesty absolutely resisted every effort of the Pope[1] to obtain his acceptance.

[1] Chevalier D'Artaud, Vie de Pie VIII.



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It was not till 1830, that De Rohan, being now Archbishop of Besançon, was promoted by Pius VIII. In the revolution which shortly followed in France, he was intercepted by a mob, and treated with great indignity; a circumstance which probably shortened his life. For he died in February, 1833, in his 42nd year.

Very different is the cardinalate bestowed on our countryman Thomas Weld. It has been seen that the hat which Leo XII. wished to bestow on Bishop Baines, in gratitude to the Benedictine Order, was given by Pius VIII. to F. Crescini, at the very beginning of his Pontificate, to be enjoyed for only a very brief space. Cardinal Weld was named partly in consideration of his own personal claims, partly also to second a desire of seeing an Englishman among the highest dignitaries of the Church. Why, it was asked—and the Pope could not fail to see the justice of the question—should almost every other nation be represented in that body to which is entrusted the management of religious affairs throughout the world, except the one whose language is spoken by a great proportion of its Christian inhabitants? Not only the British Islands, but the United States, the East and West Indies, Canada, the Cape, Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific, were in daily communication with the Holy See, and with the Congregation of Propaganda, which attended to their wants. Was it not reasonable, that near the ruling Chair, and in the number of its counsellors, there should be at least one who might represent that immense race, endowed with its intelligence, familiar with its wants and its forms of expressing them, as well as with the peculiar position in which many portions thereof were placed? It would seem hardly fair to deny this, or to murmur at its being acted on.

The person first selected for this honourable post, was one who certainly could never have looked forward to it as his future lot. He was born in London, January 22, 1773, and was the eldest son of Thomas Weld of Lulworth Castle, and Mary Stanley, who belonged to the elder and Catholic

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branch of the Stanley family, now extinct. He was educated entirely at home; and early gave proof of his great piety and munificent charity. This was particularly displayed in favour of the many religious communities which the French revolution threw like shipwrecked families on our coast. He treated them with the utmost kindness, received them into his very house, and provided for all their wants. This he first did concurrently with his excellent father; but he continued all his good works after his parent's death, or rather increased them. The Trappist nuns were received at Lulworth; and, with rare generosity, Mr. Weld bought from them, when they quitted his estate, the buildings, to him worthless, which they had been allowed, and even assisted, to raise. The poor Clares from Gravelines, and the nuns of the Visitation, who took refuge, the first at Plymouth, and the second at Shepton-Mallet, were special objects of his bounty.

In the mean time he had married, and had been blessed with a daughter, the worthy representative of the hereditary virtues of his house. He had taken, and worthily filled, his place in society; he had done the honours of his house with liberality and dignity, had pursued the duties of the English gentleman in his noblest character, acted as a country magistrate, enjoyed country sports, and reciprocated hospitality with his neighbours. It is well known that George III. in his sojourns at Weymouth used to visit Lulworth, and always expressed the greatest regard for the Cardinal's family. What life could have been less considered the way to ecclesiastical honours than this of a Dorsetshire country squire, in the field, or at his board?

Yet they who knew him intimately, and had watched through his life the virtue that distinguished and the piety which sanctified it, were not surprised to find him, after the death of his excellent consort in 1815, and the marriage of his daughter in 1818 to the eldest son of that sterling nobleman Lord Clifford, abandoning the world, resigning his estates to his next brother, their present worthy occupier, of yachting celebrity, and removing on an annual pension to Paris to

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embrace the ecclesiastical state. He was ordained priest in April, 1821, by the Archbishop of that city.

He returned to England, and entered on the usual duties of the priesthood at Chelsea, and continued his liberal exercise of charity till the Bishop Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Canada, obtained his appointment as his coadjutor. He received, accordingly, the episcopal consecration on the 6th of August, 1826. He remained in England, partly for the transaction of business, partly from reasons of health. During the space of three years, that he "tacitis regnabat Amyclis"—for he was bishop *in partibus* of that classical city [1]—he lived at Hammersmith, directing there a community of Benedictine nuns.

He was then invited to Rome for higher purposes, at the same time that his daughter's health required change of climate, and it was natural for him to accompany her. On the 25th of May, 1830, he was named Cardinal by Pius VIII.

Such a new and unexpected occurrence might have been variously interpreted, according to party views; and it would have been naturally expected, that expression would be given to those conflicting feelings. This, at any rate, was not the case in Rome. Unanimous and unequivocal was the expression of opinion among British residents and travellers there. All flocked to the reception given by the new Cardinal, and manifested their satisfaction at such a manifestation of good-will towards his country. And similar were the expressions of feeling that reached him from home. In the funeral oration [2] delivered at his sumptuous obsequies performed by order of his son-in-law, Lord Clifford, on the 22nd of April, 1837, is the following sentence: "He received assurances from persons of high influence and dignity, that his nomination had excited no jealousy, as of old, but on the contrary, had afforded satisfaction to those whom every

[1] Not the Italian one, however, to which the verse and epithet refer.

[2] Printed in English and Italian at Rome in that year.

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Englishman esteems and reveres: individuals, who at home are known to indulge in expressions of decided hostility to Rome, and to our holy religion, recognised in him a representative of both, whom they venerated and gladly approached; and when his hospitable mansion was thrown open to his countrymen, I believe that never was the sternest professor of a different creed known to decline the honour, which the invitation of the English Cardinal was acknowledged to confer."

The first part only of this sentence can require any explanation. It shows that the circumstance alluded to was sufficiently public to have passed the bounds of delicate reserve. Indeed, it is too honourable to all parties to need being shrouded under any secrecy. Soon after his elevation, Cardinal Weld received a letter from the natural guardian of the heiress to the Throne, introducing a distinguished member of her household, in which he was assured not only that his promotion had given satisfaction to the exalted circle to which she belonged, but that should he ever visit England, he would be received by that family with the respect which was his due. Such is the impressed recollection of this interesting and generously-minded document, read at the time. Of course, a few years later, its practical ratification would have had to depend upon the possible humour of a minister, rather than on any nobler impulses of a royal mind. But there can be no doubt that on this occasion there was no jealousy or anger felt anywhere: perhaps the known virtues and retired life of the new Cardinal gained him this universal benevolence; perhaps the press saw nothing to gain by agitating the nation on the subject. Certain it is, however, that the promotion was made by the free choice of the Pontiff, without any presentation from England, or any consultation with its government. In this respect, it stands in marked contrast with that of even a De Rohan.

It could not be expected that, at the mature age which Cardinal Weld had reached, he would master a new lan-

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guage, or perfectly learn the ways of transacting high ecclesiastical business; nor had the occupations of his life, nor even his brief studies, been calculated to make him equal those who from youth had been devoted to legal and theological pursuits. The Cardinal most wisely provided for these necessary deficiencies. For his theological adviser he selected Professor Fornari, one of the most eminent divines in Rome, who was soon after sent as Nuncio first to Belgium and then to Paris; and was himself elevated in due time to the dignity on which his counsels then shed such a lustre. For secretaries, at different times, he had the present Bishop of Plymouth, Dr. Vaughan, and the Abbate De Luca, afterwards made Bishop of Aversa, and actually Nuncio at Vienna; a man of more than ordinary learning and ability, well versed, even before, in English literature, as well as in that of his own and other countries.

As his share, the Cardinal brought into his council sterling good sense and business-like habits, thorough uprightness and sincere humility; and soon acquired considerable influence in the congregations or departments of ecclesiastical affairs to which he was attached. At the same time he was genuinely courteous, hospitable, and obliging. His apartments in the Odescalchi Palace were splendidly furnished, and periodically filled with the aristocracy of Rome, native and foreign, and with multitudes of his countrymen, all of whom found him always ready to render them any service. Indeed, if he had a fault, it was the excessiveness of his kindness, too often undiscriminating in its objects, and liable to be imposed upon by the designing or the unworthy. But surely, if one must look back, at life's close, upon some past frailty, it would not be this defect that would beget most remorse.

That end soon came. The life of close application and seclusion, in a southern climate, taken up at an age when the constitution is no longer pliant, could not be engrafted easily on a youth of vigorous activity spent among the breezy moors of the Dorsetshire hills. Great sensibility

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to cold and atmospheric changes gradually became perceptible, and at length assumed the form of a pulmonary disease. Surrounded by his family, and strengthened by every religious succour, the Cardinal sank calmly into the repose of the just, on the 10th of April, 1837. Seldom has a stranger been more deeply and feelingly regretted by the inhabitants of a city, than was this holy man by the poor of Rome.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE PONTIFICATE.

If the short duration of Pius the Eighth's reign has been pleaded in excuse for paucity of events and of recollections, it cannot be adduced as a reason for the want of great and even startling occurrences. For in the course of a few months may be concentrated many such, full of portentous consequences; and in them were probably deposited the "*semina rerum*," which a future generation will not suffice to unfold into perfect growth. Such a period was the narrow space comprised in this pontificate. Three or four signal occurrences will suffice to verify this assertion.

And first—to begin with the very outset of Pius's Pontificate—he was elected March 31, 1829; and, scarcely a month later, it was my pleasing duty to communicate to him the gladsome tidings of Catholic Emancipation. This great and just measure received the royal assent on the 23rd of April following. It need hardly be remarked, that such a message was one of unbounded joy, and might well have been communicated to the Head of the Catholic Church in the words by which the arrival of paschal time is announced to him every year: "Pater sancte, annuntio vobis gaudium magnum." To him, who was not only most intelligent, but alive to all that passed throughout Christendom, the full meaning of this measure was of course apparent. But generally it was not so. In foreign countries, the condition of Catholics in Great Britain was but little understood. The religion, not the political state, of their fellow-believers mainly interested other nations. Through all the continent, Catholicity in this empire was supposed to be confined to Ireland; and, again and again, an English Catholic traveller has heard himself corrected, when he has so described himself, by such

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an expression as this: "Of course you mean Irish?" In fact, even as late as the period we are dwelling on, when languages were as yet not much studied, and there was a more feeble circulation of foreign periodical literature, less travelling too, and slenderer international relations, the mutual ignorance of countries was very great. Nor, either then or now, could one venture to say that there was or is more true acquaintance with other nations among the general population of England, than there is accurate knowledge of our island in Continental states.

The constitution of this country, especially, complicated as it is to ourselves, was a puzzle to races accustomed to simple monarchy for ages, and scarcely possessing experience of anything between that and bare republicanism. To tell them that Catholics in Great Britain were excluded from seats in Parliament, bore perhaps with many no more sense of a hardship than to hear that they were not allowed a place in the Turkish Divan. They could not appreciate the influence and importance of the position, nor the insufferable insult of a perpetual and hereditary incapacity for it. Hence our public rejoicing for the acquisition of this coveted boon was unintelligible to the multitude. After audience of the Pope, the Vicar Rector of the College (now Archbishop of Trebizond) and myself visited the Secretary of State, and received from him warm expressions of congratulation. We then proceeded to make preparations for our festival, on the usual Roman plan. The front of our house was covered with an elegant architectural design in variegated lamps, and an orchestra was erected opposite for festive music. In the morning of the appointed day, a *Te Deum*, attended by the various British colleges, was performed; in the afternoon a banquet on a munificent scale was given at his villa near St. Paul's, by Monsignor Nicolai, the learned illustrator of that Basilica; and in the evening we returned home to see the upturned faces of multitudes reflecting the brilliant "lamps of architecture" that tapestried our venerable walls. But the words "Emancipazione Cattolica,"

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which were emblazoned in lamps along the front, were read by the people with difficulty, and interpreted by conjecture; so that many came and admired, but went away, unenlightened by the blaze that had dazzled them, into the darkness visible of surrounding streets.

In fact the first of the two words, long and formidable to untutored lips, was no household word in Italy; nor was there any imaginable connection in ordinary persons' minds between it and its adjective, nor between the two and England. But to us and our guests there was surely a magic in the words, that spoke to our hearts, and awakened there sweet music, more cheering than that of our orchestra, and kindled up a brighter illumination in our minds than that upon our walls. We had left our country when young, and hardly conscious of the wrongs which galled our elders; we should return to it in possession of our rights; and thus have hardly experienced more sense of injury than they who have been born since that happy era. So some of us could feel; and had not this its uses? Whatever may be considered the disadvantages of a foreign education, it possessed, especially at that period, this very great advantage, that it reared the mind, and nursed the affections, beyond the reach of religious contests and their irritation. No "winged words" of anger or scorn, however powerfully fledged for flight, could well surmount the Alps; and, if they did, the venom must have dropped from their tip, as this must have lost its pungency, in so long a course. Scarcely any amount of roaring on platforms could have sent even a softened whisper across the sea; and the continuous attacks of a hostile press could only reach one in the broken fragments that occasionally tessellated a foreign paper. Thus, one hardly knew of the bitter things said against what was dearest to us; and certainly I will bear willing testimony to the absence of all harsh words and uncharitable insinuations against others in public lectures or private teaching, or even in conversation, at Rome. One grows up there in a kinder spirit, and learns to speak of errors in a gentler tone, than elsewhere, though in the very

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centre of highest orthodox feeling. Still, if wrongs had not been keenly felt, the act of justice so honourable to one's country, and the sense of relief from degrading trammels, made every British Catholic heart rejoice in Rome, when the news reached us, that the struggle of years had been crowned with triumph, and that the laurels of a peaceful Waterloo had graced the same brows as were crowned by the wreaths of our last great sanguinary victory. It was, however, the future, and not the present, that gladdened that hour, the birth-hour of great and enduring events. This is certainly not the place to descant upon this subject; but it was too mighty a political act to have quietly subsided in a moment among the other enactments of a session, or to be quoted as only one chapter of the statutes passed in a given year. The generation still exists which had life and action before the momentous step. Many survive it who regret even bitterly the good old days of exclusion, which amounted to monopoly for them and theirs: some too remain whose shackles were removed, but not the numbness and cramp which they had produced. By degrees society will consist more and more, and then entirely, of those who have grown up side by side from infancy under the fostering of impartial laws, in the feeling of essential equality, without consciousness or pretension of this having been a concession. The remembrance of a condition of things, when one portion of the same community was a suppliant to the other for common rights, will have passed away; and with it the pride of having refused or of having granted, and the humiliation of having long been spurned, and at last almost compulsorily relieved. Then, and only then, will that clear stage have been prepared, on which peaceful and intellectual contention can be conducted as between champions in ancient times; devoid of hate and of heat, and uninfluenced by recollections of mutual relations, then unknown to either side. But, certainly, the day that prepared such a prospect for a country divided in religion, may well be considered a bright one in the brief annals of the Pontificate within which it fell.

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The second striking occurrence of Pius's Pontificate should rather bear another name; it is a measure more than an event, proceeding from the Pope himself, of immense moment at the time, but not destined to produce its startling effects till seven years after his death. At a time when the anxieties, pains, and contention which this measure caused have been soothed and almost forgotten, at a moment when all are rejoicing at the coming alliance between the power to which it related and our own royal family, it would be ill-timed and ungracious to enter into any details of the Pope's celebrated answer to four great German prelates on the subject of mixed marriages. They had consulted his predecessor on the conduct to be observed respecting them, not on general principles, but in connection with civil legislation, at variance with ecclesiastical law; whereby their consciences were sorely perplexed. It was for them some such position as clergymen of the Established Church declared themselves to hold last year, in consequence of the new Divorce Act. They both considered the law of the land to conflict with that of God; but in the one case each person had to consult his own conscience alone, or many might contribute their individual convictions to a common fund of remonstrance, or a joint engine of resistance: in the other all had recourse to a recognised superior in spirituals, and head in Church government, who could speak as one having authority, and whom they would all obey.

Pius, as Cardinal Castiglioni, had gone fully into the case, and was, therefore, prepared for action. Before the close of the first year of his reign, he addressed his notable Brief to the Archbishop of Cologne, and the Bishops of Treves, Paderborn, and Münster, which was immediately followed by a long practical instruction bearing the signature of Cardinal Albani.

There is no intention of discussing the grounds or motives of this document; nor of going into the nature of its provisions; still less of justifying the Pope's conduct. Our purpose only requires of us a more pleasing task, that of

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characterising the paper itself. Reading it now, after seventeen years, one cannot fail to be struck by the calm and apostolic dignity which pervades it in every part. It is known that it cost the gentle, yet firm, mind of Pius a conflict of emotions, which inflicted on him almost anguish. His office compelled him to reply: and the answer could not be any but a censure on the conduct of a powerful state, with which he was perfectly at peace; and directions to thwart its measure, and testify to the utmost "abhorrence" for it. It was impossible for him to foresee the possible results of his decided conduct. His directions might be disobeyed, and the world might deride his innocuous blow, as though, like the feeble old Priam's,

——— "telum imbelle sine ictu."

They might be carried out not in his spirit, and confusion and misunderstanding would arise. Or even they might be admirably obeyed, and yet lead to collisions and conflicts, to sufferings and violence, of which the blame would probably be cast upon himself. It was painful therefore, in the extreme, to feel obliged to issue such a document; but, upon its face no sign can be traced of the agitation and affliction of his soul. It is impassive and dignified throughout. There are blended in it two qualities not often combined: its enactments are as clear and as definite as any statute could make them, without wavering, flinching, or aught extenuating; at the same time, its entire tone is conciliatory, respectful, and even friendly. To the bishops he speaks as a father and a master: of their sovereign he undeviatingly writes as of a fellow-monarch, an ally, and a friend. His confidence in the royal justice, fairness, and tolerance, is entire and unbounded. The character of Pius is breathed into every paragraph, his inflexibility of conscience, his strictness of principle, with his kindness of heart, and gentleness of natural disposition. Moreover, the consummate canonist is discoverable to the more learned, and this too in the line of condescension and conciliation. His successor, in 1837, com-

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menting on this Brief, justly remarked that it "pushed its indulgence so far, that one might truly say it reached the very boundary line which could not be passed without violation of duty." Every one knows what a nicety in legal knowledge this requires. A well-remembered popular leader used to boast, that he trusted so confidently in his accurate acquaintance with law, that he had no fear of ever overstepping its limits, or being caught in the snares which he knew beset his path. His foot was, however, at length entangled in their meshes; his confidence had betrayed him, and his energy was irreparably broken.

Not so was it with Pius. What he had written, he had written in the fulness of a wisdom which holiness of life had matured, and an earnest sense of duty now doubly enlightened; not a word of it had to be recalled, modified, or compromised; and, though after a long struggle, it has remained an oracle and a law. But, as has been remarked, he only committed a seed to the furrow, and he lived not to pluck its bearing. For more than a year this document lay buried in some ministerial bureau at Berlin: it was then taken up, negotiated about, and cast for three more years into oblivion. What followed belongs to another Pontificate; but will not even there need fresh attention. Suffice it to say, that the scars of old wounds are healed; the Roman purple glows upon the archiepiscopal throne of glorious Cologne, almost rebuilt under royal patronage; the young Prince, future heir to the Prussian crown, who is about to take into partnership of its brilliancy and its burthen England's first daughter, has known, and been known by, Rome with reciprocated esteem; while the monarch who will welcome them home has, on many occasions, given proof of his own personal feelings in favour of justice and fair dealing towards the newer, as well as the older, provinces of his kingdom.

Two important public incidents thus marked the commencement and the middle of this brief Pontificate: the first was joyful, the second painful; a third and still more disastrous one preceded, perhaps prepared, its close. Like the

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others, it only developed its consequences in another Pontificate.

In July, 1830, took place the first of those great political earthquakes which have since become so frequent; shaking down thrones, and scattering their occupants, without war, and comparatively without the cruelties of a violent reäction. Three days formed the mystic term required for the overthrow of a dynasty: street-barricading and domiciliary slaughter were the strategy employed; then all was over, without guillotine or fusillades. Such were the three days, once called glorious in France, commemorated by anniversary festivities. The elder branch of the Bourbons was its victim; the work of many years' war, by confederated Europe, was overthrown in a trice; down to its favourite and tenderest shoot, it was whirled entire, by the revolutionary blast, across the sea to a second exile, but scarcely to a second hospitable welcome. And yet the fight and the turmoil, the agitation and the waste of strength, did not even bring about a change of name. When the dust and smoke had cleared away, another Bourbon was on the throne; a monarch had succeeded to a monarch; a younger branch more vigorous in its offshoots, fuller of younger sap, was planted on the same spot, or rather sprang from the same trunk as the one so mercilessly lopped. It appeared as if France had not at least quarrelled with the root.

In August, the terrible lesson, easily learnt, was faithfully repeated in Brussels, and Belgium was for ever separated from Holland. To those who had witnessed the first great revolution in France, the reäppearance once more, in the same country, of the quelled spirit of that event could not but be a spectacle full of terrors. The recollection of that sanguinary period was still fresh in the memory of many. Charles X., who was expelled by the new revolution, was, after all, the brother of the king who had perished on the scaffold in the first; this alone brought the two events into close connection. Pius VIII. had lived and suffered in one; he could not but be deeply affected by another. It was

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easy to foresee that examples so successful as these must encourage the discontented of other countries, and that a spark from one conflagration might suffice to set the drier materials of older dynasties in a blaze. His own dominions were not left in peace. The storm which was soon to break in all its fury, was gathering slowly and sullenly around. Soon after his accession, he renewed the edicts of his predecessor against secret societies—the Carbonari. A lodge of these conspirators was discovered in Rome, and twenty-six of its members were arrested. A special commission was appointed to try them; one was condemned to death, some others sentenced to imprisonment. The first was grand-master and chief of the conspiracy. But Pius commuted his sentence, and mercifully spared his life.

These repeated shocks abroad and at home, to which may be added the revolution in Poland in November, and the death of his friend and ally the King of Naples, inflicted stroke after stroke on the Pope's shattered frame. The malignant humour which had affected him so long outwardly, was driven inwards upon more vital organs, and threatened, towards the end of 1830, a speedy dissolution.

In the mean time, Pius had taken a plain, straightforward course. No sooner had the French revolution proved complete, and Louis-Philippe been seated firmly on his throne, than he frankly recognised his government, and confirmed the credentials of his own Nuncio. The Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur De Quélen, a man whose virtues all must admire, demurred to this decision, and sent an envoy to Rome, to argue the question of the new oath of fidelity, and of public prayers for the head of the State. Several other bishops likewise entertained similar conscientious scruples, and consulted the same supreme authority. On the 29th of September, the Pope addressed a most luminous and kind brief to the Archbishop, in which he replied to his doubts, and assured him that he might safely accord both the required pledges of fidelity.

It cannot be necessary to remark, how fearfully the out-

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break of revolutionary spirit which made its first appearance in this Pontificate, was pregnant with immense results throughout the Continent; how it was only the first of successive convulsions in France; visited successively greater and lesser states, from empires to grand-duchies; and has led to more changes of dynasties, more resignations of sovereigns, more variation of national constitutions, more provisional governments, more periods of anarchy, more civil strife, more military rule, more states of siege, more political assassinations, more disturbance of international law, and more subversion of the moral bases of society,—crowded and condensed into one quarter of a century,—than would run diluted through the annals of any hundred years in the world's history.

The good Pope was spared the sight of all this misery. For, as the reader has seen, the beginning of this revolutionary movement seemed to cut short his valuable life. He was conscious of his approaching end, and asked to receive the Sacraments, which the highest and the lowest in the Church equally require and desire; or rather which bind us all together in an equality of helplessness and of relief;—like the food of the body in this, that the monarch and the beggar must both partake of it; unlike it in this, that only one quality and one measure is there served out to both. A Pope ordains like an ordinary bishop, recites his breviary like a common priest, receives the Viaticum under one species, the same as any patient in the hospital, and goes through the humble duty of confession, generally to a simple priest, like the everyday sinner of the world. In what is believed to be supernatural, and belongs to the order of grace, he is on the level with his own children. He can give more than they, but he must receive the same.

But a trait is recorded of the dying Pius, which will justify, or illustrate, what has been said concerning the delicacy of his conscience as well as the disinterestedness of his conduct. On his death-bed, he sent for his treasurer Cristaldi, and requested him, in virtue of the powers vested in his



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office, to secure a small pension for life to one old and faithful domestic, who had attended him for years. He had laid by nothing himself, from which he could provide for him; and he doubted whether he had himself a right to leave the treasury burthened with this trifling personal gratuity. He expressed his thankfulness when his request was efficiently complied with, and composed himself to rest.[1]

On the morning of December the first, Pius VIII. calmly breathed his last.

In the recollections of the preceding Popes, the reader will have observed one principle kept in view, which he may think has been lost sight of in the record of this third Pontificate. It has been wished to exemplify, even at the risk of being personal—which recollections must necessarily be—how individual is the influence of the Holy See upon all, however insignificant, who closely approach it. The shade of a tall and stately tree, if it be of a baneful character, blights all that is planted beneath it; while another seems to draw upwards, and to give straight, though perhaps slender, growth to what springs up under its shelter. Such is the benign and fostering protection and direction which many will have experienced in the Roman Pontiff. And, therefore, a recollection of having been brought beneath this propitious influence is equivalent to a consciousness of having felt it. Already one conversation with Pius VIII. has been recorded, which turned on those studies which formed the writer's favourite pursuits, and was calculated to encourage perseverance in them. Another interview can more easily be here inserted, because it has already been published many years, and, therefore, is as much the reader's property as the author's own. The following, then, is an extract from the last of twelve Lectures, delivered in Rome in 1835, and published in London in the following year:—

"In my own case, I should be unjust to overlook this opportunity of saying that, on every occasion, but principally

[1] Chevalier D'Artaud.

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on the subject of these Lectures,[1] I have received the most condescending encouragement from those whose approbation every Catholic will consider his best reward."

"To this acknowledgment was appended the following explanatory note:—

"I feel a pleasure in relating the following anecdote. A few years ago, I prefixed to a thesis held by a member of the English College (afterwards the Right Rev. Bishop Baggs), a Latin dissertation of ten or twelve pages, upon the necessity of uniting general and scientific knowledge to theological pursuits. I took a rapid view of the different branches of learning discussed in these Lectures. The Essay was soon translated into Italian, and printed in a Sicilian journal; and, I believe, appeared also at Milan. What was most gratifying, however, to my own feelings, and may serve as a confirmation of the assertions in the text, is, that when, two days after, I waited upon the late Pope Pius VIII., a man truly versed in sacred and profane literature, to present him, according to usage, with a copy of the thesis prepared for him, I found him with it on his table; and, in the kindest terms, he informed me, that, having heard of my little Essay, he had instantly sent for it, and added, in terms allusive to the figure quoted above from the ancient Fathers: 'You have robbed Egypt of its spoil, and shown that it belongs to the people of God.'"

This was the watering, soft and genial, of that little germ, which made it grow up, at least with the vigour of good intentions, into something more complete. Those few condescending words gave new zest to researches commenced, imparted value to what had been already gathered, and encouragement towards collecting what still lay scattered. They shed a cheerful brightness over one period of life. And that very moment might not be unjustly considered its very midpoint. We all look back, from our lengthening desert path, upon some such green and sunlit oasis from which we

[1] Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion.

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started; but, what was more, mine was then peopled and alive with kindred minds. It is then, that, on reaching back through memory to that happier time, to me

> "Occurrunt animæ, quales neque candidiores
> Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter."

During that brief and long-passed era of life, congenial pursuits created links of which few now remain, between the survivor and many well more worthy to have lived. Not to speak of Italy, and many great and good men who flourished there, especially in Rome, it is pleasant to remember having conversed, and sometimes corresponded, with such scholars in France as the patriarch of Oriental literature, Sylvestre de Sacy; the rival of Grotefend and precursor of Rawlinson, Saint-Martin; the inaugurator, almost, of Tartar and Mongolian learning, Abel-Rémusat; not to mention Balbi, Ozanam, Halma, and many others: and in Germany to have been in similar relations with Möhler, Klee,—both too early taken from us,—Scholz, Schlegel, Windischmann the elder, and the two noble-minded Görreses, the philosopher of the noblest faculties, and the poet of the sweetest affections.

Many others, indeed, as yet survive, to share the recollections of that period, which we hold together as a mutual bond of friendly intercourse and undeviating sympathies: but we all of us must now and then cast a "longing, lingering look behind," and turn away with a sigh, to see our old oasis still indeed green and sunny, but principally with that sheen which faith reflects upon the graves of the holy and the wise.

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# Part the Fourth.

# GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH.

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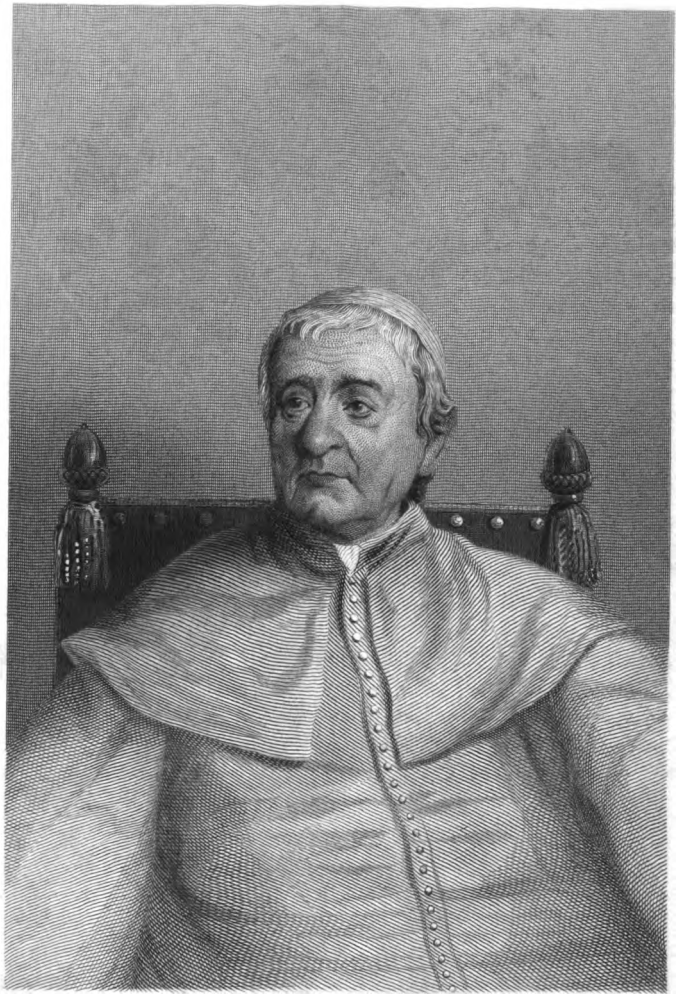

GREGORY XVI.

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# GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH.

## CHAPTER I.

### HIS CONSECRATION.

"You must now revise your own proofs. I fear I shall not have much time in future to correct them." Such were the words which I heard from the mouth of Gregory XVI. They were preceded by a kind exclamation of recognition, and followed by a hearty blessing, as I knelt before him in the narrow passage leading from the private papal apartments. It was only a few days after his accession. The new Pope alluded to an act of singular kindness on his part. He had desired me to expand and essay and publish it as a little work in Italian; on a subject in which, as Prefect of Propaganda, he took an interest. It was passing through the press of that Institution, and he had undertaken to correct its sheets. Throughout the duration of the conclave, down to the very eve of his election, he had persevered in this proof of condescension, and thus probably spared the future reader some amount of infelicities in diction, or inaccuracies in facts. At any rate that short interview proved to me that Gregory's elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate had not altered that amiability and simplicity of character which I had already so often experienced.

The conclave after the death of Pius commenced in the middle of December, with the observance of all usual forms. At one time it seemed likely to close by the election of Cardinal Giustiniani; when the Court of Spain interposed and

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prevented it. Allusion has been made to the existence of this privilege, vested more by usage, than by any formal act of recognition, at least in three great Catholic Powers. Should two-thirds of the votes centre in any person, he is at once Pope, beyond the reach of any prohibitory declaration. It is, therefore, when the votes seem to be converging towards some one obnoxious, no matter why, to one of those sovereigns, that his ambassador to conclave, himself a Cardinal, by a circular, admonishes his colleagues of this feeling in the court which he represents. This suffices to make them turn in another direction.

Thus in the conclave preceding the one now before us, Cardinal Severoli was nearly elected, when Cardinal Albani, on behalf of Austria, to which Severoli had been formerly Nuncio, inhibited his election, by a note considered far from courteous. And, in like manner in this conclave, on the 7th of January, Cardinal Giustiniani received twenty-one votes, the number sufficient for election being twenty-nine, when Cardinal Marco, Spanish envoy, delicately intimated, first to Giustiniani's nephew, Odescalchi, then to the Dean Pacca, that Spain objected to that nomination. Every one was amazed. Giustiniani had been Nuncio in Spain; and the ground of his exclusion was supposed to be, his participation in Leo XII's appointment of bishops in South America. If so, the object in view was signally defeated. For the power of veto possessed by the crown of any country is exhausted by its first exercise; the sting remains behind in the wound. Cardinal Cappellari had been instrumental, far more than Giustiniani, in promoting those episcopal nominations, and he united the requisite number of votes, and was Pope.

Every one in that conclave, however, bore witness to the admirable conduct of that excellent and noble prince on the occasion. I have heard Cardinal Weld, and his secretary in conclave, Bishop Riddell, describe how wretched and pining he looked while the prospect of the papacy hung before him, for he was scrupulous and tender of conscience to excess;

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and how he brightened up and looked like himself again, the moment the vision had passed away. Indeed, no sooner had the note of the Spanish lay ambassador, Labrador, been read in his presence by the Dean, than Cardinal Giustiniani rose, and standing in the middle of the chapel, addressed his colleagues. He was tall, his scanty hair was white with age, his countenance peculiarly mild. His mother was an English lady, and his family are now claiming the Newburgh peerage in Scotland, from the Crown.[1] With an unfaltering voice, and a natural tone, unagitated by his trying position, the Cardinal said: "If I did not know courts by experience, I should certainly have cause to be surprised at the 'exclusion' published by the most eminent Dean; since, far from being able to reproach myself with having given cause of complaint against me to his Catholic Majesty, during my nunciature, I dare congratulate myself with having rendered His Majesty signal service in the difficult circumstances wherein he was placed." He then referred to some proofs of acknowledgment of this fidelity from the Spanish Crown; and continued: "I will always cherish the memory of these kindnesses shown me by His Catholic Majesty, and will entertain toward him the most profound respect, and in addition a most lively interest for all that can regard his welfare, and that of his august family. I will further add, that, of all the benefits conferred on me by His Majesty, I consider the greatest and most acceptable to me (at least in its effects) to be his having this day closed for me the access to the most sublime dignity of the Pontificate. Knowing, as I do, my great weakness, I could not bring myself to foresee that I should ever have to take on myself so heavy a burthen; yet these few days back, on seeing that I was thought of for this purpose, my mind has been filled with the bitterest sorrow. To-day I find myself free from my anxiety, I am restored to tranquillity, and I retain only the gratification of knowing that some of my most worthy colleagues have deigned to cast a look on me, and have honoured me

[1] It has since been obtained.

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with their votes, for which I beg to offer them my eternal and sincerest gratitude."

This address visibly moved the entire assembly; and many Cardinals visited Giustiniani in his cell, to express to him their admiration of his conduct and his virtues.[1]

Gregory XVI. gave him every proof of his esteem; and after the death of Cardinal Weld, he was named Cardinal Protector of the English College, in consideration of his English descent. This gave me many opportunities of conferring with him, and learning his genuine and solid good qualities.

It would seem as if the pontifical dignity, in modern times, had to alternate between the two ecclesiastical divisions in the Church, the secular and regular. Pius VII. belonged to the latter, the two next Popes to the former class. In Cardinal Capellari a return was made to the monastic order. His three immediate predecessors had passed through certain preparatory steps; had been graced with the episcopal dignity before they reached the pontifical, had been bishops or public characters in stirring times: he had never left the cloister till he was clothed with the purple—though in his case this was but a symbolical phrase;[2] and after this, he only filled one, and that an ecclesiastical office. His previous life, therefore, may be easily sketched.

Bartholomew Albert Cappellari was born at Belluno, in Lombardy, September 18, 1765, of parents belonging to the nobles of the place. In 1783 he took the habit of the Camaldolese order, and with it assumed the name of Maurus, in the monastery of San Michele in Murano, at Venice. In 1795 he was deputed to Rome on business, and there, in 1799, he published a large work of great merit, which gave proof of his extensive and varied learning.[3] In 1805 he was

[1] Moroni, Dizionario, vol. xxxi. p. 221.

[2] On becoming a Cardinal, a religious preserves the colour of his habit. That of the Camaldolese being white, Gregory XVI. never changed the colour of his robes, but wore the same as a monk, a cardinal, and pope.

[3] It is entitled, "Il trionfo della Santa Sede, e della Chiesa, contro gli

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created Abbot, and exercised the office at the monastery of St. Gregory in Rome, and in that of his original profession at Venice. The first, however, became his place of residence.

The church and monastery of St. Gregory are beautifully situated on the Cælian Hill, and occupy the site of a religious house founded by that great Pope, in his own house. Its original dedication was to the Apostle St. Andrew, in whose honour there still exists a chapel in the garden, adorned with exquisite frescoes. Over the threshold of this house proceeded St. Augustine, and the other missionaries, whom St. Gregory sent to England. From the Benedictines it passed into the hands of the Camaldolese, a branch indeed of that religious order. The Camaldolese take their name from one of the three celebrated "Sanctuaries" of Tuscany, situated among the fastnesses of the Apennines, and remarkable for the beauties of their positions, and of the prospects around them. But the Camaldolese, founded by St. Romuald in the thirteenth century, have two forms of life, one monastic, the other eremetical. The latter has been in part described, where an account was given of the abduction, by banditti, of a community on Tusculum. It was to the monastic branch that D. Mauro Cappellari belonged. In the splendid monastery of St. Gregory the Great, he passed upwards of twenty years of quiet obscurity, enjoying the command of a rich library, to which he greatly added.

But, although scarcely known to the public, he was one of the many living in Rome, who silent and unseen carry on the great business of the Church, as its counsellors, theologians, and referees in arduous affairs. In this way Father Cappellari was well known to the Holy See; and full opportunity was given him to become acquainted with ecclesiastical and even civil business, and to manifest his ability, prudence, and uprightness in its transaction. Among other grave duties, Leo XII. imposed on him those of visitor of

assalti dei Novatori." It passed through three editions in Venice, and has been translated into several languages.

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the four lesser Universities. Those who knew his merits fully expected that he would be soon placed in a position to display them more usefully; when it appeared as if a friendly rival had stepped in between him and his well-earned honours.

Another religious of the same order, and from the same province, had come to Rome much later, and was his junior by several years. This was D. Placido Zurla; a man of great learning and pleasing manners, and adorned besides with high moral qualities. But he had taken no leading part in ecclesiastical affairs in Rome, nor had he borne the weight of its evil days. His celebrity, indeed, as an author had been in a very different line, that of geographical research. In 1818 he had published, at Venice, an interesting work on Marco Polo and other early Venetian travellers; and he had brought to light, or at least greatly illustrated, a singular map of the world, preserved in the library of St. Mark's, which, though long anterior to the age of Columbus, seemed to give a hint of a western continent. He was the intimate friend of Father Cappellari; and all Rome was astonished when he was named Cardinal by Pius VII., in May, 1823, not because his own merits were underrated, but because his elevation seemed to bar that of his fellow-monk. For it was supposed to be impossible that two religious should be raised to the purple from one very limited monastic body. So Zurla felt it: and on receiving notice of his coming nomination, he is said to have proceeded to the feet of Pius, and deprecated it, as an injustice to his friend—indeed, as certainly a mistake. However, it was not so. He became Vicar of Rome, and was Protector of our College till his death in Sicily in 1834. Not the slightest interruption of affection ever took place between the two religious brethren, even after the last had become first; and Zurla was vicar to Cappellari.

In fact, Leo XII., overlooking all usages, ordered a complete equipment for a cardinal to be prepared at his own charge; and the colour and form of the robes left no doubt

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who the unknown nominee was to be. On the 25th of March, 1825, Leo created him Cardinal, but reserved him *in petto*, till March 13th of the following year, when he proclaimed him with such an eulogium as has seldom been pronounced in consistory. He spoke of him as a person "very remarkable for innocence and gravity of manners, and most learned, especially in ecclesiastical matters, and for protracted labours endured for the Apostolic See."

On the Feast of the Purification, February 2nd, 1831, an end was put to the conclave by the election of Cappellari to the Supreme Pontificate, by the name of Gregory. The ceremony of his coronation, which took place on the 6th, was enhanced by his consecration as Bishop, at the High Altar of St. Peter's. This function served clearly to exhibit the concurrence in his person of two different orders of ecclesiastical power. From the moment of his acceptance of the papal dignity, he was Supreme Head of the Church; could decree, rule, name or depose bishops, and exercise every duty of pontifical jurisdiction. But he could not ordain, nor consecrate, till he had himself received the imposition of hands from other bishops, inferior to himself, and holding under and from him their sees and jurisdiction.

On a previous occasion, when Clement XIV. was named Pope, he received episcopal consecration separately from his coronation. Gregory united the two functions; but following a still older precedent, departed from ordinary forms.

In the Roman Pontifical, the rite prescribed for episcopal consecration is interwoven with the Mass, during which the new Bishop occupies a very subordinate place till the end, when he is enthroned, and pronounces his first episcopal benediction. Here the entire rite preceded the Mass, which was sung in the usual form by the new Pope. Like every other Bishop, he recited, kneeling before the altar, and in the presence of his clergy, the Profession of Faith—the bond here which united the Head with the Body, instead of being, as ordinarily, the link which binds a member to the Head.

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The morning was bright and full of joy; the evening came gloomy and charged with sinister prognostics. It was in the very square of the Vatican, while receiving the first Papal blessing, that the rumour reached us of insurrection in the provinces. It was one of those vague reports the origin and path of which no one can trace. For it was only on the 4th that Bologna had risen. A canonade had been heard in the direction of Modena, which was taken for a signal of premature revolution. It was that of the Grand-Duke's attack on the house of Ciro Menotti, who had been treated with all the kindness of a domestic friend by that monarch, while he was the very centre of a general conspiracy. His treachery was discovered, and his intentions were frustrated by the vigilance and intrepidity of the Duke, who took, and himself conveyed him away, captive, where he could be better held. Soon the insurrection spread; and, having occupied the legations, overflowed its original boundaries, and sent its forces towards the capital, where a movement was attempted, but with no real success.

I remember perfectly the night of February 12. It was the carnival time, of the good old days, when later restrictions had not been thought of, and every one was on pleasure bent, hearty and harmless, for the hour. On the afternoon of that day, just as the sports were going to begin, an edict peremptorily suspended them; troops patrolled the *Corso*, and other public places; and citizens were warned to remain at home, as evil-disposed persons machinated mischief. Three days before a plot had been formed for the surprise and seizure of the Fort of St. Angelo; but it had been foiled by the watchfulness of Government. In the evening of the 12th some sharp reports of fire-arms reached our ears, and told us of an attempt, at least, to excite a violent revolution. It was, in truth, an attack made by an armed party on the guard of the Post-office, with the intention of seizing its arms and ammunition. But the soldiers were on the alert; they returned the fire, wounded several, and captured many of their assailants; and all was quiet.

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One ball went through the gate of the Piombino Palace, and, I believe, killed the innocuous porter within.

As for ourselves, not knowing what might happen, or in what direction the blind fury of a successful rebellion might direct itself; ignorant also of the extent and resources of the aggressors; we took every precaution against any nocturnal surprise. Our doors were solid, our windows well barred, our walls impregnable. After careful survey of the premises, only one weak point was discovered, not proof against the extemporaneous engineering of tumultuary assailants; and I doubt if Todleben himself could have suggested a more scientific or more effectual way than we employed, of securing it, by works easily thrown up, against nocturnal aggression. Watch and ward were also kept up; till morning dawned on our untried defences and nodding sentinels.

Whatever may have been the feelings of the provinces, certainly Rome gave no proof of sympathy with revolution, but rather manifested enthusiastic devotion to her new sovereign. Upon the Civic Guard being enlarged, to enable the regular troops to move northward, multitudes presented themselves for enrolment; and, among these, persons of the highest class, eager to take on themselves the defence of the Pope's sacred person. Prince Altieri received the command of this body. The loyalty of the poorer classes became almost alarming. They surrounded the royal carriage in such masses, that it was scarcely possible to move through them; and they expressed their attachment and readiness to fight, with a clamour and warmth that would have rendered any attempt to remove them a dangerous experiment.

The Pope displayed the utmost calmness, fortitude, and prudence. The blow was, no doubt, to him cruel and disappointing. It served better than any symbolical ceremony, to remind him, on his coronation day, how earthly glory passeth quickly away. He was yet untried, determined to devote himself to his high duties with zeal and with ability. He had every reason to hope that he should continue the peaceful career of his predecessors. There was no army

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worth naming kept up in the States—one burthen the less, to press on the people. Repression had never been a contemplated principle of government; military occupation had not been considered as the tenure of an ecclesiastical dynasty. There was one consolation certainly in what had just occurred. The insurrection had broken out before his election was known. It could have no personal motive, no enmity to himself. It arose against the rule, not against the ruler; against the throne, not against its actual possessor.

Neither could it be said that the revolution was a last measure, after preliminary efforts,—the resources of men driven to extremity, by being denied all redress. The outburst was sudden, though doubtless premeditated; it aimed at the final overthrow of the reigning power, not at modifications of government. It pretended to seek, not reforms, but the substitution of a republic for the existing and recognised rule. Now let any one impartially discuss with himself, what he would have done in similar circumstances; and it will be difficult for him to arrive at a condemnation of the course pursued by Gregory. There was no question of concession, but of cession only. His governors and representatives had been driven away, and an army was forcing its way towards his capital, not to make terms, but to expel him. They were prepared to treat with him, not as aggrieved subjects, but as the supreme rulers. They were now the nation, the government; sitting in provisional form, in provincial cities, distracted, unorganised. Was it his duty to recognise at once their claims; and, if they proved unable to drive him from Rome, to divide his States with them, and surrender, at the bidding of at most a faction, the rich provinces over which he had just been appointed? Or was he to yield to this violence, because, in the confidence of a paternal rule, the papacy had not kept up a disproportionate standing army during peace?

If not; if any one similarly circumstanced would have felt that his first duty was to secure integral possession of his rightful dominions, and to rescue the country from civil

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war; there was no alternative but the one adopted by Gregory; the calling in the aid of an allied power, especially one to whom the well-known lesson applied—

"Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet."

That foreign assistance, especially when prolonged, is an evil, no one can doubt; and as such none more deplored it than Gregory XVI. But there was only a choice of evils; and surely this one was less than anarchy and all its miseries. In fact, it is a mistake to speak of choice; since it was a necessity without an alternative. For the outbreak itself, independent of all abstract questions, was a grievous calamity to the country. Its promoters, of course, appropriated to themselves the provincial chests, and cut off supplies from the capital, where public payments had to be made; the additional expenses entailed by it, and the irregularities that ensued in the collection of revenues, embarrassed for a long time the public finances: a loan had to be contracted for the first time, and an external debt created; public property had to be ruinously sold, and profitable sources of national income farmed out for a present advantage and eventual loss; and much property belonging to ecclesiastical corporations was enfranchised and its proceeds converted into Government funds. But in the mean time payments of all sorts ran into arrears, whether dividends, salaries, pensions, or assignments; and I can speak with painful recollection of the embarrassment in which persons charged with administration of property vested in public securities soon found themselves involved, through the disturbance created by this internal derangement. It was several years before the financial current again flowed regularly and smoothly.

In the mean time the Pope was not merely calm and confident, but most active; and no one, reading the public acts of his first year of Pontificate, would imagine that it was one of intestine war, confusion, and distress. Within the month of his nomination (February 28) he preconised, as it is called, twenty-two archbishops and bishops; in the September following he published seventeen more, and named



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twelve cardinals, several among them men of considerable merit. In March he ordered the magnificent tunnels for the Anio at Tivoli to be commenced. He reduced the duties on salt and flour, and modified other imports; created chambers of commerce in various cities, including the metropolis; issued excellent laws for municipal government, and reörganised that of several provinces, raising their rank for their advantage; introduced great improvements in the Code of Procedure, criminal and civil; and established a sinking fund for the gradual extinction of the newly-contracted debt.

But perhaps the most striking act of this first year of pressure and revolt was the publication of an Apostolical Constitution, which was dated August 31st, beginning "Solicitudo Ecclesiarum." It has been mentioned that Cardinal Cappellari had been the chief instrument in granting bishops to the infant republics of South America; in fact it was he whom Leo XII. had deputed in 1827 to treat with Labrador, the envoy sent by Ferdinand VII. to Rome, expressly to oppose this concession. Labrador was acknowledged by all parties, and especially by the diplomatic body in Rome, to be one of the most accomplished and most able statesmen in Europe, yet he could not carry his point.

The sentiments maintained by Cardinal Cappellari as a negotiator were authoritatively proclaimed by him as Pope in the Bull just mentioned; that the Holy See recognises governments established *de facto*, without thereby going into the question of abstract rights. At the moment when changes were rapidly made in governments and dynasties, and when sceptres passed from hand to hand with the rapidity of magical or illusory exhibitions, it was at once bold and prudent to lay down simple principles by which the judgment of the Holy See might be easily anticipated; whilst it kept itself clear of all internal disputes and embarrassing appeals during actual contests.

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## CHAPTER II.

### PUBLIC WORKS OF GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH.

THE recollections of this volume commenced in the nineteenth year of one Pontificate; but it was almost necessary to carry back the reader to eventful occurrences preceding the period of personal remembrance. They reach their term four years before the close of this fourth reign; but, in a similar manner, I must be allowed to refer to circumstances that followed my separation from the scenes of youth and manhood.

However warlike may appear the attitude, which Gregory was compelled to assume at the commencement of his reign, the arts which stamped it with their character were the arts of peace. Scarcely any Pontificate has its foot-prints more deeply or more widely impressed on it than his. He was not content with continuing or extending what his predecessors had commenced, but he created; that is, began from nothing, and accomplished what, until his time, was altogether wanting. Nor did he confine himself to any one department of art; his attention was comprehensive and generous, not guided by caprice, but directed by a discerning taste.

Let us begin with these higher proofs of genius. The Roman galleries were rich till his time in masterpieces of Greek and Roman art. Indeed one only wonders how so much that is beautiful remains there after Rome has enriched the rest of the world. Unfortunately, in ancient times, many of the sculptures which were excavated when the soil was for the first time upturned, were placed in the palaces or villas belonging to the family of the reigning Pope, and thereby became appropriated to its own use. Thus, the Medici Villa received those matchless statues and groups which make the Tribuna at Florence a temple of highest art, though adorned

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only with spoils secretly conveyed from Rome. Thus also, whatever in the Museum of Naples bears the name of Farnesian, as the Hercules and Dirce, came from the gigantic palace of that family in Rome. Let us imagine these two collections poured back into their original source, and what would the Vatican be now? Then add to the sum of Roman artistic wealth the innumerable pieces of sculpture collected or scattered in other places, and even in other parts of the city; in the villas and palaces of Rome, in the Louvre, at Munich, in London, and it may well be said that the Eternal City has not only heaped up artistic treasures for herself, but has enriched with them the entire world.

With this inexhaustible mine of wealth, she had not thought of going beyond her own soil to increase her store. She watches indeed more jealously over it, and over every new discovery, and does not allow the stranger, so easily as formerly, to be a gainer by her losses. The consequence has been most beneficial. Unable any longer to look to Italy for the accumulation of masterpieces, we have turned to the original fields where she reaped her golden harvests, to Greece and Asia, to Lycia and Halicarnassus. It was Gregory XVI. who first enlarged the boundaries of artistic collection in Rome, and brought into near connection the monuments of earlier schools, those from which it had always been supposed that the more elegant and sublime productions of Grecian taste and genius had received their first inspirations.

The discovery of Assyrian monuments has indeed materially modified these theories. Egypt can no longer claim to be the cradle of artistic Greece; no lawgiver of her future code of taste ever lurked in bulrushes of the Nile. And Etruscan art is no antecedent preparer or modifier of Grecian grace; it is a portion of it, finished and refined, though corresponding with it in progressive development, from rigid archaism to unzoned luxuriancy.

Gregory added to the Vatican—but kept unblended with its chaster treasures—most valuable collections of these two new classes of monuments. He began nearest home. Men-

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tion has already been made of the Etruscan discoveries commenced a few years earlier in the Papal territory. Campania had long supplied Europe with what are still called Etruscan vases, probably the same objects of commerce as figure in our customs list under the designation of "Magna Græcia ware." The Museum at Naples was rich in its collection of them; and most other countries possessed a few specimens. North of Rome, most Etrurian cities contained local museums, in which were deposited curiosities, as they are called, picked up in the neighbourhood. Chiusi, Volterra, Cortona, and other successors of old Etruscan towns, treasured up with care the remains and evidences of their ancient taste and splendour. Sometimes an antiquarian academy or society occupied itself with researches and discussions on the spot, and published learned and useful Transactions. Such are those of the Academy of Cortona, which extend to many volumes, full of interesting matter.

But, a few years before the accession of Gregory, a rich vein of excavation had been struck into, situated beyond the confines of modern Tuscany, but within the territory of ancient Etruria. The very names of Vulci, Tarquinii, and Ceræ suggest to classical ears the idea of places belonging to that ancient confederation; but the names had themselves been buried, like the cities to which they belonged, under such designations as Arco della Baddia, Ponte d'Asso, or Cannino. In the last of these places, the Prince who takes his title from it, Lucien Bonaparte, made extensive researches, and drew from them an immense collection, which has found its way to the British Museum. Etruscan "diggings" became the rage; and many adventurers were amply repaid. It was not the ruins of cities that were sought, but their cemeteries. The custom of savage nations, so often prolonged into high civilisation, of providing the dead with the implements and furniture which they needed on earth, to serve them in an ideal world,—that usage which suggested the slaughter of the soldier's war steed, or of the sovereign's wife, and the burying of his armour with the first, or the

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putting the luck penny into the hand of the rich or poor, to pay his freightage to the churlish ferryman; was fully appreciated and observed by the old Italians. The tomb of a respectable person occupied the space of a cottage; its walls were painted with frescoes of banquets, games, horses, and men in large dimensions; and within was exquisite furniture in imperishable bronze, seats, beds, lamps, and other household utensils, of the same metal, or of the more fragile but more richly laboured clay. Nor were vases their most precious contents; but gold and jewelled ornaments, entombed there in profusion, attest the wealth, the luxury, and taste of ancient races, as well as their reverence for their dead. Breast-plates elaborately wrought of purest gold, neck-laces, ear-rings, bullas for children's necks, chains of elaborate patterns, all exquisitely wrought, and enriched with pearls and gems, were found even in abundance, and may yet serve as models for the goldsmith's art.[1]

A glut in the market became an almost unavoidable result of this superabundance of discovery. The Government of Rome, being on the spot, had the advantage of choice; and Gregory XVI., with unbounded liberality, purchased all that could be required to form, at once, a complete collection. There was already, in the Vatican library, a most choice selection of vases; a celebrated real chariot was in the Museum; other beautiful statues in bronze, one with an inscription on the arm, were scattered about. These were brought together in a suite of ample halls, which formerly were the Cardinal Librarian's apartments, but had not been occupied for many years. It belongs to the "Hand-books" and "Guides" to give a description of this splendid collec-

[1] The East is full of fables concerning vast treasures, yet concealed in the sepulchres of monarchs, guarded by griffins or spirits. The account of David's tomb, in connection with Herod, has become matter of history. See Josephus, tom. i. p. 412, and p. 802, ed. Havercamp. In the second passage we are told that Herod found, not money, as Hyrcanus had, but "many gold ornaments and precious things" (*κόσμον χρυσοῦ καὶ κειμηλίων πολύν*)

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tion, and its admirable arrangements. Suffice it to say, that nothing seems to have been overlooked. There is one model of a tomb, with its furniture as it was found; and there are traced copies of the frescoes, many of which fell to dust soon after contact with the air. The wonder is, how they had remained so many ages beyond its reach. That families should not have assumed that they had made rather a loan than a gift of their treasures to the dead, and, after a decent interval of mourning, have resumed possession; that domestics should not have filched them, or a fraternity of jewel—if not body—snatchers should not have existed for sepulchral burglaries; that in the feuds between tribes, when cities were given to sack and ruin, rings snatched from the ears of matrons, and embroidered baldricks stripped from the bodies of slaughtered warriors, the ashes of the dead should have afforded protection to gold and pearls more efficaciously than horses and chariots; and finally, that during the ages of Roman dominion, when the traditions of older sepulchral rites were still preserved, or in the mediæval period, when no fable of guardian dragons terrified marauders from the plunder of Pagan graves, these mounds, visible to every eye, should have sealed up their treasures and kept them faithfully, till a better motive and a more intelligent spirit kindly transferred them to a surer custody and to admiring observation, may be truly considered one of those secondary dispensations of Providence, which make the works of man's hands, thus buried for ages, able to fructify in the social world; like the seed-corn found in Egyptian sepulchres, which has, after thousands of years, germinated and given harvests.

It was on the anniversary of his election, February 2nd, 1837, that Gregory opened his Etruscan museum; two anniversaries later he inaugurated its fellow-collection, the Egyptian. It occupies the floor immediately below the first.

In one way, Rome may be said to have anticipated all other countries in gathering Egyptian monuments, and in making them known to Europe, before the collections of

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Drovetti or Belzoni had enriched it, and in exhibiting such a class of them as no other city can hope to rival. For centuries the obelisks of Rome, prostrate or standing, had been almost the only specimens of Egyptian art known to scholars and to artists. They are now seven or eight in number, one having been erected by Pius VI. on the Quirinal, and one in my time on the Pincian by his successor. But the great ones before the Vatican and the Lateran, the first plain, and the second richly storied, had long been objects of admiration to every traveller. Their gigantic dimensions and elegant forms, their unmanageable material and finished workmanship, whether in polish or in carving; then their preserved integrity as monoliths for so many thousands of years, and the calculation of the mechanical strength and skill which were required to extract them from their granite bed,—transport them and raise them on to proportioned pedestals—a piling of Pelion on Ossa,—had, perhaps more practically than anything else, given the West a notion of the precocious civilisation and huge works which so early distinguished the banks of the Nile. And, except by the one importation of a second-class obelisk to Paris under Louis-Philippe, there has been no attempt to invade this monopoly of the Eternal City.

Besides this singular order of monuments, which cannot be brought into a collection, there were other primitive Egyptian pieces of sculpture, scattered through Rome, the full value of which was not ascertained till the discovery of the Egyptian alphabet by Young and Champollion. Such, for instance, were two out of four basalt lions, which, couched at the feet of Moses, delivered well-regulated jets of water from their indrawn lips into the fountain bearing that patriarch's name. They were covered with hieroglyphics, which, read by the learned F. Ungarelli, showed them to belong to a very early dynasty, and to be perhaps coeval with the Jewish lawgiver himself.

These and any other such remains were replaced by less noble substitutes in their servile occupations, and received a

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place in the halls of the Vatican amidst other kingly monuments. But there was a third class of Egyptian, or rather pseudo-Egyptian, works, which likewise belonged exclusively to Rome. The Emperor Adrian collected in his villa at Tivoli imitations of celebrated buildings in every part of the world. Among the rest was a "Canopus," adorned by Egyptian works, or rather by Græco-Roman sculptures reduced to Egyptian forms. The museums abounded with such monuments drawn from the ruins of the villa; and these also were withdrawn from their usurped positions, and united to their more legitimate brethren; thus producing a contrast between the white marble progeny of Western, and the dusky granite or basalt productions of Eastern, art. This union gives a local singularity to the Roman-Egyptian gallery.

Pius VII. had purchased a small but valuable collection brought from Egypt by Signor Guidi, and had placed it round a hemicycle in the Vatican, that crossed the end of the great Belvidere court, uniting its two flanks. It could only be considered as placed there temporarily, and it migrated to the new quarters prepared for Ises and Anubises, Cynocephali and Scarabæi. Such was the groundwork of this new aggregation to the vast Vatican group of artistic wonders; it need not be added, that every opportunity has been embraced of increasing and perfecting the work so happily commenced. Nor can it be necessary to observe that the decoration of this, as of every other department of art-collection, is strictly in keeping with its particular object,—is here purely Egyptian, as elsewhere Etruscan or Grecian.

The Gallery of Paintings in the Vatican can hardly be designated by that name, which suggests the idea of walls covered with pictures from ceiling to wainscot, whether stretched into great lengths as in Paris or Florence, or surrounding halls as in London or Dresden. In all other collections quantity gives value, to a certain extent; and a sufficient exemplification of every celebrated school is kept in view. They are all galleries for study. At the Vatican, however, this is not the case. A few paintings, chiefly large,

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are hung without crowding one another, or unfairly contrasting, on ample spaces of wall, in lofty, spacious apartments, three or four being indulged in the room which would elsewhere suffice for fifty or a hundred tightly fitting frames. It was not easy to place them well; and accordingly I can remember at least four situations in the immense Vatican where they have been uncomfortably situated. Gregory, in 1836, bestowed on them their present position, in which they will probably be visited for generations to come. One of the first places which they occupied was the "Appartamento Borgia," a series of ten noble halls at the palace end of the Belvidere court, painted most beautifully in their ceilings by some pre-Raffaelite artists. Gregory XVI. added this magnificent range to the already vast library, and filled it with additional books. Another department of the literary treasury he particularly cherished, its Christian museum. To this he made splendid additions at his own expense; among other ways, by bestowing on it a most rare and valuable series of early Byzantine paintings, in beautiful preservation. He likewise purchased for himself, and left in the palace, the whole collection of pictures by Peters, an eminent German animal painter,[1] and a man of genuine worth and simplest mind, who died at an advanced age in Rome.

It would be unfair to consider the detached paintings hung against walls as composing exclusively the Vatican gallery. One must comprehend under this title the Sixtine Chapel as the grandest specimen of Michael Angelo's masterly genius; the "Stanze" and "Loggie" as the noblest display of Raffaele's sweeter powers; St. Laurence's Chapel as a gem without a flaw of Beato Angelico's work, set in the very centre of Raffaele's golden band; not to speak of twenty other great artists, before and since, who have left noble works upon the vaults and walls of that grandest of

[1] The writer possesses the only picture representing a human being which he ever painted, except Adam and Eve, of small size, in a large picture of Paradise, in which the animals were obviously the objects of his principal attention.

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palaces. It was Gregory XVI. who thought of arresting the progress of decay in some valuable portions of these sublime works. So little consciousness was there of their inimitable powers in the greatest artists, that they did not think of sheltering their works from the most inevitable causes of destruction; they painted in the open portico, where rain and sun would play alternately; as if they took it for granted that whatever they did must of course perish, to be replaced by other men as gifted as themselves. It has always been the same. What Greek sculptor expected his marbles—brittle to the touch of any boy's pebble, defaceable under long exposure to the elements—to be placed within the shelter, and not as soon erected on the roof, of a temple? So, when too late, the frescoes of Raffaele, and the arabesques and stuccoes of his pupils, were found to have been almost lost,—indeed, preserved only by early copies and engravings. Gregory, however, continued the work of preservation, before and since carried on, of enclosing the whole of the Loggie with glass, after having had the frescoes of the upper corridor admirably restored by Professor Agricola.

It was natural to expect that, however vast the Vatican might be, it would not suffice for the unceasing impouring of new museums, as well as of individual objects of artistic merit. It had overflowed already; and Gregory had made its very gardens precious by the multitudes of statues, vases, and altars with which he had embellished them; for he may be said to have entirely renewed them, or even to have laid them out afresh. It was found necessary to devote some other large building to the purpose of containing works which the Vatican and Capitol either could not contain, or could not suitably harbour; for new discoveries or acquisitions had been made of statues and other works that deserved conspicuous places, and would not brook collocation among inferior productions. Such was the beautiful Antinous, purchased from the Braschi Palace, rescued from Russian possession by the right of preëmption reserved to the Government: such the sublime Sophocles, the rival or equal

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of the Naples Aristides, discovered and given to the Pope, in 1839, by the family of the present Cardinal Antonelli. But what, perhaps, primarily demanded extensive accommodation was an immense mosaic pavement representing worthies of the cestus, emiment boxers and wrestlers in their day, natives of Tuscan cities, which were proud, one may suppose, of their sons' thews and sinews. These heroes of the ring have thus been suddenly restored to fame, and are likely to obtain a second immortality, if one may use the phrase, more enduring than the first. Their proportions are colossal, and as they stand full-lengths in separate compartments, it required no restricted space to stretch them forth in their original position.

The Lateran Palace, a noble pile, had long stood untenanted, except, for a time, as a receptacle for paupers. The treasurer, Monsignor Tosti, had thoroughly repaired it, and restored it to its primeval beauty; yet it was insufficient and ill-situated for a Papal residence. The "Ædes Lateranæ,"—confiscated under Nero, celebrated by poets and historians as most sumptuous, given by Maxentius to Constantine as his daughter's dowry, and by Constantine, with its adjoining basilica, to be the episcopal palace and cathedral of Christian Rome,—were admirably adapted for the purpose of a new, not merely supplementary, museum. The first evidence of fitness was, that the huge *Palæstran* mosaic carpeted one of its halls, as if it had been bespoken, for the purpose of some ancient tessellator. And so were separate shrines found there for masterpieces, and galleries or chambers for lesser works, one of which is a copy in mosaic of a celebrated floor-painting described by Pliny as existing at Pergamus, and representing an "unswept pavement" after supper. Gregory XVI. was the founder of this new museum, which under the present Pope has received not only a greater development, but in some respects a distinct destination, as a depository of Christian sculptures.

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## CHAPTER III.

### EVENTS OF GREGORY'S PONTIFICATE.

EVERY state or government presents two distinct aspects and conditions, one internal, another external. In this it is like any other association, any family, any individual. We know little or nothing of what is going on within the circle of persons next door to us,—of the struggles, or jars, or privations, or illnesses, or afflictions; or of the domestic joys, affections, and pleasures inside any house but our own. There is a hidden life too in every separate being that composes each homely circle, impenetrable to the rest of its members. No one can read the thoughts, unravel the motives, map the mind, block out the desires, trace the intentions of others with whom he has lived for years in contact. Hence we must needs be content to act with them according to the form in which they show themselves, and in the proportion that we require one another's coöperation.

Is it not so with kingdoms and principalities? What do we know of the internal policy, the yearly growth, the daily actions of rulers and people, in states especially that have not attained an influential prominence? For the readers of newspapers, volumes are daily prepared of home-stirring information, to be eagerly devoured: how much of it will have an interest beyond the hawser's length that moors the Dover packet? Who will care in France or Germany what illustrious guests the Sovereign entertained sumptuously yesterday at her table; or who spoke at the last Bradford or Wolverhampton Reform meeting? Their very names defy spelling or pronunciation beyond the channel. And so, how little do we inquire what is going on, for example, in Hesse-Homburg or Reuss; or who troubled himself about "the Principalities," or their interior affairs, till their out-

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ward life came into close contact with those of other governments? As a matter of course, it is impossible for those who are absorbed in their own interests, and fully occupied with their own internal concerns, to penetrate into the real feelings, or invest themselves with the circumstances, that belong to another nation, perhaps even of different race.

Like any other country, Rome has its twofold existence. Of its exterior action, of the part which it openly takes in European politics, of its treaties, its tariffs, its commerce, of course every one may judge, and has probably data on which to attempt at least to judge. But it is more than probable that the real condition of the country, the character of its laws, the sentiments of the mass of people, will be no better known than are those of other states, beyond the interior sphere which they affect. No one can for a moment believe that the occasional, and too evidently partisan, communication to a newspaper constitutes the materials upon which an accurate judgment can be formed; while no trouble is taken to ascertain the statistical, financial, moral, or social state of the country, the administration of the state, or the inward changes gradually introduced. Yet, while such indifference is manifested concerning the interior state of other sovereignties, no such reserve is permitted about Rome; and it seems to be imagined that it is within everybody's power to discover evils there; and to prescribe their remedy. There surely is a very different reason for this interest than ordinary philanthropy; nor does it need to be defined.

Let us take Rome for what it is, a State recognised by all Europe, as governed, for high and important reasons, by an ecclesiastical Ruler; and further assuming that he is no more to be expected than any other head of a realm to commit suicidal acts against himself or his authority, nor to yield to the desires or attempts of those who plan and desire the overthrow of both; we may then surely consider him a good sovereign who devotes the whole of his mind and energies to the happiness of his subjects, endeavouring to effect improvements in every department of state and in every part of

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his dominions. Now, certainly, no monarch ever did more conscientiously labour, body and soul, for the good of those committed to him, and for the discharge of his public duties, than the virtuous Gregory XVI.

It has been mentioned, that in the very year of his accession he published new laws on the course of judicial procedure. In the following year he issued another decree on crimes and punishments. In 1833 he reorganised the Secretary of State's office, dividing it into two departments, of Home and Foreign Affairs; and further gave a new system to the department of Public Works.

In 1834 a national bank was established for the first time in Rome; and a complete code was published of laws and regulations for all public administration. The year following, a new coinage was issued more perfectly reduced to the decimal system than before; as the gold coins previously bore no proportion to it. The entire Roman Forum was thoroughly restored; and the monastery of St. Gregory, a conspicuous public edifice, with the space and roads round it, was repaired and beautified at the Pope's own expense. Very large public works were also executed at the mouth of the Tiber, and in the harbour and city of Civita Vecchia. The Anio also was sent this year through its two new tunnels; and finally a cemetery which had been commenced outside the walls, at the basilica of St. Lawrence, was finished and opened; burial in it being made compulsory, and intramural sepulture being suppressed. In 1836 night-schools were first established.

The year 1837 was a dark one in the annals of Gregory's pontificate. The cholera had visited several parts of the States, and had been particularly severe in Ancona. The Pope succoured liberally from his own funds, as well as from public sources, every place which was attacked; but, at the same time, he omitted no precautionary measures in his capital. It would be superfluous to say that every religious act of expiation was duly performed. There were sermons in many churches, exhorting the people to repentance, that so the Divine wrath might be appeased, and the scourge

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averted. Then there was a solemn procession, in which the Holy Father walked. But some questioned the prudence of thus assembling crowds together; and the events seem partly to justify them. A sanitary commission was formed, towards which the Pope largely subscribed. Supernumerary hospitals were sought: the English College was unreservedly offered to the authorities, with the services of its inmates to attend the sick. The building was surveyed, and accepted as an hospital for convalescents; but this did not require any help from the students, who, being obliged to leave the house, retired to their Tusculan villa.

There we were regularly in a state of siege. Every town and village exercised its municipal rights to the utmost, and surrounded itself with a sanitary cordon, which was as jealous of foreign approach as the dragon guardian of the Hesperides. Hence all communication between neighbouring hamlets was cut off, and it was only by stealth that the capital itself could be visited. In our own village we organised a committee of health, composed of natives and of English; every room in every house was visited, cleaned, and whitewashed where needful; every nuisance abated; wholesome provisions furnished to all in need; and, as medical attendance is at the public charge in all Roman communes, we supplied medicines at free-cost. Thus we kept our dear village of Monte Porzio healthy and cheerful, while within-doors we provided ample means of recreation for ourselves and the more intelligent inhabitants.

The Pope remained at his post in Rome, attending to everything, bestowing large alms, and providing for every want. Thus at length the scourge passed by, and the avenging angel sheathed his sword, after raising the mortality of the twelvemonth (between Easter and Easter) from three to twelve thousand deaths. New duties then arose. The Holy Father put himself at the head of the subscriptions for educating the numerous orphans left destitute by the plague. Charity was here universal. The English College, like many other institutions, undertook the support of

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two children. Houses were opened, by charitable contributions, for those who remained; and among the most active and conspicuous agents in this merciful work was our countrywoman the Princess Borghese, first Lady Gwendeline Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; a rarely gifted lady, whose memory yet lives in Rome in the prayers of the poor and the admiration of the great. It may be added that the statistics of the cholera have nowhere been compiled with greater accuracy and minuteness than in Rome.

In spite of these anxious cares, this year saw its important improvements. Besides the opening of the Etruscan museum, and the enlargement of the Christian collection, both already mentioned, and the complete restoration of the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican, there was established, for the first time in the Roman States, a general insurance company, embracing insurance against hail as well as fire.

The year 1838 was remarkable for one of the most interesting antiquarian discoveries of modern times. The gate known as the Porta Maggiore, from its vicinity to the church of S. Maria Maggiore, passes under a magnificent point of union of several aqueducts, adorned with a splendid inscription. But the gate had been fortified by most barbaric works in the middle ages. These hideous appendages were ordered to be removed, and the consequence was, not only the unveiling of the fine old work above the gate, but the unburying of a monument singular in its construction and in its mystery. An excrescent bastion at the outside of the gate was subjected to excision, and disclosed in the process that its core was an ancient tomb, of republican times, built with strange materials. It had been raised by Marcus Vergilius Eurysaces to his nameless wife; and, as he was a rich baker, for he was a public contractor (*redemptor*), he called the tomb a bakery (*pistrinum*), and built up its walls of stone kneading-troughs, surmounted by reliefs which represent the whole process of making bread.

Another curious appearance no less astonished Rome,—this was the arrival of two Ottoman ambassadors: the first,



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Ahmed Fethi Pasha, on his way to Paris; the second, one since more renowned, Redschid Pasha, minister of Mahmoud II. in London, who came to thank the Pope for his kindness to his colleague. I remember a saying of one of these intelligent Turks, when he was shown the Pantheon, and told what it formerly was. "Where," he asked, "are the statues of the heathen gods?" "Of course they were removed when the temple was christianised," was the natural answer. "No," he replied; "I would have left them standing, to show how the true God had triumphed over them in their own house."

It was in this year also that the Vatican library received the addition of ten rooms.

Besides many great public works, some already mentioned, the year 1839 was signalised by the publication of a remarkable document, the Bull "In supremo apostolatûs fastigio" (Dec. 3), against the slave-trade. There can be no doubt that in several countries this splendid decree did more to put down the slave-trade than negotiations or corvettes. Of this I was assured by several natives of those countries. It contains a most interesting account, by way of recital, of the untiring activity of former popes to put an end to the infamous traffic.[1]

This year witnessed perhaps the most splendid function which the Church ever performs, the canonization of five saints. Many years of severe investigation and judicial processes are required to prepare for this final and solemn recognition of sublime holiness in any of God's chosen servants. Only a few times in a century—twice, so far, in this —does it fall to the lot of a Pontiff to perform it. The entire basilica of St. Peter is superbly decorated and brilliantly illuminated; paintings of great events in the lives of the glorified persons adorn it in every part. All the bishops of the Papal States, and many from other parts of Italy, and even from more distant countries, usually attend. These

[1] Thus St. Wolstan's preaching prevailed more for the same purpose with the Bristol merchants than royal prohibitions.

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are united in one magnificent procession: and on this occasion I remember one venerable grey-headed man who supported the pendant of St. Alphonsus Liguori's banner; he was the saint's nephew, and had been confirmed by him.

The following year, 1840, closes all personal recollections of this excellent Pontiff, except during a short visit of a few weeks two years later. For in this year it was thought advisable to increase the number of bishops in England, by subdividing the four apostolic vicariates established in the reign of James II., so as to double their number. In fact this had become a matter of absolute necessity. For example, the northern vicariate comprised not only the four counties usually designated by that epithet, but Lancashire and Yorkshire besides. Since this first distribution of episcopal jurisdiction, cities and towns, like Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Newcastle, had arisen from secondary rank to the dimensions of capitals; without mentioning innumerable other manufacturing places, or rather districts, composed of clusters, or chains formed by busy seats of industry, with a growing population.

Four new bishops were accordingly named; and in addition to these, the writer was appointed to the subordinate situation of coadjutor or assistant to one already in possession of a see with residence at Wolverhampton, the venerable Bishop Walsh. It was a sorrowful evening, at the beginning of autumn, when, after a residence in Rome prolonged through twenty-two years, till affection clung to every old stone there, like the moss that grew into it, this strong but tender tie was cut, and much of future happiness had to be invested in the mournful recollections of the past.

> "Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,
> Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit,
> Cum repeto noctem qua tot mihi chara reliqui,
> Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis."

In the chronological sketch here given only a few occurrences of each year have been selected; sufficient to show

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how intent Gregory XVI. was upon steady improvement. It would be easy to multiply examples even of material progress, honourable to his pontificate. The first steamers that struggled against the chafed and eddying Tiber made their appearance during it; and though in his old age he would not embark in the still slowly progressing undertaking of railways, he always said that his successor must perforce involve himself in their more rapid extension.

For those in one country, whose improvements naturally take a given direction, to scorn others because they follow another direction equally congenial to them, and in which they may in their turn give the lead to their scoffers, is surely narrow and ungenerous. With boundless resources and infinite advantages, England has her definite career of progress, and in it may leave every other country far behind. On the other hand, it is but lately that she has awakened to her own deficiencies in whatever relates to the beautiful arts. Italy gladly yields the palm to her in all industrial pursuits; admires, studies, and strives, with far more limited means, sometimes too subserviently, to copy. But it does not jeer her, in return, for her backwardness in just becoming conscious of her artistic imperfection, nor for her somewhat awkward ways of trying to repair it. Let there be, not so much forbearance as mutual commendation, meted out by the equitable standard of effort rather than of success. For the first is the measure of the will, the second of the power; the one belongs to man, the other more strictly to Providence. That may be of instantaneous formation and of immediate growth, this may require or may have required centuries to mature. The former can be equal in many, the latter is of necessity unequally distributed. On these just principles, it will be found that much more has been done by peaceful and gradual advance than could have been effected by the fitful and violent shocks of revolutionary propulsions.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### SOME OF THE REMARKABLE MEN OF GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH'S PONTIFICATE.

DURING so long a reign as that of Gregory it might naturally be expected that some persons of more than usual distinction would adorn his court and city; for it has been the time-respected privilege of both to attract from without, as well as to nurture at home, men of genius, learning, and singular virtue.

Two remarkable instances may be given of this attractive power; the one connected with, the other independent of, religion; yet both exhibited in the same race. While it must be confessed that the native school of painting has clung unreasonably as yet to the classical style, and sought its subjects in heathen mythology as most exuberantly lending itself to the luxuries of art, there has, nevertheless, lived for a long period in the midst of it a school of foreign Christian painting, born and bred in Rome itself. Nay, we may even say that the entire religious art of modern Germany, not excluding Düsseldorf itself, owes its happy birth to that nursery of every art. Many years ago, several young German artists—would that they still were young!—associated themselves in Rome to draw and paint, taking for their models the purer and sweeter types of earlier periods, when religion walked hand in hand with the three great sisters, whose badges are the pencil, the chisel, and the compasses; or rather when they followed her as willing handmaids. While yet comparatively unknown, they executed a joint, yet separate, work, by painting in fresco, as in old times, vault and walls, with all their accessories, in three halls in the Massimo Villa, at the Lateran. Each took one apartment, and with it one division of Dante's golden art-poem;

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so that the Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso furnished the exclusive theme of each contribution. To this day the works retain their freshness, and may well rank among the most beautiful of modern performances, though little seen and known by travellers.

Of this generous trio, so intrepid in breaking through modern feeling in art, only one settled, and has reached his maturity, in Rome—the honoured and venerated Overbeck. Cornelius was another, who has left indelible proofs of his genius at Münich and Berlin. Veith, I think, was the third, the father too of a Christian school at Frankfort. In Rome, Overbeck's influence has been ever beneficial, especially among his own countrymen. There is a fraternity of German artists in Rome, who devote themselves to Christian painting; and, one is glad to say, receive much, if not most, of their encouragement from English patrons. And in Germany it will be found that every local school of similar principles springs from a master who, directly or indirectly, has been formed at Rome. The venerable Baron von Schadow, President of the eminently religious school of Düsseldorf, as well as his brother, a distinguished sculptor, was for some years an inhabitant of that city.

Side by side was another purely scientific association, composed of Germans, and having its seat on the Tarpeian Rock. It was first founded during the embassy of Chevalier Bunsen, and was under the auspices of the Prussian court and government, which subsidised it liberally. It held its meetings, and published its bulletins, or larger annual collection of essays, with valuable engravings, on every antiquarian topic.

If foreigners from beyond the Alps thus came spontaneously to Rome, to seek occupation for their genius or industry, we cannot be surprised if religion or ecclesiastical tastes brought many from other parts of Italy, as well as from abroad, to settle there for life. Such, for instance, is the learned F. Theiner of the Oratory, a Silesian by birth, now engaged on two gigantic works, each sufficient for the

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literary employment of one man at least; the continuation of Baronius's Annals of Ecclesiastical History, and the complete collection of all documents relative to the Council of Trent. Yet he contrives, almost yearly, to bring out several volumes of inedited matter from the archives of the Vatican, over which he presides; making now that treasury of hidden documents as prolific as its super-incumbent library has been for years in the untiring hands of Cardinal Angelo Mai.

Another foreigner came to Rome in this Pontificate, of whom many readers will have heard, in one of what may be called two such extremes of life as seldom meet in one person. Those whose memory does not carry them back beyond the days of Waterloo may have found, in Moore's politico-satirical poems, mention of a person enjoying a celebrity similar to that possessed more lately by a French Count resident in London; as a leader of fashion, remarkable at the same time for wit and accomplishments. Such was the Baron Géramb, in the days "when George the Third was king." But some may possibly remember a higher renown gained by him, beyond that of having his last bon-mot quoted in the morning papers. Being an alien, though neither a conspirator nor an assassin, he was ordered to leave the country, and refused. He barricaded his house, and placarded it with the words "Every Englishman's house is his castle," in huge letters. He bravely stood a siege of some duration, against the police of those days, and drew crowds round the house; till at length, whether starved out by a stern blockade, or overreached by Bow-street strategy, he either yielded at discretion or was captured through want of it, and was forthwith transferred to a foreign shore.

So ends the first chapter of the public life of the gallant and elegant Baron Géramb, the charm of good society, to which by every title he belonged. What became of him after this? Did that society, on losing sight of him, ask any more? Probably few of those who had been entertained by his cleverness, or amused by his freaks, ever gave him another thought; and a commentator on Thomas Moore,

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encountering the "whiskers of Géramb" in one of his verses, might be at a loss to trace the history of their wearer. Certainly those ornaments of his countenance would have lent but slight assistance in tracing him in after-life.

Many years later, in the reign of Gregory XVI., let the reader suppose himself to be standing on the small plateau shaded with ilex, which fronts the Franciscan convent above Castel-Gandolfo. He is looking down on the lovely lake which takes its name from that village, through an opening in the oaken screen, enjoying the breeze of an autumn afternoon. He may see, issuing from the convent gate, a monk, not of its fraternity, but clothed in the white Cistercian habit; a man of portly dimensions, bestriding the humblest but most patriarchal of man-bearing animals, selected out of hundreds, his rider used to say, to be in just proportion to the burthen. If the stranger examines him, he will easily discern through the gravity of his look, not only a nobleness of countenance; and through the simplicity of his habit, not merely a gracefulness of demeanour, which speak the highly-bred gentleman, but even visible remains of the good-humoured, kind-hearted, and soldierly courtier. There lurks still in his eye a sparkling gleam of wit suppressed, or disciplined into harmless coruscations. Once when I met him at Albano, he had brought as a gift to the English Cardinal Acton, a spirited sketch of himself and his "gallant grey" rolling together in the dust. When I called on him at his convent, he showed me an Imperial autograph letter, just received, announcing to him the gallantry and wounds of his son, fighting in Circassia, and several other royal epistles, written in the pleasant tone of friend to friend.

Yet he is thoroughly a monk of the strictest order known in the Church, living in a cell, without an object of luxury near him, sleeping on a straw pallet, occupied in writing, reading, meditating on holy things, devout in prayer, edifying in conversation. Among other works of his, overflowing with piety, is one peculiarly tender, entitled "My Saviour's Tomb." The good old monk had been to Jerusalem, and

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had manifested his affections by a novel and exquisite prodigality, borrowed in idea from a certain woman who had been a sinner in the city. He anointed the sepulchre of our Lord with the most costly of perfumes, the attargul, or otto of roses as we call it, so that the whole house was filled with its fragrance.

Such is the Père Géramb; such the second chapter of his known life.

What had been the intermediate hidden stage? When expelled, happily for him, from England, he very soon fell into the enemy's hands, I know not how. But he happened to be cast into the same prison, I think Vincennes, where the good Cardinal De Gregorio was also in bonds. He was first struck by the patience and virtues of his fellow-captive, and gradually entered into conversation with him. The result was a change of heart and a change of life. Liberty soon put the sincerity of both to the severest test. Baron Géramb remained attached to the land of his captivity: in it he joined the fervent and austere life of La Trappe. After some years he was sent to Rome, as resident procurator of the order, where I had the pleasure of knowing him. Several amusing anecdotes mingle with his memory, to show how even in his sackcloth and ashes lived his wonted fire.

Among those whom Gregory deservedly called to the highest honours in Rome, was that amiable prodigy Cardinal Joseph Mezzofanti. When, after the revolution, the city of Bologna sent a deputation to renew its fealty to the Pope, it wisely named as one to compose it, Professor Mezzofanti. The Pope, who had known him before, and was charmed with him, gave him the rank of Prelate, and shortly after brought him to Rome, to reside there permanently. He named him first Warden of the Vatican Library, that is in truth librarian,—this title being then reserved to a Cardinal,—and in February, 1838, raised him to the Cardinalitial dignity.

The name of this eminent man is too well known throughout Europe, to require any eulogium here. More-

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over, a most accurate and full life of him has been compiled by one who has spared no pains or research to make the biography complete. I allude to the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, to whom I have transferred my little stock of anecdotes and information concerning my good and gifted friend. Having made this sacrifice to the desire of another, whom I may describe by the very same terms, I will not anticipate here what will be adorned by the graceful pen of this biographer.[1] I will only say, that I can attest Mezzofanti's perfect utterance and expression in the few languages with which I happen to be acquainted; and that I have heard natives of almost every country in Europe and Asia, not to mention California, who have borne witness in my presence to his perfection in accent and phrase, when speaking their various languages. The general observation used to be, that they would have easily taken him for a native, each of his own country.

This magnificent gift of universal speech was not thrown away in any sense. It was habitually employed in good; in instructing and assisting spiritually many who, without him, might have remained ignorant or helpless. Though it was natural that he should be fond of conversing in his many languages, I should doubt if over it was done from love of display; for he was humble and shrinking on every occasion. Indeed he knew his powers to be a gift rather than an acquisition. His appearance certainly did not bear the seal of his high intellectual mark; for his learning on all subjects was accurate, extensive, and solid. The countenance, which was the dial to the busy and complicated works above it, was not ample, or noble in its traits. His brow was a problem to phrenologists: though his eyes were heavily pressed outwards by what they may have considered lingual faculties. One of this order once told him gravely that he had great facility in learning languages. "But then," Mezzofanti archly added in telling me this wise discovery, "he knew

[1] Since published.

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that I was already acquainted with fifty." Most amiable too he was, simple and childlike, charitable to excess, and ready to help any one with head or hand.

At the period of the late republic, he remained in Rome when most of his colleagues retired; his constitution, shaken by age and infirmities, was probably further enfeebled by mental sufferings proceeding from the events of the times: he sank and died March 12th, 1849. In the brief record of his life given in what may be called the Roman "Court Guide," though it does not extend to ten lines, there is a word wanting, the omission of which does not occur in any other such summary for thirty years. Wherever a cardinal may have died, even if it was at a village in the Terra di Lavoro, he is stated to have been "laid in state" (*esposto*) and buried in the church of the place; if in Rome, in his own "title." Of Mezzofanti alone this is not said. Yet he died during a commonwealth which proclaimed that genius and virtue were to be honoured in all, wherever found. Did his high dignity, though adorned by every virtue, without a drawback, deprive him of a claim to his share of that boasted impartial homage? Such an exception suffices to throw doubts, at least, on the sincerity of those professions.

When Cardinal Weld passed to a better life, his successor was in everybody's mouth, nor could it have been otherwise. There was only one person qualified in every respect for the dignity. This was Monsignor Charles Acton, the only Englishman who, in our times, has gone through that regular course of preparation which leads most naturally to the purple. For though his was an English family, it was one well known for a long connection with Naples; where the future cardinal was born, March 6th, 1803. His education, however, was in great measure English. For though he learnt his rudiments from M. De Masnod, now bishop of Marseilles, he came to England in 1811, on the death of his father, Sir John Francis Edward. It was at Richmond, in Surrey, that he first was admitted to communion by the Rev. M. Beaumont: and he used to relate with great delight,

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how it was on that happy day, by the banks of the Thames, that he formed the decided resolution of embracing the ecclesiastical state. He was then at a Protestant school in Isleworth. From this he was sent to Westminster School, which he was obliged soon to quit on religious grounds. He next resided with a Protestant clergyman in Kent, the Rev. Mr. Jones, as a private pupil. After this, in 1819, he went to Cambridge, and became, under Dr. Neville, an inmate of Magdalen College, where he finished his secular education in 1823. The reader will allow that this was a very unusual preparation for the Roman purple.

He now, in 1823, came to Rome, and entered the college, several times mentioned, where ecclesiastics, intending to be candidates for public offices, receive a special training. Here Acton distinguished himself by his piety and assiduity, having, besides the common lectures, the assistance of a private tutor, in Professor, afterwards Cardinal, Fornari. One of his probational essays attracted such attention from the Secretary of State, Della Somaglia, that Pope Leo XII. made him one of his chamberlains, and sent him as an attaché to the Nunciature of Paris. Here he had the best possible opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with diplomacy.

Pius VIII. recalled him to Italy, and named him Vice-legate, giving him the choice of any out of the four legations over which Cardinals presided. This was quite a new office, and Monsignor Acton selected Bologna, as affording him the best opportunities for improvement. Here he became acquainted with the whole system of provincial administration, and the application of civil law. He was, however, but a short time there; for at the close of that brief Pontificate, he left the city, before the unexpected revolution broke out. He was in England again in 1829, to marry his only sister Elizabeth to Sir Robert Throckmorton.

By Gregory XVI. he was made an assistant judge in the civil court of Rome, and secretary to a most important congregation, or council, for the maintenance of religious dis-

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cipline. But in January, 1837, to his own astonishment and dismay, he was appointed to the highest dignity in Rome, after the cardinalate, that of Auditor of the Apostolic Chamber. Probably it was the first time that so responsible a post, generally conferred on a prelate of great judicial experience and of long standing, had been offered to a foreigner. Acton refused it, but was obliged to yield to a sovereign command. This office is considered as necessarily leading to a place in the Sacred College; so that when Cardinal Weld died in the April following Acton's promotion, it could hardly be matter of conjecture that his turn was not far distant.

The death of his elder brother, Sir Ferdinand Acton of Aldenham in Salop, brought him to England in 1837, for a short time, in order to settle family affairs, which he did in the most generous manner. He was proclaimed Cardinal January 24, 1842, having been created nearly three years before. His health, never strong, soon began to decline; a prolonged attack of ague weakened him till he was unable to shake it off, and he sought refuge, first at Palermo, then in Naples, his native city. But it was too late: and he expired there, June 23, 1847.

Many who saw him knew little of his sterling worth. So gentle, so modest, so humble was he, so little in his own esteem, that his solid judgment, extensive acquirements, and even more ornamental accomplishments, were not easily elicited by a mere visitor or casual guest. It used to be said by those who knew him in early youth, that his musical powers and genial wit used to form, combined, an inexhaustible fund of innocent cheerfulness; and certainly his countenance seemed to have retained the impression of a natural humour that could have been easily brought into play. But this was over-ruled by the pressure of more serious occupation, and the adoption of a more spiritual life. The soundness of his judgment and his legal knowledge were fully recognised by the bar; for it was familiarly said by advocates of the first rank, that if they could only know M.

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Acton's view of a case, they could make sure of what would be its ultimate decision. In like manner, when he was officially consulted on important ecclesiastical business, and gave his opinion in writing, this was so explicit, clear, and decisive, that Pope Gregory used to say that he had never occasion to read anything of his twice over. The greatest proof which the Pope could well have given him of his confidence was to select him, as he did, to be his interpreter and only witness, in the important interview between him and the late Emperor of Russia. Of what took place at it, not a word was ever breathed by the Cardinal beyond this, that, when he had interpreted the Pope's first sentence, the Emperor turned to him in the most respectful and finished manner, and said, "It will be agreeable to me if your Eminence will act as my interpreter also." Immediately after the conference, to which allusion will have to be made later, Cardinal Acton wrote down, at the Pope's request, a minute account of it; but he never allowed it to be seen.

The King of Naples came to Rome principally to provide a good bishop for his metropolis, and pressed acceptance of the see on Cardinal Acton, who, however, inexorably refused it. When a lamentable accident deprived the then reigning family of France of its first-born, I well remember that the bereaved mother wrote to him as a friend in whom she could confide, to tell her griefs and hopes, and obtain through him what could alleviate her sorrows.

As to his charities, they were so unbounded, that he wrote from Naples that he had actually tasted the distress which he had often sought to lighten in others. He may be said to have departed hence in all the wealth of a willing poverty.

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## CHAPTER V.

### CARDINAL ANGELO MAI.

Among the worthies of this Pontificate is one who deserves a separate chapter, though it shall not be longer than is absolutely necessary for a very slight sketch. This is Cardinal Mai, the discoverer of more lost works, and the transcriber of more ancient manuscripts, sacred and profane, than it has fallen to the share of any other, in modern times, to publish. It may be premised that his real biography has yet to be written.

In the province of Bergamo, part of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, is a little mountain village named Schilpario. Here, on the 7th of March, 1774, was born the subject of this brief memoir, who by his will enriched his heirs, "the community of the poor" of his native village. A member of the suppressed order of Jesuits was his first preceptor, and the guide to his future fame. This was Luigi Mozzi, under whose direction, in the episcopal seminary at Bergamo, he made rapid progress in classical and modern letters. Suddenly, with four school-fellows, he left his native country and repaired to Colorno, in the Duchy of Parma, where Ferdinand of Bourbon, with the consent of Pius VI., had permitted that Society to establish themselves. He joined the order in 1799, and continued his studies with such success that, in 1804, he was sent to Naples as Professor of Belles-Lettres.

From Naples he went to Rome for a short time, and thence to Orvieto, at the special desire of its bishop, John Baptist Lambruschini. There he remained some years in retirement, and received the priesthood. Under the tuition of Fathers Manero and Monchaca, Spanish ex-Jesuits, he made great progress, not only in the ancient languages, He-

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brew included, but likewise in that art of palæography, which was to win him his highest honours. But, as of old under Augustus Cæsar, there went forth an imperial and imperious edict, that every subject of the "Italian kingdom" should betake himself to his native province. In obedience to it Mai, accompanied by his Mentor, Mozzi, proceeded to Milan.[1]

It was a providential journey; and Mai had reason to thank Napoleon for his stern mandate. And so, perhaps, has the "republic of letters," whatever hostility that title may imply to all despotic commands. Mozzi, fully acquainted with the powers and acquirements of his pupil, had him named a doctor of the Ambrosian library. The magnificent collection of manuscripts, which form its chief treasure, is mainly due to the munificence of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, nephew and almost rival of the great St. Charles. He sent learned men all over the world to purchase manuscripts, or have them diligently copied. Among other sources of additional literary wealth had been the famous monastery of Bobbio, founded by the Irish St. Columbanus in the seventh century, the manuscripts of which had been divided between the Ambrosian and the Vatican libraries.

The period for the study of manuscripts might be said to have passed; at least, in the noblest sense of the word. The known manuscripts of some given author, the twenty Homers, or the five Demostheneses, or the two hundred Testaments, which a great library was known to possess, might be looked through twice in a century for a new edition, "coll. Cod.," or "Cum variantibus Lectionibus ex Codd. MSS." But the hunt after new, or rather old, works of ancient authors, in the manuscript rooms of libraries, was quite as much given up as falconry in the modern chase. To revive it was reserved to Angelo Mai. He found in the

[1] He had quitted the Society, which was scarcely established anywhere, with the full consent and approbation of its superiors; especially of the venerable and saintly F. Pignatelli.

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Milanese library an unexplored mine. No doubt its manuscripts had been catalogued, perhaps described, and that accurately. But those who had preceded him had only cultivated the upper soil in this literary field. They had not discovered the exuberantly precious "royalties" which lay hidden beneath the surface. Under the letter of the writing there slumbered a spirit which had long lain there spell-bound, awaiting a master-magician to free it: a spirit of poetry sometimes, sometimes of eloquence; a muse of history, a genius of philosophy, a sprite of merest uusubstantial elegance.

To drop figures, the peculiarity of Mai's wonderful discovery consisted in the reading of manuscripts twice written; or, as they are more scientifically called, palimpsests.[1] A book, for instance, may have been very properly catalogued as containing the commentaries or sermons of some abbot of the eleventh or twelfth century, works of which there may be several other transcripts in the library. Edited or not, it is improbable that the volume has been, or will be, looked into during a generation. But the lens-like eye of a Don Angelo peers into it, and it becomes a treasure-trove. The writer of the middle ages had taken down from the shelves a work which he considered of small value—perhaps there were duplicates of it—some letters, for instance, of a heathen emperor to his tutor; and had scrubbed, as he thought, the parchment clean both of its inky and of its moral denigration; and then had written over it the recent production of some favourite author. It is this under-writing that Mai scanned with a sagacious eye; perhaps it was like the lines of a repainted canvass, which in course of time come through the more evanescent tints superadded; a leg or arm cropping out through the mouth of an impassioned head by the second artist; and he could trace clearly the large forms of uncial letters of the fourth or fifth century, sprawling through two lines of a neatly written brevier. Or the scourging had been

[1] From the vellum having been scraped again, to prepare it for a second writing.



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more thoroughly done; and then a wash of gallic acid revived the pallid reed-strokes of the earlier scribe.

Ingenuity, patience, learning, and immense perseverance were requisite for the process. Often only unconnected passages were found; half a sentence in one page, which the next did not continue, but the rest of which might perhaps be found in another manuscript three hundred numbers off; sometimes portions of various works were jumbled together under one later production, upside down, back to back, like shuffled cards; while, perhaps, not one page contained the "Incipit," or the "Explicit feliciter liber I. de———," so as to give a clue to what these fragments contained. Learning was then indeed necessary; for conjecture often gave the first intimation of what had been discovered from the style, or from the sentence having been fortunately embalmed or petrified, by quotation in some later author.

In this way did Mai labour on, looking through the tangled mass of confused materials, catching up the ends of different threads, and pursuing them with patient diligence, till he had drawn each, broken or perfect as it happened to exist. After one minor publication of a translation, he began in 1813, and continued till 1819, to pour out an unintermitting stream of volumes, containing works or portions of works, lost as it was supposed irrecoverably. Various orations of Cicero; the lost writings of Julius Fronto; unpublished letters of Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus Pius, Lucius Verus, and Appian; fragments of speeches by Aurelius Symmachus; the History of Dionysius of Halicarnassus from the 12th to the 20th book; inedited fragments of Philo; ancient commentaries on Virgil; two books of Eusebius's Chronicles; the Itineraries of Alexander, and of Constantius Augustus, son of the Emperor Constantine; three books of Julius Valerius on the Actions of Alexander the Great; the 6th and 14th Sibylline books; finally, the celebrated Gothic version, by Ulphilas, of St. Paul and other parts of Scripture; such were the principal works recovered and published, with notes, prefaces, and translations, by this indefatigable scholar, in the period

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just mentioned of six years. It was a work in which he could have little or no assistance from others; in fact it was an art exclusively his own.

Mai's reputation was already European. At the early age of thirty-seven he had made more additions to our stock of ancient literature than a century had done before him. At this moment a vacancy occurred in the Vatican library, that of first librarian. Cardinals Consalvi and Litta, the Secretary of State and Head-Librarian, at once cast their eyes on the young priest at Milan, as the fittest person to occupy the post. On his arrival at Rome he lost no time in exploring the wider and richer field offered to his cultivation. He came no longer to learn; but with a perfected tact, an experienced eye, and a decisive critical judgment. Hence he soon began his work of reproduction, and, singularly enough, in continuation of his previous successes. For he discovered in the Vatican, portions of the very Bobbio manuscripts which he had explored in the Ambrosian; containing consequently the wanting parts of authors already partially recovered. This was the case with Fronto and his imperial pupils and friends, one of the most charming epistolary collections ever published. By adding what was in Rome to what had been given at Milan, Mai was able to present a much more complete edition of it. He also published valuable fragments of civil law, anterior to the Justinian code, and of works on orthography by comparatively obscure authors.

But what he had till now performed was eclipsed by the most fortunate and brilliant of his discoveries;—that of Cicero's long-coveted treatise "De Republica." Petrarca, Poggio, and Bessarion, with a host of elegant scholars, had desired and sought in vain to see this treatise. It had eluded every research. Under a copy of St. Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms Mai had discovered it, in large bold characters, with its title legible. I can well remember the commotion which the announcement of this success excited through the literary world in Rome. Of

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course it took some time to prepare the work for publication. Indeed I have heard from the learned discoverer himself, that, while new types were being cast, and arrangements made for publishing it through all Europe, he was busily engaged in hunting out all the quotations of Cicero's work dispersed through the ponderous tomes of subsequent writers, especially Fathers. The very one whose own lucubrations had shielded it from destruction, and covered it with a patina or antiquarian crust such as often saves a valuable medal, yielded no small number of extracts, which either were found in the discovered portions and so verified their genuineness, or were absent from them and so filled up lacunæ.

How often have I had that precious volume in my hand, with the man whose fame it crowned explaining to friends around him the entire process of discovery, and the manner in which he drew out order from the chaotic confusion of its leaves. Indeed seldom was it my lot to lead any party to visit the Vatican library, while Monsignor Mai was librarian, without his leaving his own pursuit, to show us its treasures, and, not the least valuable of them, himself.

It need not be said that further honours and promotions were lavished upon him. He was made Canon of St. Peter's, a burthen indeed, but a distinction also; and a prelate of the highest order. Gregory XVI., wishing to employ his extraordinary abilities in the service of religion, named him Secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda. This was in 1833; but, though this office took him away from his dear manuscripts and gave him occupation enough for any other man, it did not interrupt his studies. He was allowed to have the codices at his house, and went on transcribing and printing as much as before. At length on 12th of February, 1838, Pope Gregory named him Cardinal, together with his illustrious friend, and successor in the librarianship, Mezzofanti.

Even now, he was appointed to offices that required great attention and assiduity: still there was no intermission in his favourite pursuits. He did not confine his industry

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to palimpsests; but drew from the shelves of the Vatican, histories, poems, medical and mathematical treatises, acts of councils, biblical commentaries; in fine, works of every age and of every class, classical, patristic, medieval, and even modern; not only in Greek and Latin, but in Arabic, Syro-Chaldaic, and Armenian. He re-established, under the auspices of Gregory, the celebrated Vatican press, which had formerly published the splendid St. Ephrem; he had new sets of types cast for it in various alphabets, from the best models in old manuscripts; and especially employed it in the printing of the great Codex Vaticanus, which he transcribed.[1]

The fruit of this unceasing industry may be summarily described as follows:—

1. "Scriptorum veterum nova collectio." A collection, in ten huge quarto volumes, of writers sacred and profane, of every age.

2. "Classici scriptores ex codicibus Vaticanis editi;" in ten volumes of smaller dimensions. These two series closely followed one another. The first began to be published in 1827, and the second was closed in 1838.

England was not behind other countries in honouring the genius and indefatigable application of this great man. The Royal Society of Literature awarded to him its gold medal in 1824, with this inscription on the reverse:—ANGELO MAIO PALIMPSESTORUM INVENTORI ET RESTAURATORI. Literary distinctions showered on him from every side, and his bust was erected in the halls of learned societies. His labours, however, did not end here. Finding abundant materials yet remaining at hand, worthy of publication, he undertook and completed:

3. "Spicilegium Romanum," another series in ten volumes, which he finished in 1844.

In 1853, on the death of Cardinal Lambruschini, he was named Cardinal-Librarian, though it can hardly be said that this appointment changed his habits, or increased his advan-

[1] Recently published.

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tages. Still he continued his work, and commenced the publication of a new series of twelve volumes.

4. "Nova Patrum Bibliotheca." Only six volumes had appeared, when death brought his labours prematurely to a close.

This took place on the 8th of September, 1854, after a short inflammatory attack, which lasted thirty-five hours, at Albano, whither he had retired for change of air. His end was calm, resigned, and most devout.

The mere catalogue of the authors, some of whose works he for the first time published, would fill several pages; but it may be worth mentioning, that, besides the many classical authors whom he thus illustrated, there is not a single century of the Christian era, from the second to the seventeenth, from which he has not produced important and previously unknown works. He assured me that he had transcribed all with his own hand; translated, if Greek; and added notes and prefaces (generally full of learning), entirely by himself. This, however, was at an earlier period; for in the preface to the second volume of his last work, he mentions the Abbate Matranga as his assistant. He had also the aid of learned Orientals for Eastern manuscripts.

His transcript of the celebrated manuscript of the entire Greek Scripture was printed many years before his death. Why it was not published, nobody but himself seemed to know. A couple of years before his decease, he asked me if I thought any publisher would take the whole impression off his hands, and dispose of it on his own account. Now, however, it may be judged to have been for the best that the publication was delayed: for in a copy of such a manuscript the most rigorous exactness is the first requisite. Not only a word, but a letter, a sign, a jot or tittle that deviates from it, impairs its value as a representative to a referee in doubtful or difficult passages. Interminable disputes might arise on a reading as presented by the original, on the faith of its copy; and if final appeal is made to the manuscript, and it is found to have been unfaithfully transcribed

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in one place, all trust is at an end. Now, that in copying so huge and inconvenient a book some slight errors should have been committed, especially when it is done by a person distracted by numerous other undertakings, is only in conformity with a trite axiom, about the most natural proneness of humanity.

The work has therefore been minutely collated with the original, by a commission of able scholars; and a list of mistakes has been made extending to fourteen pages. With this accurate correction, the work is offered for immediate publication.

The will of this no less estimable than learned man was in his own hand-writing, and was remarkable for the kindness of its provisions. All his household were secured their full pay for life if they had been ten years in his service, half-pay if they had been six. A large sum, besides, was to be divided among them. For the very poor of his native village he provided an endowment of 12,000 dollars, besides making them his residuary legatees. To its parish church he bequeathed all his ecclesiastical plate and furniture.

His library, which he describes as large and precious, he says he would have gladly left for the general use of the Roman clergy. But he had not means to provide premises in which to preserve it, or a proper endowment to increase, or sufficient officers to guard it. He therefore desires it to be valued, and sold; yet so that, should the Papal Government be disposed to purchase it, the price should be only half the valuation. Even, however, should this be the case, he makes it a condition that his collection be kept apart and bear his name; or at least, that each book should keep his arms already placed within it. His MSS. he left absolutely to the Vatican. It need not be added, that the Pope immediately gave orders for the purchase of the library; which has been placed in an apartment by itself, in the great library over which Mai had shed such additional lustre.[1] There Pius IX. went to visit it in the carnival of 1856.

[1] In the Address read by the President of the R.S.L. in 1855 (p. 20),

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A little anecdote is connected with this portion of his will. A few days before his death, while apparently in full possession of his ordinary health, he stopped his carriage at the door of a well-known bookseller, whom he much employed in his book transactions, and asked him if there was any news in his line of business. The tradesman, with surprise, replied that till the winter nothing would be going on. "Then," said the Cardinal, "you will soon have an extensive job to do." "What?" it was naturally asked. "My dear B——," replied Mai, with tears in his eyes, and pressing the hand of his attached client, "you will soon have to value my library. Farewell!" This circumstance, and his having left, for the first time, the key of his private cabinet, in which were his secret papers, with his executor, Cardinal Altieri, naturally led all to suppose that premonitory symptoms, unseen by others, forewarned him of his approaching dissolution.

His marble monument, which was commenced in his lifetime, is a beautiful specimen of what artists know by the name of the cinquecento style. It is composed of a base from which rise two Corinthian pilasters, flanking a deep niche, and supporting an arch. In the niche is a rich sarcophagus, on which reposes the effigy of the Cardinal, offering

it was stated that, "owing to the scanty finances, or the *stinginess*, of the Pontifical Government," the library had been sold. This was corrected as an "erratum" in the Annual Report for 1856, p. 10; but no excuse was made for the use of so offensive a word, wrongly applied. The Holy See, or Papal Government, may be, or may have been, too poor to carry out all its wishes. It may have been economical, but has never deserved to be taunted as *stingy*. Pius VII. bought Cardinal Zelada's magnificent library for the Vatican; Leo XII. Cicognara's rare collection, and greatly increased the unique series of papyri formed by Pius VI.; Gregory XVI. added ten rooms, and gave a most valuable cabinet of early Christian paintings, besides founding three new museums. Surely, even if Pius IX., who has done so much, had been unable to purchase the Mai library, such a term ought not to have been applied to his Government. Yet England may refuse to purchase the Soulage collection without such reproofs being administered!

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up his works, towards which he points, to the Incarnate Wisdom, who is represented in relief on the upper portion of the recess. On each of its walls are medallions representing Mai's nomination to the Ambrosian and Vatican libraries. Above them and below are angels holding scrolls, on which are written, in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and old Syriac, the text of 1 Esdras, vii. 6, "He was a ready scribe in the law." The Holy Spirit, and the four Doctors of the Latin Church in relief, occupy the inside of the arch; above which, outside, rises the architectural cornice, then a semicircular lunette bearing the Cardinal's arms, and towering above all the triumphant cross.

Among Mai's papers was found his sepulchral inscription, in his own hand. It has been engraven on the base of this monument, now erecting in his titular church of St. Anastasia. Benzoni, one of the most distinguished artists of Rome, is the sculptor chosen by Mai himself for the work. The following is the epitaph carved upon it:—

"Qui doctis vigilans studiis mea tempora trivi,
Bergomatum soboles, Angelus, hic jaceo,
Purpureum mihi syrma dedit rubrumque galerum
Roma; sed empyreum das mihi, CHRISTE, polum.
Te expectans, longos potui tolerare labores;
Nunc mihi sit tecum dulcis et alta quies!"

The indulgent reader will, perhaps, accept the following for a translation:—

"I, who my life in wakeful studies wore,
Bergamo's son, named Angelo, here lie.
The purple robe and crimson hat I bore
Rome gave: Thou giv'st me, CHRIST! the empyreal sky.
Awaiting Thee, long toil I could endure:
So that with Thee my rest be sweet, secure!"

This epitaph makes known the man, not unconscious, indeed, of his great parts, nor of their noble devotion; not blind to his life-long assiduity and its well-earned success; but still consistent, in all and throughout all, with the prin-

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ciples, the thoughts, and the conduct of a true ecclesiastic. This Mai eminently was, from youth to old age; adorned with every priestly virtue, modest and humble; so that speak to him of his own great works, and he turned you away from the topic with a blush and gentle disclaimer, which was manifestly sincere. His habits were most simple and temperate. He rose very early, and after Mass sat down to his books before six, and studied the whole morning, with the interruption of a light meal. Of course at one period of his life, both before and after his cardinalate, he had official audiences to give; and he never was absent from any religious service at which others of his rank attended. Still every moment that could be snatched from these duties, which were always thoroughly discharged, was seized for his favourite pursuits; and I should doubt if, during the few moments that a secretary might take in going to the next room for a paper, and returning with it, a line was not copied or translated from the open manuscript on the table. He rarely went into society, except for a few minutes, where courteous duty imperatively demanded it. A solitary drive, which I have sometimes counted it an honour to deprive of that epithet, perhaps a short walk, was almost all the robbery that he permitted recreation to make from his domestic converse at home with that chaste wisdom that had early captivated his heart. Soon after dusk, his servants were dismissed, his outer door was inexorably bolted, and alone with his codices he was lavish of his midnight oil, protracting his studies to an unknown hour.

This retirement and uncongeniality with society obtained for him, with those who did not know him, a character of moroseness or haughtiness, which disappeared the moment you approached him. He was most affable, kind, and ready to assist by counsel or suggestion; and, however interrupted in his own work, he never betrayed impatience or a desire to get rid of the visit. His countenance, perhaps, encouraged with some that misinterpretation of his character. A most noble forehead, equal to containing, piled up but orderly

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within, any amount of knowledge, caught the eye of the visitor to a Papal function, and generally inspired the desire to know whose countenance it distinguished. Then came eyes deeply burrowing under brows knitted somewhat by the effort which a short-sighted person makes to see, till he has rendered habitual the expression of that strain. His features were dignified, modelled on a firm intellectual type. And undoubtedly his conversation was serious; to a beholder severe, but not to a listener. One naturally spoke with him on grave subjects, loved to learn from his conversation, listened with respect—with reverence rather—and felt in the presence of a virtuous and a wise man, with whom it would be a pride one day to have been familiar. But there was not a particle of superciliousness, or overbearing, or sarcastic manners about him; none of the oppressiveness of genius, or the ponderousness of rare learning. Yet both the learning and the genius were discernible in everything he wrote. His manner was calm and earnest, but unimpassioned; persuasive and eloquent, without clamour. His published discourses are specimens of beautiful diction and noble thoughts.

One very common imputation cast upon him, however, was a want of liberality in permitting others to share his advantages. It used to be commonly said, that he shut the Vatican to scholars, especially to those from foreign countries, who wished to collate manuscripts for some particular work. Speaking from personal experience, I can only say that I never either felt or observed this failing. I found him at all times, not merely obliging, but extremely kind; and was permitted to examine, to collate, and to copy or trace any manuscripts that I required, or wished to study.[1]

[1] As early as 1827 these feelings were openly expressed by me in the following passage:—"Neque pariter silentio prætermittendus Vir toto literario orbi clarus, Ill. Angelus Mai, sub cujus auspiciis Bibliothecæ Vaticanæ κειμήλια Syriaca evolvi; quique, quum nihil a se alienum putet quod literis sacris profanisque, quas omnes dum colit, exornat, possit bene-

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And I have generally seen the great reading-room of the Library crowded with scholars busy upon codices. Mere idlers, or persons who came with no definite object, it is very probable that he would not encourage; but I should doubt that any great classical work has been published in our time, which is deprived of the advantages derivable from Roman manuscripts, in consequence of such a refusal to examine them; or that any scholar properly recommended ever experienced a rebuff. Like most persons, who, working hard themselves, exact full labour from those subject to them, Mai had his murmurers in the Library itself; but time has fully justified his exaction of vigilance and industry from them.

Perhaps we may not ill characterise him and his pursuits, by an amalgamation and adaptation of two eulogies by an old poet:—

*Angele Mai*, "studiose, memor, celer, ignoratis
Assidue in libris, nec nisi operta legens;
Exesas tineis opicasque evolvere chartas
Major quam promptis cura tibi in studiis.
Aurea mens, vox suada tibi, tum sermo quietus:
Nec cunctator eras, nec properante sono.
Pulchra senecta, nitens habitus, procul ira dolusque,
Et placidæ vitæ congrua meta tibi." [1]

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vertere, me in his studiis aliquid proficere conantem, jam non dicam humanitate, sed et benevolentia est prosecutus."—*Horæ Syriacæ*, Præf. p. xiii.

[1] Again will the courteous reader accept a poor translation?

"Mai, studious, unforgetting, quick, intent
On books long lost,—to trace their covered lines;
Parchments, worm-gnawed, thy care,—time-soiled and rent,
Beyond what lore on modern pages shines;
Sterling thy mind; winning thy tongue, and sweet;
Rapid nor slow thy speech. Fair looked old age
In thy sheen robes, free from all craft or heat:
Meet for thy placid course, its closing stage."

AUSONIUS, *Prof. de Victoria et Staphylio.*

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Well might Niebuhr say of him, that he was "a man divinely granted to our age, to whom no one citizen or stranger,—to use the words of Ennius,—will be able to repay the fruit of his labours."[1]

[1] In Vitâ Agathiæ.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CHARACTER OF GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH.

THERE is yet living at least one English nobleman, celebrated for his love of art, who saw Pius VII. when elected Pope at Venice in 1800. It may be doubted if there be a second person in the United Kingdom whose recollection of Pontiffs reaches so far back. There are hundreds, however, if not thousands, who remember Gregory XVI.; who have been presented to him, and who consequently retain distinct impressions of his looks, his address, and his conversation. Scarcely an Englishman, whose travels were performed during his long Pontificate, left Rome without this honour and gratification. Upon such points, therefore, as merely meet the eye, recollections of him may be said to be spread over the whole country, and, indeed, to exist in one generation or other of every travelled family.

The remarks one heard from such outside observers were, that at first sight his features did not seem cast in so noble a mould as those of his predecessors; they were large and rounded, and wanted those finer touches which suggest ideas of higher genius or delicate taste. But this judgment ceased the moment you came into closer contact and conversation with him. He did not discourse freely in any languages but Italian and Latin; and, therefore, persons who had to communicate with him through an interpreter, and to have each sentence twice repeated, such, for example, as the late Baron Kestner, could form a very imperfect opinion of his conversational powers. But those who could speak Italian freely, and approached him merely to receive his blessing, soon found him launch into familiar conversation, which drew them on almost into forgetfulness of his twofold dignity. His countenance then, and still more when discoursing on

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graver topics, lighted up, and was mantled with a glowing expression; his eyes became bright and animated, and his intelligence and learning gave themselves utterance through his flowing and graceful language. I remember an Englishman of letters who got upon the subject of poetry in his audience, and came away much struck by the Pope's judicious observations, as well as extensive and familiar acquaintance with his theme.

In health he was robust, and his powers of exertion, physical and mental, were very great. He could tire most of his attendants in his daily walks. His favourite one was beyond Pontemolle along the old Flaminian Way to Torre di Quinta, a considerable distance; and he enjoyed seeing much younger men glad to remount their horses or their carriages to return home. His health was, indeed, so hale and sound, on his accession, that he declined naming any physician or surgeon for his own person, but ordered the salaries of those offices, and others which he similarly kept in abeyance, to be invested, towards forming a superannuation fund for the servants and officers of the palace. This he nursed and increased till it became of considerable amount. After a few years, however, a cancerous affection attacked his face; and in 1835, by advice of the Prussian minister, he sent for an able physican, Dr. Alertz of Aix-la-Chapelle, with whom I happened to travel on board a steamer, in company with Dr. Reumont, for many years attached to the Prussian embassy at Florence, and well known in art-literature for his able writings on Andrea del Sarto. The young German, acting with the Italian physician to the palace, arrested the progress of the disease, so that it does not seem to have acted on Gregory's constitution or shortened the fulness of his days.

This strength of frame and soundness of organs enabled the Pope, throughout his reign, to attend to business, temporal and ecclesiastical, with unwearying assiduity and unvarying cheerfulness. The severer habits of his claustral life had inured him to the regularity and even monotony of the

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Papal, its early hours, its seclusion from social enjoyment, its silent meals, its many solitary hours, and their unrelaxed occupation. He commenced his morning so truly matutinally that he dispensed with the attendance of a chaplain at his own Mass, saying that it was unreasonable to expect other persons to accommodate themselves to his unseasonable hours. His own servant alone assisted him. A peculiar simplicity of habits was remarkable in him. When he was Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda I often noticed this; and how he would do himself what ordinarily a servant might have been called in to perform. Hence, while he provided richly for the splendour of divine worship, and replaced some of its plundered ornaments, he would wear nothing costly himself.[1]

His vigorous mind, as has been observed, seemed to shrink from no amount of application to business of every class. It was no idle life, indeed, that he led. In the management of ecclesiastical affairs business is divided among congregations, or boards as we should call them; but the ultimate result, in every important case, depends on the Papal approbation. It was not uncomon for Gregory to hesitate in giving his assent to have the papers in the cause brought to himself, and finally to come to a different decision from that of the congregation. Cardinal Acton used to say that he had known as many as eight or ten cases in which the Pope had refused to ratify the judgment of a congregation, and had at length reversed it, upon canonical grounds which had been overlooked by the many learned persons previously engaged in its discussion. And this instinctive perception occurred in cases affecting distant countries. One instance related to Canada. A distinguished bishop of that country found that the Pope demurred to a resolution passed by the Propaganda about it; and in a few days, as he declared, fresh information arrived which fully justified the correctness of the sovereign judgment. A similar instance referred to Germany.

[1] Such as shoes richly embroidered, in accordance with the practice of the Pope's wearing the cross upon his.

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I remember that on one occasion being admitted on a day of privacy, I found he was writing a long Latin letter to a bishop in Germany, which he most condescendingly read to me; and masterly it was in sentiment and expression. It produced, indeed, its intended effect, though it involved one of the rarest exercises of Pontifical authority. In like manner he wrote, himself, an answer of several sheets, and sent his own autograph copy, to one of the bishops in England, on a matter which related to an ecclesiastical affair of this country.

In the beginning of his reign long edicts were published on the turbulence and disorder of the times, full of touching appeals and generous sentiments, which, I believe, were considered as the productions of his own pen. In cases of life and death, the silence of the Pope, on the report of the trial being submitted to him by the chief judge, is equivalent to a ratification of the sentence, which then takes its course. But Gregory always desired the entire pleadings and depositions to be brought to him, and went carefully through them himself: and if he made no observation in returning the papers, it was understood that he tacitly approved the fatal sentence. Oftener, however, he leaned to the side of mercy; and executions were rare and only for atrocious crimes. I am not aware that there was a single execution for political causes in his Pontificate.

In the discharge of his high duties he respected not the person of man, and cared nothing for the pride or strength of those whom he had to encounter. To one great contest which he sustained, allusion has been made under the last Pontificate, and it is not intended to take up the thread of its narrative in this. It may be sufficient to say that in its last phase, the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne, he fully sustained his character for unflinching support of the cause committed to the protection of his sublime office. Indeed scarcely a year of his Pontificate passed by, without his having to pronounce an allocution on the oppression of the Church in some country or other, north or south of Europe,



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east or west of the world. He spoke the truth plainly and publicly; and generally reaped the fruit of his straightforwardness and courage.

The most painful of his conflicts, however, was one, face to face, with the greatest of Europe's sovereigns, a man accustomed to command without contradiction, and to be surrounded by complete submission. He did not imagine that there was a human being who would presume to read him a lesson, or still less to administer a rebuke to him. It may be proper to premise that the present Emperor of Russia, while Czarowich, visited Rome, and was received with the utmost respect by all ranks, and with extreme kindness by the Pope. The young prince expressed himself highly gratified by his reception; and I was told by those to whom he had declared it, that he had procured a portrait of Gregory, which he said he should always keep, as that of a friend deeply venerated and esteemed. Further, in 1842, the Emperor, his father, had sent very splendid presents to the Pope, a vase of malachite, now in the Vatican library, and a large supply of the same precious material for the Basilica of St. Paul. Still he had not ceased to deal harshly, not to say cruelly, with his Catholic subjects, especially the Poles. They were driven into the Greek communion by putting it out of their power to follow their own worship; they were deprived of their own bishops and priests, and even persecuted by most violent inflictions and personal suffering. On this subject the Holy See had both publicly and privately complained; but no redress, and but little, if any, alleviation, had been obtained. At length, in December, 1845, the Emperor Nicholas I. came himself to Rome. It was observed, both in Italy and, I believe, in England, how minute and unrelaxed were the precautions taken to secure him against any danger of conspiracy: how his apartment, bed, food, body-guard, were arranged with a watchful eye to the prevention of any surprise from hidden enemies. Be this as it may, nothing amiss befell him, unless it was his momentous interview with the Head of that Church which he had mercilessly persecuted,

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with him whose rival he considered himself, as the real autocratic Head of a large proportion of what he called the "Orthodox Church," and as recognised protector of its entire communion. It was arranged that the Emperor should be attended by M. de Bouteneff, his minister at Rome, and that the Pope should have a Cardinal at his side. He selected, as has been said, the English Cardinal Acton. This was not a usual provision for a royal visit, but gave it rather the air of a conference; and so in truth it was. The Pope felt he had a solemn and trying duty to perform. Could he allow the persecutor of his flock to approach him, and depart without a word of expostulation and even of reproof? Could he receive him with a bland smile and insincere accolade; speak to him of the unmeaning topics of the hour, or of the cold politics of the world? impossible! It would have been at variance, not merely with his personal disposition, but with the spiritual character which he held of Father of the Faithful; Defender of the weak; Shepherd of the ravened flock; Protector of the persecuted; Representative of fearless, uncompromising, martyred Pontiffs; Vicar of Him who feared not the stalking, any more than the prowling, wolf. It would have been to his conscience a gnawing and undying reproach, if he had lost the opportunity of saying face to face what he had written and spoken of one absent, or if he had employed his privilege as a sovereign to second his mission as a Pontiff. He would have confirmed by his cowardice or his forbearance, though it might have been called courtly refinement or gentleness of character, all the self-confidence and fearlessness of a fanatical persecutor, placed above all but some great moral control.

Certainly much hung in the balance of that Pontiff's deliberation, how he should act. That meekest of men, Pius VII., had not neglected the opportunity of his captivity, to enumerate, with fervid gentleness, to his powerful oppressor the evils which the Church had suffered at his hands. Gregory never undertook any grave work without much prayer;

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and one so momentous as this was assuredly not determined on, except after long and earnest supplication. What were the Emperor's intentions, what his ideas, what his desires in coming to Rome, and having necessarily a personal meeting with the Pope, it is impossible to conjecture. Did he hope to overcome him by his splendid presence, truly majestic, soldier-like, and imperial? Or to cajole and win him by soothing speeches and insincere promises? Or to gain the interpretative approval of silence and forbearance? One must conjecture in vain. Certain it is, that he came, he saw, and conquered not. It has been already mentioned, that the subject and particulars of the conference were never revealed by its only witness at Rome. The Pope's own account was brief, simple, and full of conscious power. "I said to him all that the Holy Ghost dictated to me."

And that he had not spoken vainly, with words that had beaten the air, but that their strokes had been well placed and driven home, there was evidence otherwise recorded. An English gentleman was in some part of the palace through which the Imperial visitor passed, as he returned from his interview, and described his altered appearance. He had entered with his usual firm and royal aspect, grand as it was, with statue-like features, stately frame, and martial bearing; free and at his ease, with gracious looks and condescending gestures of salutation. So he passed through the long suite of ante-rooms, the Imperial eagle, glossy, fiery, "with plumes unruffled, and with eye unquenched," in all the glory of pinions which no flight had ever wearied, of beak and talon which no prey had yet resisted. He came forth again, with head uncovered, and hair, if it can be said of man, dishevelled; haggard and pale; looking as though in an hour he had passed through the condensation of a protracted fever; taking long strides, with stooping shoulders, unobservant, unsaluting: he waited not for his carriage to come to the foot of the stairs, but rushed out into the outer court, and hurried away from apparently the scene of a discomfiture. It was the

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eagle dragged from his eyrie among the clefts of the rocks, "from his nest among the stars," his feathers crumpled, and his eye quelled,[1] by a power till then despised.

But let us be fully just. The interview did not excite rancorous or revengeful feelings. No doubt the Pontiff's words were in the spirit of those on the High Priest's breast-plate—"doctrine and truth;" sound in principle and true in fact. They convinced and persuaded. Facts with their proofs had, no doubt, been carefully prepared, and could not be gainsayed. The strong emotion which Gregory on other occasions easily betrayed, could not have been restrained on this. Often in prayer has every beholder seen the tears rnnning down his glowing countenance; often those who have approached him with a tale of distress, or stood by when news of a crime has been communicated to him, have seen his features quiver, and his eye dim with the double sorrow of the Apostle, the tear of weakness with the weak, the scalding drop of indignation for sin.[2] This sensibility cannot have been stemmed, even by the coldness of an interpreted discourse, but must have accompanied that flow of eloquent words to which, when earnest, Gregory gave utterance.

All this must have told effectually, where there could be nothing to reply. Mistaken zeal, early prejudice, and an extravagance of natural feelings, had no doubt influenced the conduct of the Czar towards his Catholic subjects, against the better impulses of his own nature, which Russians always onsidered just, generous, and even parental. No one had before possessed the opportunity, or the courage, to appeal to the inward tribunal of this better sense. When well made such a call could hardly fail.

> "Prima est hæc ultio, quod, se
> Judice, nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis
> Gratia fallaci prætoris vicerit urna." JUVENAL.

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[1] Abdias (Obadiah), i. 8, 9.

[2] 2 Cor. xi. 29.

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From that interview the Catholics of Russia may date a milder treatment, and perhaps a juster rule.

Other instances might be given of Gregory's firmness in dealing with cases requiring that virtue as well as prudence. Such was the cutting up, root though not branch, of a man already mentioned as giving promise at one time of being leader, as he had been founder, of a magnificent politico-religious school in France, the Abbé de la Mennais. By the Encyclical of June 25, 1834 (*Singulari Nos*), he condemned the "Paroles d'un Croyant," and thereby tore off the mask from him who soon exhibited himself to wondering and weeping thousands in his true aspect. Similarly did he deal with a different school, that of Hermes, in Germany, the errors of which were purely theological, and of a rationalistic tendency. It was seriously affecting ecclesiastical education on the Rhine; for it was supported by professors of unimpeachable conduct, and mainly sound doctrine. The creeping error was crushed in its infancy, after much discussion and much forbearance.

Kindness and considerateness were indeed discernible in all the Pope's actions. His charities were in full conformity with the traditions and instincts of his See. Scarcely, if ever, is a year of his Pontificate unmarked by some private contribution on a large scale to one object of compassion or another. He elevated much the scale, and enlarged the basis, of the magnificent establishment, industrial and eleemosynary, of San Michele a Ripa, in which are collected under one roof every class of sufferers, male and female, from decrepit and helpless old age down to children, from the inmates of the reformatory to those of the nursery; and every sort of industry, from the painter, sculptor, and engraver, to the weaver, the shoemaker, and the carpenter. Under the liberal management of Cardinal Tosti, and the special patronage of Gregory, who annually visited the establishment to inspect its productions in art and in manufactures, and gave it large orders, this has become one of the happiest combinations of charity's well-organised func-

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tions. And the same is to be said of another equally important receptacle for poor children of a lower order, at the Termini, that is, Thermæ of Diocletian. This had fallen much into decay; but partly through the munificence, more still under the fostering care, of the Pope, it received a new development, which it only wanted the perfecting hand of his successor to carry to its highest attainable completeness.

The prolonged reign of this Pontiff, from 1831 to 1846, presented sufficient opportunities for exercising that charity which the right hand cannot conceal from the left. Thus from October 26th, 1831, to the beginning of 1832, successive shocks of earthquakes destroyed many houses and villages in Umbria, and shook almost to pieces cities with their sumptuous buildings. I remember travelling through the province not long after, and witnessing their frightful effects. Some villages through which the road passed—and many more among the hills—were utterly destroyed; though providentially the loss of life was not in proportion to material demolition. Foligno was so shattered, that, excepting the solid cathedral and a few other public buildings, there was not an edifice which was not shored up; and in fact the main street was traversed, through its whole length, by beams, which made the out-thrust and bulging walls on either side give mutual support. And now the traveller will see wall-plates all along, to which interior iron tie-rods are attached; binding every house within. But the most signal and afflictive overthrow was that of the noble sanctuary of Sta. Maria degli Angioli, the dome of which, towering in the plain or valley of Perugia just below Asisi, was a beautiful object. This dome covered the celebrated Portiuncula, or Chapel of St. Francis, the small rural oratory in which he began the work of his stupendous Institute. The entire nave fell in, leaving the cupola marvellously suspended over the little sanctuary, not a brick of which was displaced.[1]

[1] On being cleaned, one end of this chapel was found to have been painted in fresco by Pietro Perugino, and cut down, so as to mutilate the

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Subscriptions for the many sufferers by this calamity were immediately opened, with the Pope at their head. As to the church, although he and many others contributed largely, the great merit of patient and persevering alms-gathering belongs to a simple Franciscan lay-brother of the house which served the church, Br. Luigi Ferri, of Bologna; who went from country to country begging contributions, in place of which he often received, and patiently endured, rebuffs and insults, and occasionally the impostor's meed in prison and police-courts. He collected 16,000 dollars. The church was completely restored, and solemnly reopened in forty months.

Again, when the cholera appeared in Ancona, a city which had shown itself particularly hostile to him, Gregory sent, from his own resources, considerable relief.

His more private charities are known to have been profuse: but there was one form, though a more spiritual one, which was peculiarly exhibited. On one occasion a Spanish lady, perplexed in conscience, desired to unburthen its anxieties to him as chief pastor; and Gregory descended into the confessional for her, to discharge the functions of a simple priest. And a German lady of great information and ability, the Baroness K——, informed me, how, being still a Lutheran, but drawn singularly towards the Catholic Church, she asked for an opportunity of placing her difficulties for solution before the Sovereign Pontiff, as its highest authority: and it was instantly granted. He received her in his garden; and, ordering his attendants to remain in one place, walked up and down with her in their presence till he had solved her doubts, and given her his blessing. She was afterwards one of the most zealous co-

picture. Overbeck has executed a most lovely painting on the other end, representing a heavenly vision showering flowers on St. Francis in prayer. It is well known by its engraving. He lived some years like one of its members in the convent attached, while he finished his work, refusing all other remuneration. See "Dublin Review," vol. i. p. 458. He had begun his work in 1830.

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operators with the Princess Borghese, in supporting the cholera orphans.

And now to come nearer home, he ever showed more than kindness towards those who represented our country in Rome. Having been Prefect of Propaganda for so many years he had become minutely acquainted with every part of the British dominions, both at home and abroad; with its bishops, its wants, its actual condition and future prospects. A singular instance of his sagacity in this knowledge may be quoted. Not only did he increase, as has been said, the number of Apostolic Vicariates in England, but spontaneously, without being led to it, he told the writer that the hierarchy would have to be established here, upon the removal of one obstacle, which he specially described, and emphatically characterised, and which it was not in his own power to deal with. When that should occur, he distinctly remarked, this form of church government must be introduced into England. In the course of a few years, but after his death, the event to which he had pointed took place, with consequent circumstances which ordinarily he could not have foreseen; and his successor, unapprised of that forethought, almost at once executed what Gregory had intended under similar conditions.

The Irish College had special motives of gratitude to this Pontiff. The late venerable Bishop of Dromore, then the Rev. Dr. Michael Blake, parish priest in Dublin, came to restore this establishment, which had been first suppressed under the French occupation, and then incorporated with the College of Propaganda. The old building on the Quirinal Hill was considered unsuitable, or probably was unavailable for the purpose; and Pope Leo XII. by his Brief "*Plura inter collegia*," of February 14th, 1826, assigned for the new college a small house, formerly the Umbrian College, situated in the street *Delle botteghe oscure*, with a very small church annexed. Dr. Blake governed the college till he resigned it into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Boylan, who in his turn was succeeded by the present Archbishop Cullen.

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Dr. Blake was created Bishop of Dromore in 1833; and I rejoice to see him yet vigorously discharging the duties of his office.

The following history of his own early career, given by one intimately connected with this admirable house, can hardly fail to edify my readers. When a student at Rome, he was remarkably slow and considered dull. This was owing, perhaps entirely, to considerable indistinctness in his speech, accompanied by hesitation. On one occasion, venturing to interpose his opinion in some discussion among his comrades, one of them rudely interrupted him by saying: "What business have you to speak, who are the dunce of the college?" The wound was smarting but salutary. The meek boy did not reply, but retired heart-sore into solitude. He reflected on what had been said publicly to him, without rebuke from any one, with silent concurrence of all. Yes, that was his character among them, that the opinion even of the kindest of his friends. If they had not told him of it, one had let it out to him. To this rough monitor he ought to be thankful, for telling him the truth. And now what was to be done? The reproach must be wiped away, the character reversed. Its causes, real or imaginary, must be cured at any cost. This must be the unremitting task of his school-life; he must never forget it.

He took immediate steps for this purpose. He accordingly wrote on a slip of paper "The Dunce of the College," in plain, unmistakable letters, and placed it on his desk, where, unseen by others, it should ever be before his eyes. During the regular hours of application there it was; at times of extra study, while others were at recreation, this stinging goad was at his side. He adopted a slow, deliberate utterance, which accompanied him through life, but which perfectly remedied his original defect. He soon rose honourably both in his class, and in the estimation of his schoolfellows—those severest but most accurate of judges—who, however, knew not of the spell which formed the secret of his success. And so he passed through all the honoured

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degrees of his sacred profession, to its highest attainable dignity. Often have I found this anecdote useful to encourage a down-hearted student: though, of course, I have concealed the name.

In the year 1836 Gregory XVI. bestowed on the Irish College a much more spacious house, with a considerable garden. But what forms its chief prize is the church attached to it, being the old basilica of St. Agatha in Suburra, which St. Gregory the Great himself tells us, in his Dialogues, he cleansed from the taint of Arianism, amidst peculiar and portentous occurrences. It is the diaconal church of Cardinal Antonelli, who has been liberal in repairing and greatly embellishing it.

As to the English College, Gregory XVI. never failed to show it the greatest kindness. Twice he visited it; once while I presided over it, under the following circumstances. By acts of perfectly unsolicited goodness, he had twice placed me in his household as one of his chamberlains, first honorary, and then in full degree. In neither instance was the act of grace heard of till accomplished, nor in either was any fee permitted to be paid. This office, to which no emoluments are attached, gave a place in all public functions, the most favourable perhaps for witnessing them. On the 2nd of February, 1827, the anniversary of the Pope's election, I was proceeding to take my place in the Sistine Chapel, when a voice whispered in my ear, that next day, early, His Holiness intended visiting our house. It was one of his more immediate attendants, who not wishing us to be taken by surprise, gave the timely warning; otherwise we should have received notice in the evening, without time to make suitable preparations. Accordingly everything was got ready in time. The College, which is a noble edifice, has a suite of large halls, well fitted for even a Papal reception. The first had just been adorned with what was till then unseen in Rome, a collection of large maps hung on rollers, brought from England; the second contained a number of valuable paintings; the third was the library. In the first a throne

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was erected, on which the Pope received the inmates of the house, and a few friends brought hastily together. One good thing on such occasions is, that there is no address to be presented, and no formal answer to be given; no tax, in other words, on the resources of common-place, and no study to say as much as possible on the one side and as little as possible on the other. An easy familiarity and freedom marks all such intercourse between sovereign and subjects. The innocent repartee, the pleasant anecdote, still more the cheery laugh, are not prohibited nor withheld. The function of the throne, therefore, was soon over, and Gregory, seated in the library, was in a short time talking in his usual good-natured strain with all around him. Somehow or other he had received notice of many other importations from England, which had been made by me in a visit to this country in 1836, and he expressed his intention of seeing them all. So he visited every part of the house, enjoying with evident glee many things of outlandish use, none more than the beer-machine adapted to the purposes of uplifting the produce of the vine, instead of that of the bine. And scarcely less an object of amusement was a gigantic medicine-chest, which the master-craftsman in such wares, in London, declared to have been the largest and completest he had ever manufactured, the next having been one for the Emperor of Morocco. The bottles containing the inscrutable compounds of the London pharmacopœia, with their inviting golden labels, the bright finish of every part, the neatness of fit, and the accuracy of packing, almost overcame that involuntary shudder and creeping of the flesh, with which an ordinary mind contemplates a large collection of what in that state, and by those in health, is invariably called physic. It becomes medicine in a small phial by the bed-side.

So passed pleasantly the morning hours, in a loitering cheerful visit, without etiquette or formalities, till the door was reached and a kind farewell was given, and the royal carriages dashed away towards some other place selected for another of these carnival visits. Of course, the event of that

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day was not allowed to fade from memory; but was, as usual, commemorated and perpetuated by an inscription, as follows:—

GREGORI . XVI. PONT. MAX.

CATHOLICÆ . RELIGIONIS . PROPAGATORI

QVOD . III. NONAS . FEBRVARIAS . AN. M.D.CCC.XXXVII.
COLLEGIVM . ANGLORVM . INVISENS
ALVMNOSQVE . ADLOQVIO . ET . OMNI . BENIGNITATE . SOLATVS
STVDIOSISSIMAM . ANIMI . VOLUNTATEM
IN . CATHOLICOS . ANGLOS . VNIVERSOS
PVBLICO . HOC . TESTIMONIO . DECLARAVIT.
NICOLAVS . WISEMAN . COLLEGII . RECTOR
IIDEMQUE . ALVMNI
AD . MEMORIAM . AVSPICATISSIMI . DIEI
IN . ANGLORVM . CATHOLICORVM . ANIMIS . ALTE . DEFIXAM
POSTERITATI . COMMENDANDAM
THOMA . WELD. PBESB. CARD. PATRONO . SUFFRAGANTE
DEVOTI . SANCTITATI . MAJESTATIQVE . EJVS.

Another marble slab records a second visit to the College in 1843; but that is beyond the boundaries of personal recollection.

And now we come to our closing pages, the more difficult in proportion as they are the more agreeable to the writer. For they must be filled up with more personal impressions of this Pontiff's character, distinct from merely official reminiscences. It must be by general observations only that this can be done. Let me then repeat that my acquaintance with this Pope commenced, as it had done with no other before him, while he occupied a subordinate position, and nobody thought of him as a future sovereign. As Prefect of Propaganda, I had frequently to see him on business, and found him most simple in his habits and kind in his intercourse. The clearness of his views, and quickness of his perception, made it both easy and agreeable to transact business with him. His confidence, once gained upon such subjects as

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belonged more particularly to one's own sphere, was easily extended to other matters. I could give several instances of this facility; and it was extended to the time of his Pontificate. Not only was an audience easily obtained on ordinary days, and at usual hours, but it was graciously granted almost at any time, when the ante-chamber was closed, and on days otherwise reserved for private occupation. Indeed it was not uncommon to receive a summons on such days, with an order to proceed at once to the palace in ordinary dress. Once I well remember how this familiar kindness served me in great stead. I was engaged in delivering a course of Lectures, already alluded to, in the apartments of Cardinal Weld, in 1835. They were attended by very large and highly cultivated audiences. On one of the days of delivery I had been prevented from writing the Lecture in time, and was labouring to make up for my delay, but in vain. Quarter after quarter of each hour flew rapidly on, and my advance bore no proportion to the matter before me. The fatal hour of twelve was fast approaching, and I knew not what excuse I could make, nor how to supply, except by a lame recital, the important portion yet unwritten of my task,—for an index to the Lectures had been printed and circulated. Just as the last moment arrived, a carriage from the palace drove to the door, with a message directing that I should step into it at once, as His Holiness wished to speak to me. This was indeed a "Deus ex machinâ;" almost the only—and least thought of—expedient that could have saved me from my embarrassment. A messenger was despatched to inform the gathering audience of the unexpected cause of a necessary adjournment of our sitting till the next day. The object of my summons was one of very trifling importance; and Gregory little knew what a service he had unintentionally rendered me. "Sic me servavit Apollo."

But here I must pause. The reception on all such occasions was cordial and most paternal. An embrace would supply the place of ceremonious forms on entrance: at one time a long familiar conversation, seated side by side; at another a visit

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to the penetralia of the Pontifical apartment—a small suite of entresols communicating by an internal staircase—occupied the time. Here Gregory had his most choice collection of books, from every part of the world, beautifully bound, and many exquisite gems of art, miniatures and copies, as well as original paintings; and here he would ask many questions about English works. What it has been my happiness to hear from him in such visits it would be betraying a sacred trust to reveal. But many and many words then spoken rise to the mind in times of trouble, like stars, not only bright in themselves, but all the brighter in their reflection from the darkness of their mirror. They have been words of mastery and spell over after-events, promises and prognostics which have not failed, assurances and supports that have never come to nought. Innumerable favours and gracious acts, so many unexpected and unmerited manifestations of goodness, so continued a freedom, or rather familiarity, of communication as I have enjoyed from the condescending kindness of this Pontiff, leave his memory impressed on mine as that of a father rather than a sovereign. Encouragement, most unrestrained and warm-hearted, in my pursuits, literary or ecclesiastical, however valueless in themselves; proofs of reliance on my fidelity at least, in affairs of greater moment than my own could ever be;—such other marks of favourable sentiments as have been described, painful to me as was the separation from him to which they necessarily led;—all these conspire to make me remember Gregory with a feeling distinct from that which is associated in my mind with any of his predecessors; not with deeper veneration than I entertain for Pius VII.; not with warmer gratitude than for Leo XII.; not with sincerer respect than for Pius VIII.; but with a feeling more akin to affection, such as does not often pass the narrow circle that bounds domestic relations. Another sentiment of devotedness and attachment still remains reserved for one whose eulogium cannot now, and sincerely do I pray may never, enter for me within the compass of a mere recollection of the past.

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Even the close of Gregory's Pontificate, his last years and edifying end, belong not to these imperfect records. If the courteous companions of my journey through the past wish to learn about them, they must consult the common mother of all the Faithful, who treasures up in her better memory the acts and virtues of her Pontiffs and their Fathers.

> "Hactenus annorum, Comites, elementa meorum
> Et memini, et meminisse juvat;—scit cætera Mater."
>
> STATIUS.

THE END.

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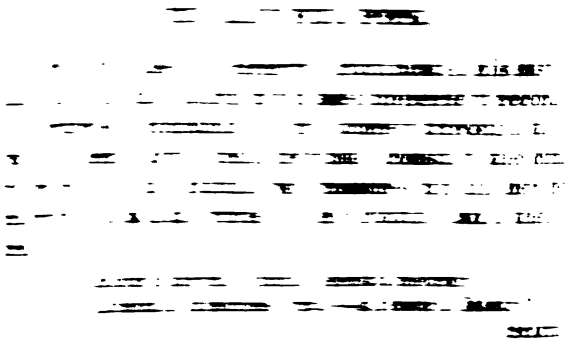

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belonged more particularly to one's own sphere, was easily extended to other matters. I could give several instances of this facility; and it was extended to the time of his Pontificate. Not only was an audience easily obtained on ordinary days, and at usual hours, but it was graciously granted almost at any time, when the ante-chamber was closed, and on days otherwise reserved for private occupation. Indeed it was not uncommon to receive a summons on such days, with an order to proceed at once to the palace in ordinary dress. Once I well remember how this familiar kindness served me in great stead. I was engaged in delivering a course of Lectures, already alluded to, in the apartments of Cardinal Weld, in 1835. They were attended by very large and highly cultivated audiences. On one of the days of delivery I had been prevented from writing the Lecture in time, and was labouring to make up for my delay, but in vain. Quarter after quarter of each hour flew rapidly on, and my advance bore no proportion to the matter before me. The fatal hour of twelve was fast approaching, and I knew not what excuse I could make, nor how to supply, except by a lame recital, the important portion yet unwritten of my task,—for an index to the Lectures had been printed and circulated. Just as the last moment arrived, a carriage from the palace drove to the door, with a message directing that I should step into it at once, as His Holiness wished to speak to me. This was indeed a "Deus ex machinâ;" almost the only—and least thought of—expedient that could have saved me from my embarrassment. A messenger was despatched to inform the gathering audience of the unexpected cause of a necessary adjournment of our sitting till the next day. The object of my summons was one of very trifling importance; and Gregory little knew what a service he had unintentionally rendered me. "Sic me servavit Apollo."

But here I must pause. The reception on all such occasions was cordial and most paternal. An embrace would supply the place of ceremonious forms on entrance: at one time a long familiar conversation, seated side by side; at another a visit

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to the penetralia of the Pontifical apartment—a small suite of entresols communicating by an internal staircase—occupied the time. Here Gregory had his most choice collection of books, from every part of the world, beautifully bound, and many exquisite gems of art, miniatures and copies, as well as original paintings; and here he would ask many questions about English works. What it has been my happiness to hear from him in such visits it would be betraying a sacred trust to reveal. But many and many words then spoken rise to the mind in times of trouble, like stars, not only bright in themselves, but all the brighter in their reflection from the darkness of their mirror. They have been words of mastery and spell over after-events, promises and prognostics which have not failed, assurances and supports that have never come to nought. Innumerable favours and gracious acts, so many unexpected and unmerited manifestations of goodness, so continued a freedom, or rather familiarity, of communication as I have enjoyed from the condescending kindness of this Pontiff, leave his memory impressed on mine as that of a father rather than a sovereign. Encouragement, most unrestrained and warm-hearted, in my pursuits, literary or ecclesiastical, however valueless in themselves; proofs of reliance on my fidelity at least, in affairs of greater moment than my own could ever be;—such other marks of favourable sentiments as have been described, painful to me as was the separation from him to which they necessarily led;—all these conspire to make me remember Gregory with a feeling distinct from that which is associated in my mind with any of his predecessors; not with deeper veneration than I entertain for Pius VII.; not with warmer gratitude than for Leo XII.; not with sincerer respect than for Pius VIII.; but with a feeling more akin to affection, such as does not often pass the narrow circle that bounds domestic relations. Another sentiment of devotedness and attachment still remains reserved for one whose eulogium cannot now, and sincerely do I pray may never, enter for me within the compass of a mere recollection of the past.

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Even the close of Gregory's Pontificate, his last years and edifying end, belong not to these imperfect records. If the courteous companions of my journey through the past wish to learn about them, they must consult the common mother of all the Faithful, who treasures up in her better memory the acts and virtues of her Pontiffs and their Fathers.

" Hactenus annorum, Comites, elementa meorum
Et memini, et meminisse juvat ;—scit cætera Mater."

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